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A STUDENTS DIARY.

I HAVE been listening this half hour, to R—— reciting the odes of Anacreon. He is wonderfully delighted with this old songster, and backs his praise with a thousand testimonies of sage critics, and enlightened contemporaries of the poet. Nothing, in the whole universe of poetry, he says, is so sweet, so delicate, so delicious. He utters *such dulcet and harmonious breath* that the rudest savage would be soothed by it into civility, and the gloomiest anchorite *start madly into* extacy at the sound.

There must surely be some magic in the Greek language, incomprehensible by common understandings: some music in its accents unintelligible to vulgar ears: for I have listened to Tom's recitals, with as anxious a desire to be pleased as I could possibly conjure up and yet my rapture was extremely moderate. I heard no sounds that breathed of heaven. Nothing that snatched my soul out of my body and *lapped it in Elysium*. I will not confess, either, a total insensibility to pleasure from music. I have listened to a sweet enchantress, and though I felt no inclination to weep, to cast up my eyes, to throw abroad my hands, or utter incoherent exclamations, yet my eye was chained to the singer, and I had almost forgot to breathe. As to verse, it has really some charms for me, and numbers though silently read, has frequently bewitched me nearly as much, as a concert of flutes. Indeed, being tired of listening to a voice not the sweetest and most tunable that ever warbled, I snatched the book from his hand, and by reading the lines according to my own system of rhythm and pronunciation, it was easy to perceive that Greek verse is, indeed, articulated harmony.

It is not, however merely the sound, the *Euphony*, that captivates Tom. It is, it seems, the style, the imagery, the sentiment. Love, according to him, never had so just, so exquisite, so impassioned a eulogist. Mirth had never so divinely eloquent, so irrisistibly se-

ductive an advocate since love and mirth came into fashion, and Tom, says, if all this be not worthy of credit on *his* word, he can produce a whole army of critics, of all ages and nations, to second him: whereas, there is not to be found on record a single declaration, doubting or denying the merit of this poet.

This was extremely formidable to one like me who, if I may praise myself when nobody is bye, am not noted for conceit or arrogance. So, anxious for something like proof of these assertions, I again seized the book and turned to that side of the page which contained a literal translation into English. I can read, but cannot understand Greek, and a literal translation, I imagined, would exhibit at least the naked thought, the image though unadorned.

Far be it from me, said I, my good friend, as I turned over the leaves, to bring into question the divinity of either Love or Mirth. To reject or dispise the first is to rebel against Heaven, who supports by this chain, the felicity and even the existence of all animated nature: and as to mirth, it is the seasoning of life; the companion of love and friendship; benevolence is his father and his mother is wit. Were I born to the honours of poetry, I would build my claim on nothing but the fervency of my devotions to love, and the zeal of my panegyrics upon mirth. If these be the powers invoked by Anacreon, I will not be the last to honour his memory.

But what is here? I see not a syllable about love. I see a great deal about flames, and fervours, and kisses, and I know not what, but I see nothing that relates to *love*. On the contrary, all that I find here is in absolute hostility to that passion.

I do not understand you, said my friend, if *these* be not the tokens and sensations of love, I should be glad to know what are.

I see nothing here, replied I, but those fires that are raised and quenched in a brothel, which are excited by mere sex, and which nothing but wanton arts, unceasing variety, and glossy youth can keep alive. I see nothing but a gross appetite, distinguished by no humanity, no delicacy, from that which stimulates the goat and the bull. I see propensities kept alive by nothing but the force of habit, and by inflammatory liquors; I see hoary age, glorying in sensations, for which the hey-day of youth scarcely affords an apology.

Nay, the passion which inspires the greatest part of all this *love*, and all this poetry appears not to have even *woman* for its object. Fough! The very thought excites nausea. Between disgust and abhorrence, my stomach sickens. Indignation indeed, ought to get the better of every other emotion. Indignation, at those who dare to name sacred love, in such company. Amid such unhallowed fires, stimulated by ebriety, by novelty, by variety, by youth; terminating in the physical and momentary gratification, and so purely sensual that sex itself is confounded; shall we look for that passion which is built upon esteem, matured by possession, strengthened by time; the very essence of which is individuality, fidelity to one and constancy in one sentiment.

It is not here that we must look for that love, the soul of which is chastity: that is to say, an absolute indifference to all but one: and tenderness, that is to say, a something compounded of desire and esteem: a something which flows partly from personal charms, and chiefly from experience of good offices, kindness, and equanimity: a passion that owes its highest delights to the endearments of offspring, a circumstance that so far from being ever alluded to by Anacreon is utterly incompatible with the subject of his eulogies.

The *mirth* of this poet is on a level with his love. I see nothing but the apparatus of a drinking match—Lyæus, alias Bacchus, alias wine, is the eternal theme of his

praise. Flowing cups, myrtle wreathes and rosy garlands, laughter and song, and the dance, giving occasionally place to nymphs, inspired by the same divinity, not encumbered with modesty, and glowing with fires, worthy of the power that kindles them, are the persons in this drama. As to that hilarity of heart and vivacity of converse, flowing from sound health, the child of temperance, the candour of innocence, the ardour of social affection, and the sparkling of true wit, we find nothing here but *tipsy dance* and jollity, the delirium of intoxication and the goadings of lasciviousness.

How much are mankind misled by names. Lycæus and Aphrodite, Bacchus and Venus, the mirth and love of Anacreon and Horace shall be listened to with reverence, and regarded as something like divinities, and yet reduced into plain English, and stripped of metaphor, they are nothing but drunkenness and lewdness. Anacreon is neither more nor less than a hoary debauchee and reveller, whose vicious and beastly habits are only strengthened by age, and whose understanding is so depraved, that he glories in that which should constitute his shame, which at any age, is hostile to true joy and true dignity, but which is peculiarly shameful and detestable in grey hairs.

Tom here interrupted my harangue, with a severe invective against my prudery, my cant and so forth, and I listened without reply: for, Tom, I am sorry to say, is one of those who have no conception of love, but as leading to the brothel, or of joy, but as flowing from the bottle. They study night and day, Anacreon, Horace, and all those bards ancient and modern, who resolve all human joy into the odour of roses, the fumes of wine, and the instigations of venereal appetite. I pity, even more than I despise, the disciples of *such* pleasure, and terminated the debaty by referring Tom to the fable of the Sparrow and the Dove by Moore, where my notions of love and joy are exhibited at full length.

POETRY.

This evening the conversation of the company turned upon the ingredients of poetry. Some maintained that verse and even rhyme were indispensable. Others were satisfied with verse alone, but differed among themselves as to the criterion of verse: some restricting it by very rigorous laws, and others extending its bounds so as to comprehend much of what is vulgarly called prose.

Some considered language and measure as things of no importance in the estimate. They confined their views entirely to thought and imagery, and maintained that strength and beauty in these respects, constituted poetical excellence. According to this class of critics, Tacitus is by far a better poet than Virgil, and some of Milton's *prose* contains far more poetry than any of his *verse*. In short, wherever there is warmth of reasoning, invention or imagery, delivered through the medium of words, there is poetry.

Another set extended the limits of poetry still further, and made it comprehend every effort of the imagination, whether conveyed by means of sounds, or colours, or figures: and whether the pen, the pencil, the chissel, or the tongue, be the instrument.

It is amusing to hear men employing terms, for years together, without any visible diversity in their notions of the meaning of such terms: and yet when it is formally proposed to define them, there are generally as many definitions given as there are persons present.

Some people are very fond of this kind of discussion. Language is the instrument of thought, and to improve this instrument seems to be a most important undertaking. There is infinite room for further

investigation on this subject, for there is not one word in ten in the English language, the meaning of which is settled with absolute precision. Poetry is one of those terms, and the debate of this evening, left the company as far from unanimity as it found them. Even on this subject, the zeal of disputation almost degenerated into asperity, and the combatants were more active and vigorous at twelve o'clock than they had been at eight. At last, a temporary truce was effected by H.....n, who called the attention of the company to the following lines, as containing all the requisites of poetry, according to every one's hypothesis.

Hark! universal nature shook and groan'd!
Twas the last trumpet....See the Judge enthron'd!
Rouse all your courage, at your utmost need;
Now summon every virtue....stand and plead....
What! silent? Is your boasting heard no more?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learn'd before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

LATINISMS.

We had a very animated conversation to night of a phylollogical nature. The question was whether Latin or French had entered most into the composition of the English language. As French is little else than a dialect of Latin, every thing derived from the former must ultimately be traced to the latter, but the point in view was to ascertain how far the Latin had been incorporated without alteration or dilution into our own tongue.

The languages of most of the sciences is pure Latin, but many words and phrases are taken into the substance of the popular dialect, without changing their orthography. Some of these are scientific terms also, but their utility has brought them into ordinary and popular use.

By way of illustration the following fragment was produced in which a very liberal use had been made of these foreigners without encroaching upon custom or upon any law of composition but elegance: *id est: videlicit: examplo gratia.*

My Lady,

I have long been your slave *incognito*, and intimated my devotion to your charms, by hints and *innuendo's*, which my diffidence would not suffer you to understand. I labour under the *odium* of poverty, though I by no means merit the charge, for though I abound not with gold, and silver, I have virtue which ought always to be a *succedaneum* for riches. In the minds of ordinary women, I know, money is the *ne plus ultra* of their wishes. Among many who is less selfish, though money be not every thing, yet it is the *sina qua non*, without which a lover cannot hope to succeed: and certainly it is to be numbered among the *desiderata* of human life, by those who are most dispassionate and unambitious. Nor should I dare to appear before you in this guise, were I not persuaded, that though I am poor, you have enough for us both.

A woman, to whom a lover's poverty creates no objection to his suit, is indeed a rare *phenomenon*: but I hope, though hitherto a *non descript*, that you, Madam, will furnish an example of disinterestedness. What my merits are, it is for your own observation to inform you. My mere *ipse dixit* is of no weight, nor would there be any *decorum* in enlarging on my own virtues.

I have long been anxious to disburden my heart to you, but I can neither sing *impromptu* nor speak *ex tempore*, where my hopes are so much engaged. I could never get so far as the *exordium* of a declara-

tion, and the *impetus* of terror confounded all my thoughts. My eloquence at best is but a *caput mortuum* and though some weeks have been employed in making *memoranda* for this letter, I am afraid it will do injustice to the sincerity of my passion.

I pretend not to be faultless; in many respects I am a mere *ignoramus*, and to many accusations, truth would oblige me to cry *peccavi*, but I hope my faults are not of such magnitude as to make you enter a *caveat* against my pretensions. If my actions, rather than my words be the *data* on which a judgment be formed, I shall have little fear of an impartial decision.

I shall anxiously look for your *ultimatum*. In the *interim* I hope every thing may be considered as *inter nos*. Meanwhile, I am,

Your most humble,
most obsequious *et cætera*.

Nota bene. I made my *exit* yesterday abruptly, merely because Mr. X..... entered, and I cannot derive any pleasure from your company, unless I enjoy it *solus*.

MEMORANDUMS MADE ON A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Aug. 19, 1801.....This day being fixed on for setting out upon our journey up the Susquehannah, brother J.... and myself, mounted our horses at six in the afternoon, and taking to the Ridge road, arrived at the Wissihicken, where we stopped for the night.

Previous to the adoption of the plan, now in operation, for watering the city of Philadelphia, this creek was recommended to the notice of the corporation, as eligible for the purpose; but as there was reason to fear, that in dry seasons the water would prove insufficient, and as it would have been attended with considerable expense to purchase the requisite number of mills which must have been destroyed to acquire a sufficient head, the project was abandoned. Notwithstanding the periodical scantiness of the supply, this is a valuable stream. From Peter Robinson's, where it discharges itself into the Schuylkill, to Wheler's, a distance of about twelve miles, in a direct line, there are eighteen merchant and grist-mills, capable of furnishing, at least, one hundred thousand barrels of flour, per annum; but as they are not constantly provided with grain, and the water frequently fails, it is believed that they do not prepare more than sixty thousand. The average Philadelphia price of flour for the last ten years, may be safely taken at eight dollars and a quarter per barrel,* which proves that the millers of Wissihicken receive almost half a million of dollars annually, for the produce of their mills. In the year 1796, when flour was at the highest, and when, from the extraordinary price, it is presumable that they manufactured more than the usual quantity, it is probable

* The following statement extracted from the books of an extensive and correct flour factor, in Philadelphia, will shew the price of flour for a period of ten years. Instead of following the fluctuations minutely into every month, the average sales of the two principal seasons in each year have been taken. In 1796 it was as high as fourteen and a half, and even fifteen dollars; but it maintained these prices for a very limited time.

AVERAGE PRICE OF FLOUR IN PHILADELPHIA.

	Spring. DOLLS.	*Fall.* DOLLS.
1791.....	5	 5
2.....	4	..... 5 20
3.....	6	..... 6 33
4.....	7	 7
5.....	11	 13
6.....	14	 11
7.....	9	..... 8 50
8.....	8 50	..... 6 50
9.....	9 50	..... 9 25
1800.....	10 50	 10

that their receipts fell little short of a million; and that they have not laboured in vain, is fairly deduceable from the circumstance of their being rich.

The universal vehicle for conveying the flour to market, is the waggon; and the vicinity to the city gives these millers no inconsiderable advantage over their competitors.

This mode of conveyance is common throughout Pennsylvania. In New-York it is otherwise; water-carriage alone being used there. The consequence of which is, that whenever the navigation of the North and East rivers is interrupted by ice, that city is deprived of her inland commerce; whereas, Philadelphia carries on a brisk trade with the interior country and her back settlements during the severest frosts.

The banks of the Wissihicken are steep and rugged. They are covered with a rich foliage of native trees, interspersed with the wild grape, the woodbine, and other flowering plants, which perfume the air with their odour, and add greatly to the beauty of the scenery..... The wanderer may here immerse himself in the deepest solitude, and contemplate nature in her most hidden recesses: or, if other views be more agreeable to his fancy, he may direct his steps towards the habitations of the millers, and feast his eyes on luxuriant and well cultivated fields, verdant meadows, and variegated gardens. To those who have not lost their relish for the sportive charms of native scenery, contrasted and blended with the useful works of man, Wissihicken will ever be a delightful retreat. In my juvenile days, I have often visited these hills to gaze on the limped stream, and breathe the delicious fragrance of the wild flower. The remembrance is now dear to me.

The clatter of the mills might well recal to our memory, the simple story of the German boor, who, on his first approach to a mill, heard a strange voice loudly and deliberately pronounce "Ich juckt ihr buckel.....Ich juckt ihr buckel...., Ich juckt ihr buckel."* The language was sufficiently intelligible; but, as he had committed no offence, he supposed the threat was uttered against some other person. Curiosity tempted him to enter. He gave umbrage to the surly proprietor, received a drubbing, and was turned out. The miller had occasion to alter the gears, and as the unlucky clown was hastening away, he suffered the additional mortification of being briskly taunted by the flippant mill with, "*Gelt* Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt? *Gelt* Ich habt buckel ihr gejuckt? *Gelt* Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt?"†

20....Lodged as comfortably as a sultry night would permit, at our hospitable friend, P. Robinson's, where we likewise breakfasted. My unruly steed chose to put his foot on mine, so that lameness is added to debility. A foggy morning, succeeded by a bright and hot sun. Stopped to bait at Norristown. 'Tis a poor, ill-looking place, consisting of about twenty houses. The courts of justice for Montgomery county are held in this place, in an ill-fashioned stone building.... placed on a naked eminence. The town is situated on a sloping bank, on the margin of the river, which flows here, with a gentle current over a gravelly bottom. It is here that the canal is taken from the Schuylkill, and considerable progress has been made in cutting it through a rocky ridge, below the town. The want of funds has put a total stop to the work. It

* *I'll-tickle your back....I'll tickle, &c.*

† *Hey! didn't I tickle your back.... Hey! did'nt I &c.*

I know of no word in the English language that expresses the full meaning of the German Juck or Jucken. I have used tickle....but it has by no means the same humorous signification. It is also observable, that the German articulation more nearly resembles the language of the mill than the English.

is to be hoped, that it will at some period be resumed. Notwithstanding the large sums which have already been expended on this object, it is probable that it will yet require between three and four hundred thousand dollars to complete it. It is satisfactory, however, to observe, that much of what is done is of a permanent nature; but unless the Susquehannah and Schuylkill canal be accomplished, and the navigation of the river above this place be considerably improved, the utility of the Schuylkill and Delaware canal may be questionable. Whenever the waters are sufficiently high to admit of the passage of rafts or loaded boats to Norristown, they can always proceed with safety to the city. This circumstance, no doubt, occurred to the projectors and prosecutors of the work.

In one of the rooms of the tavern, we observed a pedlar, very busy in displaying his scanty wares on the backs of chairs, on tables and trunks, with an air as consequential as if he were surrounded with the riches of Indostan. He had posted an advertisement on the door, enumerating the articles he had for sale, and giving notice that he would sell very cheap, and continue for *some* days, and *longer* if encouraged. It is remarkable, however, notwithstanding the general opprobrium heaped on the poor pedlars, that some of the wealthiest traders in America commenced business in this humble station.

The *Ridge road* is a channel through which immense riches flow into the city. Large quantities of lime, marble, flour, and other produce of the country, being continually conveyed along it, which occasion it to be much cut up, and from the nature of the soil, it is, during winter, nearly impassable; while in summer the deep bed of dust which covers it, renders travelling very unpleasant. A turnpike has become almost indispensable.

We stopped to view the stone bridge over the Perkiomen, a small but beautiful stream. This is one of the greatest structures of the kind in America, and adds greatly and justly to the fame of Pennsylvania in this respect. It was built by one Lewis, a Welshman, of no education. He has, however, given much satisfaction to his employers in the execution of this work. It is built not without taste, and has a good effect upon the eye, though irregular in its construction. It has one arch of seventy-five feet span, three of sixty, and two of thirty, resting on strong piers and solid abutments. It passes obliquely over the channel, and appears to be, including the abutments, between seven and eight hundred feet in length; but the stream does not usually occupy more than one fourth of that space. The bridge is sufficiently broad to admit two carriages a-breast.

Dined at the *Trap Tavern*, a mile and an half beyond the bridge, and twenty-six miles from Philadelphia. During our stay, there occurred a heavy fall of rain. We were overtaken here by the sheriff of Montgomery county, with a jury in his train. As they appeared to be bent upon a frolic, I inquired of one of them, whom I knew, whither they were going. He replied, "A few miles higher up to hold an inquest on some land, which might be done in a day; but, as the sheriff was just going out of office, and the expense was to fall on others, they intended to *keep it up* three days." All of them were mounted, and if some of the horses lacked *spirit*, it was otherwise with their riders.

Showery all the afternoon. Every little transient cloud was surcharged with water, and seemed in a humour to be merry with us. We stopped to save our jackets, and then it ceased to rain. Invited by a bright sun, we set out again, and it immediately began to pour..... Others were no better off than ourselves. One care-taking man, particularly, was constantly occupied in putting on and pulling off his great coat, and so unlucky was he,

that he was seldom in the right. When it rained, his coat was snugly tied to his saddle....he made haste to get it on his back, and lo! it ceased to rain: while the heat of the sun soon obliged him to alight, and fix it on the saddle again. It served us for an occasional laugh, and if all our miscalculations and misfortunes could be passed off as merrily, we should fare much better than most of us do, in our journey through life.

The farm-houses within sight are generally built of stone, and form, in this respect, a striking contrast to the wooden houses of New-England. Dwellings of stone and of brick are universally condemned by our eastern brethren, as destructive of health; but if this prejudice were not otherwise contradicted, the hardy appearance of the people among whom we now are, is far from warranting the belief. No lack of taverns....there are eleven in a distance of as many miles, between the Bridge and Pottsgrove. So many are not necessary for the accommodation of travellers....they serve as places of drunkenness and debauchery to the idle and profligate in the neighbourhood, and are, in fact, public nuisances. The soil is not generally rich, consisting of a thin redish loam, hilly and gravelly..... We passed though a populous country, and arrived at the pretty little village of Pottsgrove before sun-set. At the entrance of the town, there is an unoccupied large stone-house, which, as we were informed, was erected by one of the Pott's, on a high spot of ground, which never was completed, from water being nowhere to be found upon the hill. Though several hundred pounds were expended on this house, the builder was not more short-sighted than he who built a mill in Dauphin county, intending to make it pump up the water, by which it was to be supplied, and from which it was to derive all its force.

The land about this village is fertile, and well cultivated. The town is situated thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, in a valley, near the Schuylkill, but not within sight of it; and contains one hundred and fifty houses, chiefly stone and brick. The most notable circumstance that occurred here, was the measuring of a radish in the landlord's garden, which proved to be twenty-two and an half inches in circumference.

21....Departed by times. Crossed the Mawnytawny, a small creek, and breakfasted at the White-horse, five miles on our way....fared well. Soon after crossed the Monockass, over a substantial stone-bridge of six arches. Tarried an hour at Reading, which is a considerable, but ill-looking town, sixteen and an half miles from Pottsgrove. One story log-houses, filled in with brick or stone, small, slovenly and inconvenient, with a few modern buildings, clumsily ornamented, is a full description of Reading. We met here a Philadelphian, who told us, he could not, after repeated trials, find a chaise, or any kind of carriage, for hire in the town. This place is noted for its hatters. A great many wool hats, of good fabric, are made here, sold to the Philadelphia hatters, and thence dispersed every where..... They manufacture them so cheap, and their work is in such credit, that no body in Philadelphia attempts the same business. They are much superior to the wool hats usually imported from England.

Schuylkill is on the west side of Reading, out of view. Hills obstruct the prospect on every other side. The town lies, comparatively, low, in a contracted, but fertile valley: the hills are generally cultivated on their sides, though some of them are bleak and barren. The contrast is not unpleasant. Near the town flows the Tulpehocken into the Schuylkill. By means of this stream, and the Quitipihilla, the sources of each approaching very near to each

other, one of the projected canals was intended to unite the Susquehannah and Schuylkill.

This canal has suffered the same fate as the other....the work has long since been suspended. To render the Delaware and Schuylkill canal extensively useful, it will be necessary to complete this....by means of which a water communication may be opened with an extensive country bordering on the wide spreading branches of the Susquehannah, and on the lakes north-west of the Pennsylvania line.

My countrymen project with more zeal than they execute, and are not backward to undertake more than they can perform. The failure of these canals may be attributed to a variety of causes. It was not to be expected, considering the number and magnitude of the public works commenced at the same period, that a sum, commensurate to their seasonable completion, could be suddenly diverted from the capital employed, by the citizens, in pursuits more pressing in their demands, more generally understood, and more certain in their issue. Many of the subscribers were mere speculators, and became stockholders with no view steadily to prosecute the work; but to embrace the first favourable moment to sell out to a profit. These nominal members were like dead weights on the exertions of the rest. Certain other individuals, whose extensive schemes of aggrandizement have no parallel in this, or perhaps any other country, having purchased largely of the stock, possessed themselves of a considerable portion of the funds of their associated brethren, and then becoming bankrupts, thus effectually paralized, if they have not given the death wound to these valuable works.

Still pursuing the course of the river on its eastern side, we halted ten miles from Reading, at Hamburgh, or Carter's-town....or, as the Germans in the neighbourhood pronounce it, Kaarker's sthettle..... a small place of forty houses, which seems to carry on a brisk trade in card-playing and horse-racing.

Before we reached Hamburgh, we crossed Maiden-creek, a considerable stream, over a wooden bridge, resting on stone piers..... About this creek there is good land, and the redish hue of the soil so conspicuous hitherto, begins to decline.

Every where we find the descendants of Germans. They are the principal settlers of the country, and are a rude uncultivated people, not noted for civility, nor apt to render disinterested services to strangers or each other.

A mile from Hamburgh we began to skirt the first ridge of mountains, on a wild, rugged road, cut along its sides, at the foot of which flows the river, sometimes placidly and slowly, and sometimes rapidly and turbulently over rocks and shoals. The road is frequently sixty, and an hundred feet almost vertically above the river, and is too narrow to allow carriages to pass each other. Three miles further we crossed at Ege's Forge the eastern branch called Little Schuylkill, having passed in view of the junction a little below. Both branches head in this immense chain of mountains. The roughness of the road made travelling very tiresome, and occasioned us to be benighted, a circumstance however, which we had little reason to regret. The air of the mountains after a hot day, was very refreshing, and the full moon, rising majestically over the hill-tops, contributed not a little to the grandeur of the scenery. The dark sides of the mountains formed a picteresque contrast to the silvery illumination which invested the rest of the landscape. At length we reached our intended resting place, and were received with significant bows and looks, by a boorish looking German, whom we soon found to be our landlord. Judging from appearances we prepared ourselves for rough fair in this barren region. We enquired what we could have

to eat, and were answered, any thing you please. J..... was for coffee, but I dissuaded him, expecting he would not relish it if made; we called for milk, which was furnished of the best quality and in nice order, with abundance of good butter and cheese. J..... proposed the addition of pye, "well," said our host, "you can have it," and forthwith produced pyes of two kinds, both excellent. Such fare in a wilderness was unexpected, and we did it justice by finishing near a quart of milk each.

Our landlord's name is David Pensinger. His house is nine miles from Hamburgh. He seems desirous of pleasing, and amused us much by his aukward nods and singular remarks. As an instance, when we ordered oats for our horses, he stopped to point out to us the remarkable resemblance between the English and German pronunciation of the word, one being "oats," and the other "haaver."

22.....Several of us, having been crowded together in a small, close room, and the weather being exceedingly warm, I slept little on my musty dusty bed of chaff with one scanty sheet: heard the clock strike every hour of the night, and rose between three and four in the morning.

J.....'s horse is lame, and mine much galled, and this is the more unpleasant as we have a rough tiresome day's ride before us. We are now among the mountains, and expect to travel slowly. Pensinger, after examining J.....'s horse, gravely informed him of a cure which he said could not fail of success...."At the next house you stop at, look for a bag, and steal the string. This, tie round your horses lame leg, but be sure you do it without being seen by any body."

We have been diligently employed three hours in going to Reever's, a distance of eight or ten miles. J..... will scarcely find it necessary to purloin a string, as his horse moves as usual. No improvements visible except a few low huts, with small patches of cleared ground about them, mostly planted with buck-wheat. Buck-wheat is the grain chiefly grown in this part of the country, and is employed to feed their poultry, their hogs and themselves. Good rye is likewise cultivated to profit, but the soil is too light for wheat, and we saw none of it.

Every where the women are busy in the fields with the men, and both sexes are principally occupied in destroying the trees. A shirt of coarse linen, wide trowsers of tow cloth, a broad rimmed black wool hat, and leather shoes, composed the dress of the men; most of them had pipes in their mouths. The dress of the women consisted of three articles; a hat similar to that worn by the men, the usual garment of coarse linen, and a linsey petticoat, to which some of them added a neck handkerchief and shoes. The air we breathe is impregnated with the odour of wild flowers, with which the woods abound, and of which we observed a great variety. Reever's wife appeared to exert herself to entertain us, and among other dainties placed before us a large dish of fried onions swimming in fat. Here we were overtaken by three young men on foot from Philadelphia, bound to Catawessey, who left Reading when we did. An active man on foot, will, on a journey of considerable extent, keep pace with a horseman, so much time is consumed in the care necessarily bestowed on that animal, and who requires longer and more frequent intervals of rest, inasmuch as he carries not only himself, but his rider.

It is amusing to observe the effect of political zeal in this impoverished tract. Every few miles present us with a liberty pole towering near some dismal hovel, and decorated with party coloured flags and liberty caps.

We perceived no pines, nor evergreens of any kind till we entered the mountains, and now few other

trees of any importance present themselves. It is reasonable to believe that these trees prevailed originally and generally throughout a considerable portion of the United States. Where settlements are newly made, and the pine and hemlock are cut down, they are invariably succeeded by the oak and hickory. It is probable that the dwarf bush or scrub oak differs not in species from those of larger size, for it is always sure to expand to the customary magnitude, when the lofty trees which overshadow, and impede its growth are removed. This is the case in every part of the continent that I have visited.

Between Reever's and Kepner's (about eight miles) there is but one house, or rather hovel. Kepner is a lively talkative old fellow, and his house is one of the best in its materials and construction in the woods. It is of hewn logs one story high, and twenty feet square, composing a single room in which the landlord tells us he has lodged forty persons at once.

This man left a good plantation in a populous neighbourhood to reside in this lonely and sterile spot. This he does not regret, but laments very much his having abandoned another mode of life, which was that of driving a waggon and team of horses, which he says, he followed for forty-five years, without interruption. We had a repast of some venison, rye bread and butter, radishes and cheese, all very excellent, and whisky, being the only liquor his house afforded. Our horses had a plentiful mess of cut rye and straw: for all which he charged us twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents," exclaimed J.....r with uplifted hands and eyes, affecting to be amazed at the extravagance of the demand. "Why tus you dink es is du much?" Was the query of our good natured host, withdrawing his hand as the money was presented to him. He would willingly have reduced the price. In any of the southern states a less comfortable and plentiful supply would have cost us two dollars. The old man was well pleased with our liberality in paying the *full quarter of a dollar*, and on parting wished us a pleasant ride.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. III.

ANALYSIS OF MILTON'S "*Il Penseroso.*"

Why the objects either of nature or poetry produce different effects on different minds, is easily explained. Ideas and images are differently linked and associated; and as all are tinctured with pain or with pleasure, it is impossible that any two readers should read the same performance with exactly the same emotions; or even that the same person should derive the same impressions from the perusal at different times. Thought is volatile and flexible beyond any other essence: yet, like every other, is bound by certain laws, and particularly influenced and swayed by habit..... Hence it is, that those who begin, in early youth, to read a poem, continue, generally, for the rest of their lives, to read with much the same impression, rude, vague, and superficial as they are. Often as I have recited the following lines, containing the pedigree of the goddess to whom this poem is dedicated....

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To *solitary* Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove....

Often as this passage has been recited by me, it never occurred to me, till very lately, to discuss the meaning or weigh the propriety of this genealogical tree. What train of reflections it was....what course of education induced the poet to give such a father and mother to his darl-

ing melancholy....Why these creatures of ancient fancy, and a certain mountain in a certain isle of the Mediterranean, should be fixed upon as the parents and birth place of this *personification;* or what legitimate gratification a modern reader *can* or *ought* to derive from the tale of *such* a meeting between father and daughter, in the forests of Crete, "while yet there was no fear of Jove," are questions that never before occurred to me; and now that they do occur, I must own myself unable, at this moment, to give a satisfactory answer to them.

That *habit of reflection* called melancholy, may, like other intellectual existences, be endowed with body, name, vesture and symbols, and may even have a parentage and birth-place assigned to it; but why she should be made to spring from those mythological chimeras, Saturn, and *his daughter* Vesta, in a Cretan cave, some of your readers, more learned than I, may, perhaps, be able to tell me.

In the description given of "devinest melancholy," we are told, that to adapt her visage to our weaker view, it is

Ore'r laid with black; staid wisdom's hue....
Black, but such as, in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs....

The poet could not but be aware, that to give his goddess the complexion of an African, was somewhat hazardous: he therefore endeavours to disarm us of our prejudice, by calling it the *hue of wisdom*, and by reminding us of personages who, though black, have laid some claim to reverence. Perhaps my ignorance may be my disgrace, when I confess, that this sister of prince Memnon, and this Ethiopean queen, with the story of her competition with the Naiads, are wholly strange to me; but I suspect most readers are, in this respect, as ignorant as I am.

The phrase "o'erlaid," or coated "with black," evidently means a face of the African hue. That this is the true construction is plain, from the additional assertion....it is, indeed black, but then it was such a blackness as belonged to the Ethiopean queen, &c. Memnon, if I mistake not, is a soldier in the Iliad, a *Moorish* or Egyptian auxiliary of king Priam. Now, I really think, this conception of the poet is liable to some censure. I cannot imagine why black should be termed the hue of *wisdom*. The owl, the bird of Minerva, is, indeed, generally black; and this, though by a very remote and fantastic association, perhaps suggested this idea to the poet. Milton, as all his poetry shews, was totally and thoroughly imbued with the ancient mythology. Hence it is, that many passages in his works are, to readers less learned than himself, unintelligible.

Black has always been symbolical of death, grief, mourning, and of the evil passions, but is utterly incongruous with those which are merely serious and solemn. Melancholy, it must be owned, is commonly called black; but then the melancholy thus described, is the popular and common acceptation of the term, in which it has a near alliance with grief and madness; and is a very different thing from the poet's melancholy, the lonely, museful, studious disposition: a peculiar susceptibility of solemn and rapturous emotions.

The habiliments and gesture of this being are thus described:

All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks, commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes.
There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till

With a *sad, leaden,* downward cast
Those fix them on the earth as fast.

Here the images and terms, with some exceptions, are equally beautiful and happy. "Flowing with majestic train" indicates the manners of Milton's age. The epithet *majestic*, does not seem to coalesce easily with the impression which other parts of the picture produce. Neither can we approve of *sad, leaden* cast. Leaden is akin to all that is stupid, heavy and dreary. The looks of this raptured contemplatist need not surely be *sad*.

The companions, or attendants of melancholy, are,

Peace and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these, retired leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee, bring
Him that now soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub contemplation
And the mute silence hist along....

This selection of images appears to have been made carelessly, and by chance. The personages are not distinguished with skill or precision. Peace, quiet, fast, retirement, leisure, contemplation are an odd assemblage to walk in the train of "melancholy." The privileges of "fast" to diet with gods, and hear the song of the muses, as they circle Jove's altar, have, at once, the mythological and religious peculiarities of Milton's age. The merit of fasting, and its influence in facilitating intercourse with heaven, are now exploded; but no one but our poet seems to have imagined it favourable to *poetical* inspiration: and the modern votarist will generally prefer some other mode of gaining access to the banquets of Olympus, and the concerts of the muses..... *Trim* gardens are no longer the favourite retirements of leisure. This epithet "trim" forcibly indicates the old formal style of rural decoration, which it is worth observing, nowhere enters into the subsequent account of the haunts, most dear to the museful wanderer, or into any of Milton's rural descriptions.

Contemplation, the last of the group, is described as a cherub, golden-winged, soaring, and guiding a throne, with wheels of fire. I must confess, that these images do not please me. *Golden wing* is a phrase without peculiar significance; and there seems to be something incompatible in the double office of *soaring*, and guiding a chariot. I am at a loss too, to know what is meant by the fiery-wheeled throne.

From this display of allegorical portraits, the poet now proceeds, by a happy transition, to describe the occupations of the melancholy man.

These naturally divide themselves into such as are pursued during the *night*, and such as belong to the *day*. His nights are spent, according to the state of the air, either in the *woods* and *fields*, or *within doors*; and are employed in *listening* to solemn sounds, or *surveying* the face of nature: or, when confined by the atmosphere at home, either first, in *musing* by the fire-side.... or secondly, in the study of the sciences....or thirdly, in musical performances....or lastly, in reading poetry.

On the return of day, he resorts to the woods and glades; books and company, and all the social recreations are avoided. He seeks the shadiest and loneliest haunts, and strives to loose himself in reverie. The only substitute for nature's recesses, he allows to be the arcades and recesses of some public edifice, where the sublimities of architecture and the moral greatness of some appendage are adapted to raise the soul above all private and personal affections.

It is thus that the museful man wishes to pass the flower of his days. For his declining years, his imagination looks forward to the

pleasures of seclusion, and the calm pursuits of some enobling science.

This is the *outline* of Milton's picture. It agrees pretty accurately with the scheme of every mind, habituated to the exercise of its faculties; but no two minds, it is likely, would *fill up* the picture precisely in the same manner. It would be curious and instructive to examine what are the minuter particulars of Milton's scheme. What objects of nature would most attract his contemplation in his wanderings, and what guides he would take through the regions of poetry and science. In these respects, the individual character of the poet, and the fashions of his age and nation, will manifest themselves, and afford us an occasion of comparing the views of others with our own.

In his nightly rambles we may observe, that his darling passion is to listen to the nightingale. He invokes the company of silence....

'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest *saddest* plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustomed oak....

This previlege an American contemplatist must dispense with. Our groves are full of the music of nocturnal insects, which can have nothing in common with the notes of Philomela. Why is the nightingale's song so commonly supposed indicative either of *sadness* or love? It is obvious, that the music may be particularly adapted to call up melancholy in the hearer, and to sooth the reveries of one whom love keeps awake; but this supplies no reason for imputing amorous despair, or a rueful temper to the bird itself.... The dragon yoke of Cynthia, applied to the lunar progress, is an antiquated image, which true taste does not incline us to relish, though *learning* may enable us, in some degree, to comprehend. Night, turned into a person, whose rugged brow is smoothed by the music, is a very grand conception.

The nightingale is not always present to regale the ear. In her absence, the eye is fixed

Upon the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.

The grandeur of the starry firmament is omitted, though, perhaps, that is a more sublime, various and thought-producing spectacle than the other. It is, however, afterwards introduced as one of the amusements of old age.

This image is congenial with every fancy, and is to be seen in every climate. The poet goes on to particularize the only two situations in which the moon is advantageously seen; in a clear, and in a chequered sky.

After the moon and the nightingale, the curfew is introduced....

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

These lines are very defective in perspicuity. Is it the curfew, or the shore that *swings* on this occasion? If the wide water be meant, which, though not expressed, is highly probable, the term *swinging* conveys no adequate or significant image. The *sullen roar* must belong to a torrent, and the kind of concert which a tolling bell, and a roaring torrent produce, can be known only to those who have witnessed the combination. Either, separately, must have a powerful influence on the imagination.

The "air not permitting" these enjoyments, we are transported to the room, warmed by embers on the hearth, with no sound to engage the attention, but the chirrup of the cricket and the watchman's larum, which, in our country, is a *call*, and not a *bell*.

From these contemplative employments we are now carried to the summit of a tower, where, by the midnight lamp, the melancholy man pores over his books. What

are the subjects, or the masters, which the poet selects? They are either the works of Hermes Trismagistus, or the speculations of Plato on the soul's immortality, guides which a more recent student would not be likely to select, especially the former.

The following are the topics of a visionary, or a necromancer, more than of a rational student.

And of those demons that are found
In air, fire, flood, or under ground;
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.

The theory which peoples all nature with active and subordinate intelligences is very agreeable. No wonder that a warm imagination has built large inferences on slender premises in relation to this subject. That hints and tokens, noted or imparted in dreams, or in casual coincidences of events, have been eagerly employed to remove, in some degree, the veil which hides the original and primary agencies of nature from our view.

The laws of nature are still, with all strenuous minds, objects of curious research; but instead of vague and superstitious reveries, we now confide in the power of industrious experiments to decompound, set free, and render sensible the primitive ingredients of the universe..... The same passion which led men to solicit the intercourse and aid of demons, now incites them to investigate the simplest and most evanescent elements of nature. The enthusiast for knowledge has descended from the summit of the tower to the recesses of the *laboratory*; and Hermes and Plato are superceded by Boerhaave and Lavoisier.

These lines are remarkably comprehensive. More meaning in fewer words it would be scarcely possible to comprise. The respective *mediums* of this activity are accurately enumerated.....air, fire, flood, or *under ground*; and a poetical use is made of the supposed connexion between events, and the influence either of the planets or the elements.

Philosophy looks not beyond the elements themselves, which act agreeably to a supreme will; but poetry discovers beings whose powers harmonize or concur with these elements.

The sciences, however, are sometimes to give place to poetry, and especially to tragic scenes.

Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy,
In sceptre'd pall come sweeping by....

We may remark, that some words have undergone a singular revolution of meaning since the time of Milton. "Gorgeous" and "Demure" are instances of this, being used by the poet in a serious sense, though, at present, they have a burlesque or ludicrous meaning. Could the figure thus displayed be painted? No doubt every epithet here used, contributed to an actual picture in the poet's fancy. The sceptre, the pall, and the sweeping motion will be as differently imagined as there are different readers.

The succeeding lines shew Milton's preference of the ancient drama. Shakspeare, it should seem by his silence here, was held in little repute as a tragic poet. Jonson and Shakespear are mentioned in the Allegro, merely as administering entertainment to the man of gaiety and good humour.

Mournful music is next mentioned as a darling occupation. It is worth while to remark the mythological images which the idea of music suggests to his fancy.

O *sad* virgin that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his *bower*,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made hell grant what love did
seek.

In his picture of *lively* music in the Allegro, Orpheus again recurs; but such is the superiority of *mirth-*

ful, over *mournful* strains, in this poet's representation, that while the Penseroso produces only a conditional assent, the "Allegro" would

Have won the ear
Of Pluto to *have quite set free*
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

Milton's passion for ancient lore, the theme and style of Attic tragedy, one would think hardly compatible with his attachment to the chimeras of modern romance. Yet his favourite books we are informed, were Ovid's Metamorphoses and Spenser's Fairy Queen. Accordingly we find in this place, the pleasures of music succeeded by stories of forests, inchantments, turneys trophies, and all the apparatus of the Italian poetry.

In this manner does the melancholy enthusiast pass the night, the *civil-suited man* has no sooner risen than he hies him to the forests. The morning which the rambler loves, must not

Be trick'd and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But, *kerchief'd* in a *comely* cloud
While rocking winds are *piping* loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown *his fill*,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

I cannot affix any distinct meaning to the epithet *civil-suited*, the morning here is personified, but the image of a modern female, with a cloud for a kerchief seems wanting in dignity. The allusion to the Attic boys is, I confess, unintelligible to me, and, I much suspect is so to most readers. There is a confusion of images in—*Rocking* winds are *piping* loud—though each separately is very vivid. A blustering and cloudy dawn, or one calm and still, after the subsiding of a rain-storm, are the favourites of his fancy, "With minute drops from off the eaves—" contains one of those specimens of original observation and selection, so rarely to be found among poets.

The scenes which he selects for his noon-day meditations, are,

Arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown, *that Silvan loves*,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard....*the nymphs to daunt*,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.....

Groves and glades could not occur to the poet's fancy, without calling up Silvanus and the nymphs.

These lines are full of images; the scene described, and the moral incidents are calculated deeply to affect the sensibility to rural charms. The grove and its arched walks, the formation of art, was accessible to Milton, but the forests of pine and oak, where the ax was never heard, could not occur within the circuit of his rambles. No more powerful conception of solitude can be formed than what must flow from the covert of such a forest, as many a pilgrim in the American wilderness is capable of judging.

The epithets in this passage are very energetic, though some exception may perhaps be made against *monumental* oak. Why is oak called monumental?

The effect of the woodman's presence to fright away the nymphs is, to me, original, and is very beautiful.

Having reached this friendly covert, what attitude does the enthusiast assume? What sounds attract his attention, and what images hover in his fancy. He stretches himself like the melancholy man, in Shakspeare, along some brook, the ripling of whose waters, and the hum of bees constitute his music. This music is propitious to sleep, which is invoked, in company with mystic visions, and which must retire only at the bidding of some unseen Genius.

Hide me from day's *garish* eye
While the Bee *with honied thigh*,
That at her flowery work doth *sing*
And the waters murmuring.

With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feathered sleep;....

The poet was not physiologist enough to know that the working Bee is of no sex, that the honey is extracted by the tongue, and deposited for safe carriage, in the mouth of the insect. It was probably for rhyme-sake that the Bee is made to *sing*, but, in reality, it is ascertained that the Bee has a voice capable of various modulations.

The term *garish* conveys no meaning to me. I never met with it elsewhere. It is capable, no doubt, of explication, but its etymology is not obvious. Milton's use has consecrated it, and it is often quoted, but the same use would have sanctified any other arbitrarily invented sound.

And let some strange mysterious
dream,
Wave at *his* wings, an airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eyelids laid.

I cannot clear up the obscurity of this passage. At *whose* wings? those of the dream or those of sleep? in either sense, to wave an airy stream of lively portraiture display'd, is vague and without meaning.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

This is a luminous thought. Milton fostered the imagination of this interposition with great delight. Comus is entirely built upon it, and a survey of that poem, would afford a pleasing opportunity of investigating the various hints, and sources which contributed to form his notion of the essence and attributes of these aerial beings. In this passage, the ancient and modern, the mythological and christian notions on the subject are briefly and strikingly displayed. Let an aerial musician be heard, a spirit that is guardian and attendant, either of person or of place; the genius of the sleeper himself, or of the wood in which he loiters.

Devotion is not forgotten among the employments of this enthusiast.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious *cloister's* pale,
And love the high *embowed* roof
With antique *pillars* massy proof,
And *storied windows richly dight*,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear
As may with sweetness thro' my ea.,
Dissolve me into extasies
And bring all Heaven before my eyes.

Milton was in love with the solemn peculiarities of the gothic temple. To those therefore who never entered such a building, the first six lines communicate no image. Antique pillars, embowed roof, storied windows, cloistered pale, are unmeaning sounds to those on this side the ocean, who have never seen, and never collected from delineations or descriptions any images of Gothic building. In Milton's mind, these terms possessed vivid counter parts. Memory set before him the *studious cloisters* of Cambridge where he passed his youth, and the aisles and arches of St. Paul's or Westminster, with their organs and chorusses, whose devotional influence he had often experienced. How different the conceptions then, which the poet derived from these lines, from those of an American reader. We are not however totally deprived of the solemnities of the organ and the chorusses of public worship.

Having passed the flower of his days in such amusements, what is reserved for the pastime of age. Different minds touched with the same sublime passion, for serious pleasures, would probably form very different visions of the future. We might, in general, aspire after quiet and seclusion, but we should not be ambitious of absolute solitude, and the penury and hardships of the

Anchorite. To be our own nurse and servant, and to seek in a caverned rock, not an occasional retreat, a permanent abode, seems to be a perverse wish. "The *hairy gown* and mossy cell are not necessary to be united, and though "musing meditation may most affect pensive secrecy," it need not be in the torpid character of a hermit, nor need his cell be "a desert cell." The hairy gown, the maple dish, and a few books, with a bed of leaves and the cheerless shelter of a rock, befit nothing but poverty and superstition.

Wild, mountainous, and lonely scenes, are dear to a museful temper. Rocks and caverns are delightful as occasional retreats, but these enjoyments are compatable with a civilized life, and constitute a kind of Hermit and Hermitage, very different from Milton. We may wish that

At last our weary age
May find the peaceful hermitage,
The peaked rock, and mossy cell,
Where we may *sit*, and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb, that sips the dew.

A wise old age may find delicious recreations for its solitude in astronomy and botany, but there is nothing agreeable to these views, in the poet's Hermit. He merely examines earth and heaven, with the naked eye, and aims at gathering from his contemplations some miraculous power of healing diseases, and foreseeing future events. These are the views of an ignorant and Gothic age, and though somewhat congenial to the mind of one fresh from reading the old chivalrous poetry, are in reality savage and debasing and are not at all necessary to give sublimity or pathos to our conceptions of solitude and rural retreat.

Here the melancholy man, however wishes to sit,

Till old experience do attain,
To something like prophetic strain.

The life just before described, does not seem to befit the term "experience."

In fine, this poem, considers serious pleasure, not as flowing from the performance of our duty, from intercource with kindred minds, or the contemplation of that happiness, in other beings which we have been instrumental in conferring or preserving. It considers man, not as the recipient of social or moral pleasures, but as reaping his highest happiness from a certain refined indulgence of his senses, the cold abstractions of his intellect and the freaks of a superstitious fancy. The seriousness or melancholy here depicted has something in it unsocial, misanthropic and selfish, and though we may admire the portrait, *as* a portrait, yet, no man with a true taste for serious pleasures, will fully concur with the poet, when he terminates his soliloquy with saying, and

I with thee will chuse to live.

For the Literary Magazine.

[The following "Chemical Question" was first proposed in a daily paper of this city, nearly two years ago: I have not seen any answer to it since that time, and from the intended scope of the Literary Magazine, I am induced to request a corner for it. This question must be considered an important one, as it may tend to elucidate some of those causes, which act so powerfully, (because secretly) towards the rapid destruction of the human teeth in all climates and situations. Whether *Sugar* is one of these agents of decomposition, or not, our present imperfect state of scientific knowledge will not admit us to decide: but it rather appears from concurring circumstances, that its effects are not deleterious in their nature:—as I am told, that the inhabitants of the West Indies preserve their teeth in great perfection and beauty: but for the truth of this, I cannot vouch. It is hoped that some of the *great luminaries of science*

now in the city, who frequent "hot lecture-rooms" (to the great disadvantage of their helath and spirits, from being *unaccustomed* to such a mode of life) will endeavour to throw light on this subject. In doing so, however, I would recommend them to refrain from adopting the visionary and groundless theories of a certain *septified* Doctor, who resides in a city at no great distance from Philadelphia. While he has fed his own vanity, science has suffered from his attempts to form an hypothesis, not only unsupported by facts, but in direct opposition to them.]

Dec. 2, 1803.

CHEMICAL QUESTION.

THE oxalic acid, it is well known, can be produced by oxygenating common white sugar, powdered, by means of the nitric acid: in this process, part of the oxygen of the nitric acid unites to the carbon and hydrogen (the other constituent parts) of the sugar, and the nitrous acid escapes. This substance, according to Lavoisier, consists of 8 parts of hydrogen, 64 of oxygen, and 28 of carbon. *These* are also the ingredients of the *oxalic* acid, but the proportions in which they exist, yet remain unknown: hence it is evident, that sugar, by the addition of a certain quantity of oxygen, becomes converted into the oxalic acid.

Now sugar is generally supposed to be injurious to the teeth: how far this opinion is supported by truth, will be seen from the following considerations. The teeth are composed of lime united to the phosphoric acid, or are *phosphates of lime*. Oxalic acid possesses a greater affinity with the base of this salt, and wherever it meets with it, unites to it, and separates the other acid. Sugar is, by some, supposed to act in this manner:.... the oxalic acid unites to the lime of the phosphate of lime, and forms an insoluble salt, and thus the teeth *decay*, or become decomposed: but does sugar really contain the *oxalic acid ready formed?* for if this is not the case, how can it decompose them? A solution of sugar *will not* precipitate lime from lime-water, and hence it is clearly proved that it *cannot* exist in this substance; for lime, either in simple solution, or in combination with other substances, is reckoned the best test of this acid chemists have. How then does sugar act on the teeth? It is proved by experiment, that if a smaller portion of oxygen is added to sugar, than what would be necessary to convert it into the oxalic, the tartarous or some other vegetable acid would be formed: none of which have so great an attraction for lime, as the oxalic possesses. Can, therefore, sugar be prejudicial to the teeth?.... if so, in what manner does it act?

The solution of the above question, is requested from some of the scientific readers of his Magazine.

AMICUS SCIENTIÆ.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

(*Continued.*)

MY father's sister was an ancient lady, resident in Philadelphia, the relict of a merchant, whose decease left her the enjoyment of a frugal competence. She was without children, and had often expressed her desire that her nephew Frank, whom she always considered as a sprightly and promising lad, should be put under her care. She offered to be at the expense of my education, and to bequeath to me at her death her slender patrimony.

This arrangement was obstinately rejected by my father, because it was merely fostering and giving scope to propensites, which he considered as hurtful, and because his avarice desired that this inheritance should fall to no one but himself. To me, it was a scheme of ravishing felicity, and to be debarred from it was a source of anguish known to few. I had too much experience

of my father's pertinaciousness ever to hope for a change in his views; yet the bliss of living with my aunt, in a new and busy scene, and in the unbounded indulgence of my literary passion, continually occupied my thoughts: for a long time these thoughts were productive only of despondency and tears.

Time only enhanced the desirableness of this scheme; my new faculty would naturally connect itself with these wishes, and the question could not fail to occur whether it might not aid me in the execution of my favourite plan.

A thousand superstitious tales were current in the family. Apparitions had been seen, and voices had been heard on a multitude of occasions. My father was a confident believer in supernatural tokens. The voice of his wife, who had been many years dead, had been twice heard at midnight whispering at his pillow. I frequently asked myself whether a scheme favourable to my views might not be built upon these foundations. Suppose (thought I) my mother should be made to enjoin upon him compliance with my wishes?

This idea bred in me a temporary consternation. To imitate the voice of the dead, to counterfeit a commission from heaven, bore the aspect of presumption and impiety. It seemed an offence which could not fail to draw after it the vengeance of the deity. My wishes for a time yielded to my fears, but this scheme in proportion as I meditated on it, became more plausible; no other occurred to me so easy and so efficacious. I endeavoured to persuade myself that the end proposed, was, in the highest degree praiseworthy, and that the excellence of my purpose would justify the means employed to attain it.

My resolutions were, for a time, attended with fluctuations and misgivings. These gradually disappeared, and my purpose became firm; I was next to devise the means of effecting my views, this did not demand any tedious deliberation. It was easy to gain access to my father's chamber without notice or detection, cautious footsteps and the suppression of breath would place me, unsuspected and unthought of, by his bed side. The words I should use, and the mode of utterance were not easily settled, but having at length selected these, I made myself by much previous repetition, perfectly familiar with the use of them.

I selected a blustering and inclement night, in which the darkness was augmented by a veil of the blackest clouds. The building we inhabited was slight in its structure, and full of crevices through which the gale found easy way, and whistled in a thousand cadencies. On this night the elemental music was remarkably sonorous, and was mingled not unfrequently with *thunder heard remote*.

I could not divest myself of secret dread. My heart faultered with a consciousness of wrong. Heaven seemed to be present and to disapprove my work; I listened to the thunder and the wind, as to the stern voice of this disapprobation. Big drops stood on my forehead, and my tremors almost incapacitated me from proceeding.

These impediments however I surmounted; I crept up stairs at midnight, and entered my father's chamber. The darkness was intense and I sought with outstretched hands for his bed. The darkness, added to the trepidation of my thoughts, disabled me from making a right estimate of distances: I was conscious of this, and when I advanced within the room, paused.

I endeavoured to compare the progress I had made with my knowledge of the room, and governed by the result of this comparison, proceeded cautiously and with hands still outstretched in search of the foot of the bed. At this moment lightning flashed into the room: the brightness of the gleam was dazzling, yet it afforded me an exact knowledge of my situation. I had mistaken my way, and discovered that my knees nearly touched the

bedstead, and that my hands at the next step, would have touched my father's cheek. His closed eyes and every line in his countenance, were painted, as it were, for an instant on my sight.

The flash was accompained with a burst of thunder, whose vehemence was stunning. I always entertained a dread of thunder, and now recoiled, overborne with terror. Never had I witnessed so luminous a gleam and so tremendous a shock, yet my father's slumber appeared not to be disturbed by it.

I stood irresolute and trembling; to prosecute my purpose in this state of mind was impossible. I resolved for the present to relinquish it, and turned with a view of exploring my way out of the chamber. Just then a light seen through the window, caught my eye. It was at first weak but speedily increased; no second thought was necessary to inform me that the barn, situated at a small distance from the house, and newly stored with hay, was in flames, in consequence of being struck by the lightning.

My terror at this spectacle made me careless of all consequences relative to myself. I rushed to the bed and throwing myself on my father, awakened him by loud cries. The family were speedily roused, and were compelled to remain impotent spectators of the devastation. Fortunately the wind blew in a contrary direction, so that our habitation was not injured.

The impression that was made upon me by the incidents of that night is indelible. The wind gradually rose into an hurricane; the largest branches were torn from the trees, and whirled aloft into the air; others were uprooted and laid prostrate on the ground. The barn was a spacious edifice, consisting wholly of wood, and filled with a plenteous harvest. Thus supplied with fuel, and fanned by the wind, the fire raged with incredible fury; meanwhile clouds rolled above, whose blackness was rendered more conspicuous by reflection from the flames; the vast volumes of smoke were dissipated in a moment by the storm, while glowing fragments and cinders were borne to an immense hight, and tossed everywhere in wild confusion. Ever and anon the sable canopy that hung around us was streaked with lightning, and the peals, by which it was accompained, were deafning, and with scarcely any intermission.

It was, doubtless, absurd to imagine any connexion between this portentous scene and the purpose that I had meditated, yet a belief of this connexion, though wavering and obscure, lurked in my mind; something more than a coincidence merely casual, appeared to have subsisted between my situation, at my father's bed side, and the flash that darted through the window, and diverted me from my design. It palsied my courage, and strengthened my conviction, that my scheme was criminal.

After some time had elapsed, and tranquility was, in some degree, restored in the family, my father reverted to the circumstances in which I had been discovered on the first alarm of this event. The truth was impossible to be told. I felt the utmost reluctance to be guilty of a falsehood, but by falsehood only could I elude detection. That my guilt was the offspring of a fatal necessity, that the injustice of others gave it birth and made it unavoidable, afforded me slight consolation. Nothing can be more injurous than a lie, but its evil tendency chiefly respects our future conduct. Its direct consequences may be transient and few, but it facilitates a repetition, strengthens temptation, and grows into habit. I pretended some necessity had drawn me from my bed, and that discovering the condition of the barn, I hastened to inform my father.

Some time after this, my father summoned me to his presence. I had been previously guilty of disobedience to his commands, in a matter about which he was usually very scrupulous. My brother had

been privy to my offence, and had threatened to be my accuser. On this occasion I expected nothing but arraignment and punishment. Weary of oppression, and hopeless of any change in my father's temper and views, I had formed the resolution of eloping from his house, and of trusting, young as I was, to the caprice of fortune. I was hesitating whether to abscond without the knowledge of the family, or to make my resolutions known to them, and while I avowed my resolution, to adhere to it in spite of opposition and remonstrances, when I received this summons.

I was employed at this time in the field; night was approaching, and I had made no preparation for departure; all the preparation in my power to make, was indeed small; a few clothes made into a bundle, was the sum of my possessions. Time would have little influence in improving my prospects, and I resolved to execute my scheme immediately.

I left my work intending to seek my chamber, and taking what was my own, to disappear forever. I turned a stile that led out of the field into a bye path, when my father appeared before me, advancing in an opposite direction; to avoid him was impossible, and I summoned my fortitude to a conflict with his passion.

As soon as we met, instead of anger and upbraiding, he told me, that he had been reflecting on my aunt's proposal, to take me under her protection, and had concluded that the plan was proper; if I still retained my wishes on that head, he would readily comply with them, and that, if I chose, I might set off for the city next morning, as a neighbours waggon was preparing to go.

I shall not dwell on the rapture with which this proposal was listened to: it was with difficulty that I persuaded myself that he was in earnest in making it, nor could divine the reasons, for so sudden and unexpected a change in his maxims....These I afterwards discovered. Some one had instilled into him fears, that my aunt exasperated at his opposition to her request, respecting the unfortunate Frank, would bequeath her property to strangers; to obviate this evil, which his avarice prompted him to regard as much greater than any mischief, that would accrue to me, from the change of my abode, he embraced her proposal.

I entered with exultation and triumph on this new scene; my hopes were by no means disappointed. Detested labour was exchanged for luxurious idleness. I was master of my time, and the chuser of my occupations. My kinswoman on discovering that I entertained no relish for the drudgery of colleges, and was contented with the means of intellectual gratification, which I could obtain under her roof, allowed me to pursue my own choice.

Three tranquil years passed away, during which, each day added to my happiness, by adding to my knowledge. My biloquial faculty was not neglected. I improved it by assiduous exercise; I deeply reflected on the use to which it might be applied. I was not destitute of pure intentions; I delighted not in evil; I was incapable of knowingly contributing to another's misery, but the sole or principal end of my endeavours was not the happiness of others.

I was actuated by ambition. I was delighted to possess superior power; I was prone to manifest that superiority, and was satisfied if this were done, without much solicitude concerning consequences. I sported frequently with the apprehensions of my associates, and threw out a bait for their wonder, and supplied them with occasions for the structure of theories. It may not be amiss to enumerate one or two adventures in which I was engaged.

[*To be continued.*] 255

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF STATUES, BUSTS, &c. IN THE COLLECTION OF THE ACADEMY OF ARTS. NEW-YORK.

NO. I.

The Pythian Apollo: called the Apollo Belvedere.

THE son of Latona, in his rapid course, has just overtaken the serpent Python. The mortal dart is already discharged from his dreadful bow, which he holds in his left hand, and from which his right is just withdrawn; the motion impressed on all his muscles is still preserved. Indignation sits on his lip, but on his countenance the certainty of victory is imprinted, and his eye sparkles with satisfaction at having delivered Delphos from the monster which ravaged its coasts.

His hair, lightly curled, flows in ringlets down his neck, or rises with grace to the summit of his head, which is encircled with the *strophium*, the distinguishing band of gods and kings. His quiver is suspended by a belt across his left shoulder. His robe (chlamys) attached to the shoulder, turned up on the left arm only, is thrown back, shewing to greater advantage his divine form. The glow of youth enlivens his elegant person, in which nobleness and agility, with vigor and elegance are sublimely blended, preserving a happy medium between the delicate form of Bacchus, and the more firm and masculine lines of Mercury.

Apollo, the vanquisher of the serpent Python, is the subject of an ingenious fable, invented by the ancients to express the genial influence of the sun that renders the air more salubrious, by correcting the infectious exhalations of the coasts of which this reptile is the emblem—every thing in this figure, nay the very trunk of the tree introduced to support it, presents some interesting allusion. This trunk is that of the ancient olive tree, of Delos, under whose shade the god was born. It is adorned with fruit, and the serpent ascending it is the symbol of life and health, of which Apollo was the god. This statue, the most perfect of all that time has spared, was found about the close of the fifteenth century, on *Capo de Anzo*, twelve leagues from Rome, on the margin of the sea, in the ruins of the ancient *Antium*, a city celebrated for its temple of fortune, and for the rival villas built by the emperors and embellished with the master pieces of art.

Julius the second, while a cardinal, purchased this statue, and placed it, in the first instance, in the palace he occupied near the church of the holy apostles; but shortly after having attained the pontificate, he removed it to the Belvedere of the Vatican, where for three centuries it remained the admiration of the world; when a hero, guided by victory, arrived to transplant and fix it, perhaps forever, on the banks of the Seine.

It is a question for antiquaries and naturalists to determine, from what quarry the marble of this Apollo has been cut. The statuaries of Rome, who from their occupation have an extensive knowledge of ancient marbles, have invariably deemed it *an ancient Grecian marble*, although of a quality very different from the most known species. On the contrary, the painter *Mengs*, has asserted that this statue is of the marble of *Luni* or *Carara*, the quarries of which, were known and worked in the time of Julius Cesar. Citizen Dolomieu a learned mineralogist, is of the same opinion, and he pretends to have found in one of the ancient quarries of *Luni*, fragments of marble resembling that of the Apollo. Notwithstanding these authorities, this subject may still be considered as very doubtful.

The beauty of the statues of *Antinous*, and the perfection of sculpture at that time evidently demonstrate that until the epoch of *Adrian* at least, the Grecian school furnish-

ed artists worthy to be compared with the most able statuaries of antiquity. Pliny entertained the same opinion of the artists of his age.

The author of this chef d' oeuvre is unknown. The lower part of the right arm and the left hand, which were wanting, have been restored by *Giovanni Angelo de Mentorsoli*, sculptor and pupil of Michael Angelo.

NO. II.

Venus of the Capitol.

VENUS, the queen of love and the goddess of beauty, is here represented as just from the bath; her divinely graceful form is unembarrassed by drapery, her hair collected behind displays the beauties of her polished neck, and her head gently inclines to the left, as smiling affably upon the graces who are about to attire her. At her feet stand a vase of perfumes covered partially with a fringed drapery. The value of this Statue is heightened by its perfect preservation.... it was found in Rome, about the middle of the last century, between the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts, and was placed in the capitol, of Benedict XIV.

NO. III.

Laocoon.

LAOCOON, the son of Priam and Hecuba, and priest of Apollo, inflamed by love for his country, violently opposed the reception of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy. To awaken his countrymen to the impending danger, he dared to hurl his javelin against the fatal machine, consecrated to Minerva.

Enraged at his temerity, those of the gods hostile to Troy, resolved to punish him, and shortly after, as Laocoon, crowned with laurel, was sacrificing to Neptune on the beach, two enormous serpents, emerged from the waves, and instantly sprang upon his two children, who had accompained him to the altar. The distracted father flies to their aid: in vain he struggles against these monsters, they enclose him with his sons....they roll themselves around their bodies.... they crush them in their coils....they tear them with their venomous teeth....in spite of their efforts to disengage themselves, this unfortunate father with his sons, the victims of an unjust vengeance, fall at the altar of the god....and turning their distracted eyes towards heaven, expire in the most cruel agonies.

Such is the pathetic subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works which the chissel has ever produced, the master-piece of composition, design, and sentiment; and the impression of which, can only be enfeebled by commentary.

It was found in the ruins of the palace of Titus, on the Esquiline Mount, during the pontificate of Julius II. Pliny, who speaks of it with admiration, saw it in this place. To this writer we owe the knowledge of the three skilful sculptors who executed it. Their names are Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenedorus. Agesander was probably the father of the two others; they flourished in the first age of the vulgar æra. The group is composed of five blocks so artificially united, that Pliny believed them to be but a single piece. The right arm of the father and the two arms of the children are wanting.

NO. IV.

Gladiator of the Borghese Palace.

THIS statue has been improperly denominated the "Gladiator of the Borghese Palace." From the characters of its inscription it appears to be of greater antiquity than any other characterized by the name of the artist. History gives us no particulars relative to Agasius of Ephesus, author of this chef d'oeuvre; but the work which he has left, bears the strongest testimony of his merit.

In the statue of the Apollo of Belvedere we are struck with the sublimity of ideal beauty. The group of the Laocoon offers us a representation of natural beauties unassisted by imagination: the former may be compared to an epic poem, which, from probability, passing

the bounds of truth, leads to the marvellous; the latter to faithful history, which in the exposition of truth, makes choice of the most refined ideas, and most elegant expression.

The head of this figure shews that nothing but the truth of nature has been consulted in its formation; no traces of the ideal beauty of the Apollo are to be found, and his whole air is that of a man in the full vigour of mature age, whose muscles are strengthened by habitual activity, and whose body is hardened by exercise.

Antiquarians are divided in their judgment of this figure; some have supposed it a discobolus, or thrower of the disk; but others with more probability have pronounced it, a statue erected to the honour of some Grecian warrior, who had signalized himself in a dangerous position: this appears perfectly to coincide with the attitude of the figure, which is at the same time actively offensive and defensive; on the left arm the strap of the buckler which he is supposed to carry is seen; the right arm is supposed to hold a javelin: his looks are directed upwards, as if defending himself from a danger threatening from above: this position militates against the idea of its being the statue of a fighting gladiator, as his opponent may be supposed on horseback: besides, it is believed the honour of a statue was never granted to a gladiator of of the public arena; and this production is supported anterior to the institution of gladiators in Greece.

This statue as well as the Apollo, was discovered in the city of Antium, the birth place of the emperor Nero, which he embelished at an enormous expense.

NO. V.

Castor and Pollux.

CASTOR and POLLUX, were twin brothers, and sons of Jupiter and Leda. Mercury, immediately after their birth, carried them to Pallena, where they were educated, and as soon as they had arrived at the years of maturity, they embarked with Jason on the Argonautic expedition. In this adventure, they both behaved with signal courage; the latter conquered and slew Amycus, in the combat of the cestus, and was ever after considered the god and patron of boxing and wrestling....the former distinguished himself in the management of horses. After their return from Colchis they cleared the Hellespont and the neighbouring pass from pirates, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the protectors of navigators.

They made war against the Athenians, to recover their sister Helen whom Theseus had carried away, and from their clemency to the conquered, they acquired the surname of Anaces or Benefactors.

They were invited to the nuptial feasts of Lycas and Idus, where becoming enamoured with the brides, (the daughters of Leucippus)....a battle ensued in which Lycas fell by the hand of Castor, who was killed by Idas. Pollux revenged the death of his brother in the blood of Idus. Pollux tenderly attached to his brother, and inconsolable for his loss, intreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or permit him to resign his own immortality; Jupiter listened benignly to his prayer, and consented that the immortality of Pollux should be shared with his brother, and that it should be alternately enjoyed by them. This act of fraternal love, Jupiter rewarded by making the two brothers constellations in heaven, under the name of Gemini, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets.

NO. VI.

Germanicus.

THIS fine statue has been supposed to represent Germanicus, son of Drusus and Antonia. The style of the hair indicates indeed a Roman personage; but it cannot be this prince, for the medals and other monuments we have of him represent him very differently. A more attentive examination of

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this figure discovers an analogy with that of Mercury; the extended position of the right arm, the *chlamys* thrown over the left, which holds the caduceus, and rests on a tortoise, consecrated to this god as the inventor of the harp, favour this idea. But a more reasonable conjecture may perhaps be admitted, that, under these forms, and with the attributes of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist has pourtrayed a Roman orator, celebrated for his success in the rostrum.

NO. VII.

Hermaphrodite.

IN the person of Pandora were united all the perfections of her sex, but these were eclipsed by the superior excellencies of Hermaphrodite, the son of Venus and Hermes, (as his Greek name imports) who, to the unrivalled beauty of his mother, united the genius, wit, and elegance of his father. Such is the interesting pourtrait that poetry has given us of Hermaphrodite, and sculpture has ventured to materialize and exhibit this refined idea in the animated form which here claims our admiration; this noble competition of the poets and artists of antiquity, shews us the elevation to which the arts had then attained. Poetry had exhausted the richness of her imagination in creating Hermaphrodite ....in blending the characteristics of masculine grace and beauty, with the soft and swelling contour of the female form. This ideal union warmed the genius of the sculptor, and the stubborn marble, under his animating chissel, started almost into existence.

The masters of antiquity have left us several statues of Hermaphrodite, this, whose original forms the great ornament of the Borghese palace at Rome, is considered of the most perfect beauty, although that of the Florence gallery has the advantage of having the Antique Bed, with the Lion's Skin, on which the figure reposes. The matrass in this figure is a ridiculous conceit of the sculptor Bernini, who restored it. It is unnecessary to remark that this figure can have no analogy with those misshapen objects of the human race, who have passed under the name of Hermaphrodites, they are particularly remarked for an unnatural and heterogeneous mixture of hard and unharmonious parts.

NO. VIII.

Ceres.

THE original of this charming figure is of Parian marble; the correctness of its form, and delicacy of its drapery, entitle it to be called a model of taste. It is clad in a tunic, over which is thrown a mantle, or *peplum*: both are finished in so masterly a manner, that through the mantle are perceived the knots of the cord which ties the tunic round her waist.

The artist who repaired this statue, having placed in its hand some ears of wheat, the name of Ceres has probably from that circumstance been given to it; otherwise, the virginal character of the head, and simplicity of its headdress, would induce a belief that the muse Clio was intended by it; and that a book should have been placed in the hand, instead of the ears of wheat.

It was taken from the Museum of the Vatican, having been placed there by Clement XIV. It previously ornamented the Villa Mattei on Mount Esquilin.

NO. IX.

Venus of the Bath.

IT is not necessary that we should say much to recommend this beautiful little figure to those who can appreciate excellence, and it is rare to see a subject in which it has more charms.

NO. X.

Torso of a Venus.

THIS Torso (or mutilated figure) of a Venus, is of most graceful beauty, and must recommend itself strongly to the amateurs of taste and discernment; we have only to regret, that time has spared us but a fragment of what in its perfect

state must have been a chef d'œuvre of the art.

NO. XI.

Grecian Cupid.

THIS beautiful figure is known by the name of the Grecian Cupid, who was sometimes, as in this instance, represented under the maturer age of Adolescence, and possessed a character much more mild and reasonable than that attributed to the son of Mars and Venus. The supposition that this statue was intended for a Cupid, is perhaps drawn from the evident marks of its having been originally with wings, one of the attributes of his divinity: but however the intention of the artist may be mistaken as to the subject, it will remain a beautiful monument of the art in the age of its excellence.

NO. XII.

Homer.

THIS fine bust represents the immortal Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, and the ornament of human nature; the diadem which encircles his head is the emblem of the divinity which he merited by his exalted genius, and by which he obtained the honour of his apotheosis. The formation of the eyes, (of admirable execution), indicates the privation of sight, a misfortune under which this celebrated poet is generally supposed to have laboured.

Although the portrait of Homer has always been considered doubtful even among the ancients, it is yet well known that busts similar to this have passed under his name.

NO. XIII.

Demosthenes.

THERE is no reason to doubt that this is a faithful portrait of Demosthenes, the prince of oratory; whose name will live while eloquence in the cause of liberty, shall have power to command veneration.

NO. XIV.

The Family of Niobe.

AMONGST the busts which ornament the Museum, this group, with the head of Niobe, ought to engage particular attention, from the acknowledged purity of style which reigns throughout the heads which compose it. The Abbé Winkleman the most classical judge of the arts, has pronounced the head of Niobe to be a model of the highest style of beauty, and Guido, the painter of the graces, made it his peculiar study. The age of their execution is supposed to be that of the highest glory of the arts, that is, in the time of Phidias, but it is not ascertained whether the statues which now compose this interesting group at Florence, are the originals or not. By the jealousy and hatred of Latona, the children of Niobe fell victims to the darts of Apollo and Diana, and the expression of the head of Niobe, is strongly indicative of such peculiar distress.

NO. XV.

Bacchus.

THIS bust of a Bacchus is strikingly beautiful, and offers to the admirers of the art, a fine study of the *beau ideal*, of the beauty of form divested of any of those affections of the mind which give expression to the countenance, and which, however they may increase its interest with us, tend to remove it from the acknowledged criterion of beauty. The appropriate ornament of the head is in a style peculiarly graceful, and corresponds perfectly with the effeminate softness intended to be expressed.

It is necessary to remark that Bacchus is here represented not as the hero and conquerer of India, but as the voluptuary sunk in the lap of ease and enjoyment; both of which characters are ascribed to him in ancient mythology. Under the first, sculpture has represented him bearded, muscular and active; under the last, as approaching to the luxurious fullness of the female form, and without beard.

NO. XVI.

Roma.

BY the emblem on the helmet of this figure, we are enabled to identify the goddess Roma, which in other respects might be mistaken

for Minerva.....It is of great beauty.

The heads of *Seneca and Hippocrates* stand on each side of the door on entering; and together with the head of *Euripides* are interesting as portraits of great men. The Grecian bust of a female is considered as deserving attention.

REVIEW.

For the Literary Magazine.

BOSTON...A POEM,

By Winthrop Sergeant....Boston, Sprague, pa. p. 23.

THIS poem seems intended as an imitation of Dr. Johnson's "London." There is, however, very little similarity in its topics. It is a very brief descant on the discouragements which genius meets with in America; on the frailty and inelegance of our architecture, in that mode of building which exposes our towns, and particularly Boston, to the ravages of fire; on the broils and animosities of party, and on the absurdities of fashion and dress, manners, amusements, music and poetry. On each of these topics, the poet expatiates briefly, but with considerable spirit and elegance. He is most copious, and writes with most energy, on the folly of wooden buildings. The lines on this subject, will afford a very advantageous specimen of the performance, and few readers will refuse to join in the justice of the sentence pronounced:

Yet here no splendid monuments arise,
No dome ascends, no turret strikes the skies.
Where spires should parley with the setting sun,
And shine with lustre when the day is done;
A pyre of shapeless structures crowds the spot,
Where taste, and all but cheapness, is forgot.
One little spark the funeral pile may fire,
And Boston blazing, see itself expire.
Monstrous collection! Where the wondering sight,
Beholds but few in symmetry unite.
These, carelessly disposed among the rest,
Seem rough-hew'd diamonds meanly set at best,
The walls of these, in some sad future day,
May serve to shew the traveller where it lay;
Awake his pity, and excite a sig ,
For parsimonious prodigality.
Each night the tenant, though with fasten'd door,
Awaking starts from slumbers insecure;
Views the bright casement of his window glare,
And hears the brazen clamour in the air.
Ascending columns point the fatal doom,
And flashing, rend uncertain midnight's gloom.
Along the streets tumultuous thunders fly,
While *waking watchmen* join the dismal cry.
All headlong rush, attracted by the blaze,
And crowd around to moralize and gaze.
Some more benevolence, than judgment have,
And, over anxious, ruin what they save;
Too idly active, mischievously kind,
Throw from the windows every thing they find.
Part 'gainst the rest unconsciously conspire,
And loud confusion mounts on wings of fire.
But half attir'd, and wrapp'd in nightly dress,
The shivering, houseless victims of distress
A shelter seek; perhaps of all bereft,
Or stay to guard the worthless little left:
Yet with the blushes of another day,
They scrape the ashes from the spot away;
And aided by subscription's liberal hands,
On the warm spot another mansion stands,
Larger by far, more comely to the view,
Of better *boards* and better *shingles* too.

So those who live near burning Etna's base,
Charm'd by the magic thunders of the place,
Though fiery torrents desolate the plain,
Return enchanted to the spot again.

The following lines on the fashionable style of poetry, reflect much credit on the writer:

Sonnets and *riddles* celebrate the trees,
And ballad-mongers charter every breeze.
Long *odes* to monkies, *squirrel elegies*,
Lines and *acrostics* on dead butterflies;
Endless *effusions*, some with Greek bedight,
And hymns harmonious, sweet, as infinite,
So freely flow, that poesy ere long
Must yield to numbers, and expire by song.
Elegiac lays such taste and truth combine,
The lap-dog lives and barks in every line.
Each rebus-maker takes the poet's name,
And every rhymer is the heir of fame.

On the whole, there is much strength of imagery, and spirited versification in this little performance. Should the writer continue to pursue the same path, we doubt whether his own case would not prove an exception to the charge so often made against America, of being insensible and inattentive to genius of its own growth. It is the spirit of satire to deal out invectives without measure, and to heap penalties on the breach of laws, the very breach of which carries its own punishment along with it. Thus the insensibility to poetical and literary merit, so far as this insensibility is real, ought to entitle us to condolence and compassion, rather than to chiding and rebuke, since to want this faculty, is to want a source of very great pleasure; and since no man is enabled to acquire it by reproach and ridicule. O.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGINAL.

PEACE....A SONNET.

As when the furious winds are hush'd to rest,
And the soft zephyr o'er the meadow blows;
No wave deforms the river's polish'd breast,
But calm and peaceful through the vale it flows;
But when dark clouds deform the azure skies,
Red lightnings gleam, hoarse thunder shakes the poles,
And whirlwinds rage; the heaving billows rise,
While ruin sits on ev'ry wave that rolls:
No longer in their wonted bounds confin'd,
The waves o'erwhelming fierce destruction spread.....
So when mild peace dwells in the human mind
A sweet complacence through the frame is shed,
But when the storms of fierce contention rise,
Destruction comes, and peace the bosom flies.

VALVERDI.

VILLAGE MAID.

YOUR village maid forever true
Will own no passion but for you,
Your village maid believe.
She knows no art, she knows no guile,
No cunning lurks beneath her smile,
She never will deceive.....

Within these wild romantic dells,
Far from the treacherous world she dwells,
Your village maid so true.
Say can you love your village maid,
And live with her amid this shade,
And bid the world adieu?

The Stock-dove from the slumbering grove,
Shall sweetly swell the note of love,

And chaunt our nuptial song:
Serene our days shall pass away....
O stay ye fluttering moments stay,
Nor glide so swift along!

I. O.

EXTRACT FROM A NARRATIVE POEM IN M. S. EXORDIUM.

ALCESTES AND AZORA.

Far in the east, washed by the restless wave,
Montalvia spreads its bold and fruitful shores;
There dwelt a people little known to fame,
But brave and hardy. No historic page
Has held their picture to succeeding years,
Nor told those customs, those heroic deeds,
Those early scenes of love, which might instruct
The children of a distant age and clime....
Through the long waste of time; O, let me look
Upon those regions, on their waving woods,
On their high rocks beat by unceasing storms!
Rise to my view embodied forms of men,
And airy fancy hither speed thy flight;
Unroll thy records; whisper to my ear
Thy burning thoughts; lend me thy wings and bear
Me, over tracts unvisited by man!
Thy fairy visions oft have met my eyes
When musing in the dark of solitude,
And night; Oft listening to thy wayward dreams,
I've followed thee o'er cloud-capt hills, o'er streams,
O'er plains, o'er scorching sands o'er unsunn'd snows,
O'er deserts wild, where tempests ever howl:
Now be my guide once more, and let my song
Prove not unworthy of thy varying powers
And not unpleasing for the world to hear!

A man revered within Montalvia lived,
Alcestes named, low bow'd with weight of years.
He by his King in love and honour held,
And by the populace esteem'd for age
And manners mild, pretended that he could
Foresee events yet buried in the womb
Of onward time; he said the Gods to him
Reveal'd those secrets to the world unknown;
That oft at midnight to his listening ear,
Some heavenly angel told in whispers soft
The will of those who rule the fates of men....
Far in a glade beneath a mountain's brow
Stood the low mansion of this aged sire,
Some mossy trees bent over his rude cot,
And swinging to the winds their giant-arms
Made music like the dashing of the sea.
Poor was the scanty furniture within:
A bed, some rushy seats, an age-worn chest,
Were almost all the best apartment held.
Upon the hearth with some dry fuel pil'd
A watch-dog slumbered, grey with many years:
Attendant on Alcestes his fond master,
And grateful to the hand which gave him food
He slumber'd only where the old man lay,
And followed him in all his museful walks.

An only child watch'd the declining age
Of this kind man, Azora was she call'd;
A fairer maid no fancy ever form'd.
Time had flown by and number'd eighteen years,

Since on her birth her happy father smil'd.
Her form was moulded by the softest grace,
Rov'd o'er her face the fascinating smile,
And o'er her shoulders fell a flood of hair.
No step so lightly as Azora's mov'd
In the gay gambols to the tabor's sound,
When yellow moonlight slept upon the hills.
Skill'd was her father to draw music forth
From a string'd instrument which like an harp,
Breath'd sounds most sweet most ravishing and sad;
And he had taught his daughter all his art.
And oft when twilight stole upon the plains
And silence came upon the wings of night,
Azora's harp was heard upon the hill,
In union with a voice of magic tones.....

I. O.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

EXTRACTED FROM COWPER'S LIFE.

ALL who delight to accompany the genius of COWPER in animated flights of moral contemplation, will deeply regret that he was precluded by a variety of trouble, from indulging his ardent imagination in a work that would have afforded him such ample scope for all the sweetness, and all the sublimity of his spirit. His felicity of description, and his exquisite sensibility; his experience of life, and his sanctity of character, rendered him singularly fit and worthy to delineate the progress of nature, in all the different stages of human existence.

A poem of such extent and diversity, happily completed by such a poet, would be a national treasure, of infinite value to the country that gave it birth; and I had fervently hoped, that England might receive it from the hand of COWPER.

With a regret, proportioned to those hopes, I now impart to my readers the minute and imperfect fragment of a project so mighty. Yet even the few verses which COWPER had thrown on paper as a commencement of such a work, will be read with peculiar interest, if there is truth, as I feel there is, in the following remark of the elder Pliny:....

"Suprema opera artificum, imperfectasque Tabulas, in majori admiratione esse quam perfecta; Quippe in iis lineamenta reliqua ipsæque cogitationes artificum spectantur, atque in lenocinio commendationis dolor est:.... Manus, cum id agerent extinctæ, desiderantur."

HAYLEY.

THE FOUR AGES.

(A brief Fragment of an extensive projected poem.)

"I COULD be well content, allow'd the use
Of past experience, and the wisdom glean'd
From worn-out follies, now acknowledg'd such,
To recommence life's trial, in the hope
Of fewer errors, on a second proof!"

Thus, while grey evening lull'd the wind, and call'd
Fresh odours from the shrubb'ry at my side,
Taking my lonely winding walk I mus'd,
And held accustom'd conference with my heart;
When, from within it, thus a voice replied.

"Could'st thou in truth? and art thou taught at length
This wisdom, and but this from all the past?
Is not the pardon of thy long arrear,
Time wasted, violated laws, abuse
Of talents, judgments, mercies, better far
Than opportunity vouchsaf'd to err
With less excuse, and haply, worse effect?"

I heard, and acquiesc'd: Then to and fro
Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,
My grav'lly bounds, from self to human kind
I pass'd, and next consider'd....What is Man?
Knows he his origin?....can he ascend
By reminiscence to his earliest date?
Slept he in Adam? and in those from him
Through num'rous generations, till he found
At length his destin'd moment to be born?
Or was he not till fashion'd in the womb?
Deep myst'ries both! which schoolmen much have toil'd
T' unriddle, and have left them myst'ries still.

It is an evil, incident to man,
And of the worst, that unexplor'd he leaves,
Truths useful, and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where myst'ry lies
Not to be solv'd, and useless if it might.
Myst'ries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve, and die.

THOSE who peruse the following Poem, may perhaps find themselves sufficiently interested in it, to wish for some account of the Author.

He was the son of the Rev. Mr. PENROSE, Rector of Newbury, Berks; a man of high character and abilities, descended from an ancient Cornish family, beloved and respected by all who knew him; Mr. PENROSE, jun. being intended for the Church, pursued his studies with success, at Christ church, Oxford, until the summer of 1762, when his eager turn to the Naval and Military line overpowering his attachment to his real interest, he left his College, and embarked in the unfortunate expedition against Nova Colonia, in South America, under the command of Captain Macnamara. The issue was fatal.... The Clive, (the largest vessel) was burnt....and though the Ambuscade escaped, (on board of which Mr. PENROSE, acting as Lieutenant of Marines, was wounded) yet the hardships which he afterwards sustained in a prize sloop, in which he was stationed, utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England, with ample testimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished, at Hertford College, Oxon, his course of studies; and, having taken Orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, was considerably augmented. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment, which had hitherto overshadowed his prospects, and tinctured his Poetical Essays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then presented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to a living worth near 500*l.* per annum. It came, however, two late; for the state of Mr. PENROSE's health was now such as left little hope, except in the assistance of the waters of Bristol. Thither he went, and there he died in 1779, aged 36 years. In 1768, he married Miss Mary Slocock, of Newbury, by whom he had one child, Thomas, now on the foundation of Winton College.

Mr PENROSE was respected for his extensive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and esteemed for his social qualities.....By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmost ability, he was venerated to the highest degree. In oratory and composition his talents were great. His pencil was ready as his pen, and on subjects of humour had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the Public, by the reception of his *Flights of Fancy*, &c. have given a favourable testimony. To sum up the whole, his figure and address were pleasing, as his mind was ornamented.

Such was Mr PENROSE; to whose memory I pay this just and willing

tribute, and to whom I consider it as an honour to be related.

MULTIS ILLE BONIS FLEBILIS OCCIDIT.....
NULLI FLEBILIOR QUAM MIHI.

J. P. ANDREWS.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed with but little oile,
The Curate sate (for scantie was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of a coming tyde;
No day of rest to him,....but day of care,
At manie a Church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede, his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gained from many a thoughtful daye
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
Awhile he paused, for sorrow stopped his throte,
Aroused at lengthe, he heaved a bitter sighe,
And thus complainede, as well indeed he mote:

" Hard is the scholar's lot, condem 'd to sail
" Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
" Clouds blind his sight; nor b ows a friendly gale,
" To waft him to one port....except the grave.

" Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour, and bright science frauthe;
" Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

" Pleased on the summer-sea I daunced a-while,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair;
" Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.....

" Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
" To highest flights, to Crosier and to Pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the missing of the prize,
" For soaringe wishes well deserve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
" I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
" Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
" The scheme of duty suited to the man;

" Where, in my narrow sphere, secure at ease,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain,
" The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
" The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

" Yet cruel fate deni'd the small request,
" And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
" The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow'r.

" Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
" In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
" By nod scarce notic'd of the passing thronge,
" 'Tis but the *Curate*, every childe will say.

" Nor circumscrib'd in dignitie alone
" Do I my rich superior's vassal ride ;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

" Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
" The bough-crown'd sheaf in vain attracts mine eye ;
" To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
" I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

" When at the altar, surplice-clad I stand,
" The bride-groom's joy draws forth the golden fee ;
" The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;
" The splendid present centres not in me."

SELECTIONS.

On the manner of hunting and sporting by the English at Bengal. Communicated by Col. G. IRONSIDE*.

FEW parties of pleasure can be more agreeable than those for hunting, formed by ladies and gentlemen in Bengal, particularly at some distance from the presidency of Fort William, where the country is pleasanter, and game of every kind in greater plenty. Any time between the beginning of November and end of February is taken for these excursions; during which season the climate is delightfully temperate, the air perfectly serene, and the sky often without a cloud.

To transport the tents and other requisites, for the accommodation of the company, to some verdant spot, near to a grove and rivulet, previously selected, elephants and camels are borrowed; small country carts, oxen, and bearers hired, at no considerable expense, the price of all kinds of grain, and wages of course, being exceeding reasonable. Nor does the commanding officer of the troops within the district, often refuse a guard of seapoys to protect the company from the danger of wild beasts, (for such generally resort to the haunts of game,) or the depredations of still wilder banditti, now and then pervading the country.

The larger tents are pitched in a square or circle, while those for the guards and servants usually occupy the outer space. Every marquée for a lady is divided into two or three apartments, for her camp-bed, her closet, and her dressing-room ; is carpetted or matted, and is covered with a spreading fly, for defence against rain, or exclusion of casual heat, the air ventilating powerfully between the vacuity (about two feet) of the tent and its canopy in unremitted undulation. The doors or curtains of the marquée, wattled with a sweet-scented grass, are, if the weather chance to become sultry, continually sprinkled with water from the outside ; and a chintz wall, stained in handsomely-figured compartments, encompasses the whole.

For the supply of common food, if no village be very near, petty chandlers shops enow are engaged by the family banyans (house stewards) to accompany them, glad to profit of such an opportunity of gain. Liquors, and every species of European articles, are provided by the party themselves.

Horses are employed for the conveyance of the gentlemen, and palanquins for the ladies, with their female attendants: and, where the

* *From the Asiatic Annual Register, for* 1801.

roads will admit of it, close and open English carriages also.

Part of the morning sports of the men, commencing at the dawn of day, consist in rousing and chasing the wild boar, the wolf, and antelope (or gazelle), the roebuck, the musk, the red and other deer, hares, foxes, and jaccals: besides the common red, the spotted and the small moose, there are ten or twelve sorts of hog or short-bristled deer. Boars are usually found amongst the uncultivated tracts, or the more regular plantations of sugar-canes, which give to their flesh the finest flavour imaginable. Wolves and jaccals are seen prowling and lurking, at break of day, about the skirts of towns and villages, or retiring from thence to their dens within woods; or within pits, hollows, or ravines, on the downs. Hares shelter in the same situations as in England. The hog, roebuck, and musk-deer conceal themselves amongst the thickest heath and herbage, and the antelope and large deer rove on the plains. All these animals, however, resort not rarely to the jungles (or very high coarse and implicated grass), with which the levels of Hindostan abound, either to graze, to browse, or in pursuit of prey.

A country of Asia, abounding in such variety of game, is, of course, not destitute of wild beasts; the principal of which are the tiger, leopard, panther, tiger-cats, bear, wolf, jaccal, fox, hyena, and rhinoceros. The leopards are of three or four kinds.

Or the gentlemen divert themselves with shooting the same animals; as also common partridge, rock partridge, hurrial or green pigeons, quail, plover, wild cocks and hens, curlews; black, white, and grey peacocks; florikens, storks of several kinds and colours, together with water hens, Braminy geese, cranes, wild geese and ducks, teal, widgeons, snipes, and other aquatic fowl, in infinite abundance; many of them of extraordinary shape, of glowing variegated plumage, and of unknown species; whose numbers almost cover the water when they swim, and, when alarmed and flushed from the lakes, like a cloud, absolutely obscure the light.

The foxes are small, slenderly limbed, delicately furred with a soft brown hair, and by no means rank in smell; feeding principally upon grain, vegetables, and fruit. They are exceedingly fleet and flexible, though not strong or persevering. When running, they wind in successive evolutions to escape their pursuers, and afford excellent sport. Their holes are usually excavated, not in woods, but on hillocks, upon a smooth green-sward or lawn, where, in a morning or evening, they are seen playing and frisking about with their young. They feed generally amongst the corn, and are oftenest found within fields of mustard or linseed, when it has sprouted up high enough to conceal them.

A minor critic, on perusal of Æsop's, or rather Pilpay's Fables, ridiculed the idea of foxes feeding upon grapes; but, had he consulted any Asiatic natural history, he would have learned that they subsist upon grain, pulse, and fruit, particularly grapes and pine-apples, when within their range, much more than upon flesh or fowl. Or, had he turned to the Bible, he would have there found the following passage in confirmation of it:.... "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes".....*Canticles*, c. ii. ver. 15.

Jaccals are rather larger than English foxes; but of a brown colour, clumsier shape, and not so pointed about the nose. In nature, they partake more of the wolf than of the dog or fox. Their real Asiatic name is shugaul, perverted by English seamen trading to the Levant (where they are in plenty on the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor) into jaccals.

Of the partridge there are several kinds, one with a white belly,

and another with something like grouse, only more motley feathered.

Plover too are various; and, when the weather becomes warm, ortolans traverse the heaths and commons in immense flocks.

There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Bahar, nearer than the confines of Assam, Chittagong, and the range of mountains separating Hindostan from Tibet and Napaul. But there, particularly about the Morung and in Betiah, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden, the burnished, the spotted, and the azure, as well as the brown Argus pheasant.

As for peacocks, they are everywhere in multitudes, and of two or three species. One tract in Orissa is denominated More-bunje, or the Peacock district.

Cranes are of three sorts, and all of a cerulean grey: the very lofty one, with a crimson head, called *sarus;* the smallest called *curcurrah*, the (*demoiselle* of Linnæus and Buffon), uncommonly beautiful and elegant, whose snow-white tuft, behind its scarlet-glowing eyes, is the appropriate ornament for the turban of the emperor alone, and the middle-sized one with a black head, the common grus. They return to the northern mountains about the autumnal equinox, after the cessation of the periodical rains, with their young, in myriads of flights, frequent as the wood-pigeon in North-America: and sometimes, when the wind is very violent, flocks of them mount to a vast height in the air, and there wind about in regular circles, seemingly with much delight, and venting all the time a harsh discordant scream, heard at a considerable distance.

In the wilds of Hindostan certainly originated the common domestic fowl, for they are there discovered in almost every forest. They are all bantams, but without feathers on their legs; the cocks are in colour all alike, what sportsmen call ginger red; they have a fine tufted cluster of white downy feathers upon their rumps, are wonderfully stately in their gait, and fight like furies. The hens are invariably brown. It is extremely pleasant, in travelling through the woods early in a morning, to hear them crowing, and to perceive the hens and chickens skulking and scudding between the bushes. For food, they are neither so palatable nor tender as the tame fowl.

Florekins are amongst the *non descripta*, I believe, in ornithology. A drawing can alone exhibit an adequate representation of this fine bird; it harbours in natural pastures amongst the long grass, on the extremity of lakes, and the borders of swampy grounds, lying between marshy soils and the uplands. Hence its flesh seems to partake, in colour and relish, of the nature and flavour of both the wild duck and the pheasant; the colour of the flesh on the breast and wings being brown, but on the legs perfectly white, and the whole of the most delicate, juicy, and savoury flavour conceivable.

There are only three claws to its feet: the roots of the feathers of the female are of a fine pink colour.

When the cock rises up, some fine black velvet feathers, which commonly lie smooth upon his head, then stand up erect, and form a tuft upon his crown and his neck.

When set by dogs, it lies close, and scarcely ever rises till the fowler is so near as almost to tread upon it. The nest of it is made amongst the grass.

You read of them in descriptions of ancient knightly festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courteneys, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of *flanderkins;* but whether they were then natives of England, I am uncertain.

The height of the cock florekin of Bengal, from the ground when he stands, to the top of his back, is seventeen inches.

The height from the ground to the top of his head, when he holds it upright, is twenty-seven inches.

The length from the tip of his back to the end of his tail, is twenty-seven inches.

In no part of southern Asia did I ever hear of woodcocks; but amongst the breed of snipes there is one called the painted snipe, larger than ordinary, and which well compensates for want of the former.

Fishing, both with lines and diversity of nets, is the employment of other sets of the party; or the hawking of herons, cranes, storks, and hares, with the falcon; and of partridge and lesser birds, with the sparrow and small hawks.

Ladies now and then attend the early field: if it be to view the coursing or hawking, they mount upon small, gentlest (for they are all gentle) female elephants, surmounted with arched-canopied and curtained seats; otherwise they ride on horseback; more frequently however in palanquins, under which, as well as under the elephants and horses, the birds, (particularly the white stork or paddy bird), when pounced at by the hawks, and the little foxes, when hard pressed by the dogs, often fly for shelter and protection. In general, however, the ladies do not rise betimes, nor stir out till the hour of airing.

The weapons in use on these expeditions are, fowling pieces, horse pistols, light lances or pikes, and heavy spears or javelins; and every person has, besides, a servant armed with a scimitar or sabre, and a rifle with a bayonet, carrying a two ounce ball, in the event of meeting with tigers, hyenas, bears, or wild buffaloes. Some of the ladies (like Thalestris or Hypolita, quite in the Diana style), carry light bows and quivers to amuse themselves with the lesser game.

The dogs are, pointers, spaniels, Persian and European greyhounds, and strong ferocious lurchers. Near Calcutta a few gentlemen keep English hounds; but their scent quickly fades, and they soon degenerate.

But the liveliest sport is exhibited when all the horsemen, elephants, servants, guard, and hired villagers, are assembled and arranged in one even row, with small white flags (as being seen the furthest) hoisted pretty high at certain distances, in order to prevent one part of the rank from advancing before the rest. Proceeding in this manner, in a regular and progressive course, this line sweeps the surface like a net, and impels before it all the game within its compass and extent. When the jungle and coppice chance to open upon a plain, it is a most exhilirating sight to behold the quantity and variety of animals issuing from their coverts: some are driven out reluctantly, others force their way back into the brake. During this scene of developement, rout, and dispersion, prodigious havoc is made by the fowlers, falconers, and huntsmen, whilst the country people and children, with sticks and staves, either catch or demolish the fawns, leverets, wild pigs, and other young animals, which have returned into the coppice.

Instances occasionally occur, when the natives of the vicinage petition the gentlemen to destroy a tiger that has infested the district, to the annoyance and devastation of their flocks and shepherds, and perpetual alarm of the poor cottagers themselves. Although an arduous and perilous adventure, and what the gentlemen all profess, in their cooler moments, to reprobate and decline, yet, when in the field, they generally comply with the solicitation, and undertake the exploit. Their instant animation, not unattended with emotions of benevolence and compassion, presently supersedes every dictate of prudence, and, spite of their predetermination, they proceed to the assault, the villagers all the while standing aloof. If conducted deliberately, with circumspection, and

with the aid of the seapoys, they soon accomplish their purpose, and bring in the most dreadful and formidable of all tremendous beasts, amidst the homage and acclamations of the peasantry. But should they lose their presence of mind, prolong or precipitate the conflict, act with incaution, or attack the exasperated and infuriated beast with tumult and confusion, the event is often fatal, by his seizing, lacerating, and crushing, every creature within his reach; not ceasing to rend, tear, claw, and destroy, to the very moment of his destruction, or of his flight.

Sometimes do the natives intreat the gentlemen to rid them of wild buffaloes, (the largest of all known animals, the elephant excepted), that have laid waste their cultivation; and at others, to clear their vast tanks, or small neighbouring lakes, of alligators, which devour their fish, or do mischief on shore. So much hazard is not incurred, however, by achievements of this sort, as from the encounter of a tiger; for though the hides of those creatures resist a ball from a firelock at common musket distance, they are by no means impenetrable to a shot from a rifle, or other pieces with a chamber, or of a wider calibre.

A drum, with a banner displayed from the hall tent, gives signals to the company for their meals.

Breakfast is a most delightful repast: the sportsmen return keen, fresh, ruddy, and voracious; and the appearance of the ladies in simple loose attire, the elegant dishabille of clearest muslin, with plain floating ribbons, and dishevelled tresses, captivate to fascination. Nor is the palate less gratified: English, French, Italian, and Dutch viands, all combine to provoke it, by a profusion of cold victuals, salted and dried meats and fish, hams, tongues, sausages, hung-beef, sallads, chocolate, coffee, tea, fresh milk, preserves, fruit, and eggs, rendered still more grateful by the most sprightly cheerfulness, and Auroral gaiety.

After breakfast, conveyances of different sorts are prepared for an airing, not merely for the sake of airing only, but to view some natural or artificial curiosity or manufacture; some noted town, distinguished mosque, celebrated pagoda, renowned dirgah, or venerable mausoleum; some consecrated grove, the sequestered residence of fakeers, or some extensive prospect from the summit of rugged cliffs, impending over an expanse of water, bordering perhaps a level lawn, whose verdure is vaulted only, not concealed, by a diffused assemblage of stately columniated palms of four different species, tufted and foliaged only, in graceful inclinations at their capitals, all equally ornamental, the date, the cocoanut, the beetel, and the palmyra.

Between the airing and an early dinner, the hours are irregularly disposed, as chance may dictate, or caprice suggest. Some play at cricket and quoits, swim, jump, fence, run a match of horses, or shoot at a mark; whilst others direct the mountaineers and woodmen (who rove about in bands for this express purpose) where to inveigle, entangle, or kill beasts, birds, fish, and snakes, for which they are furnished with variety of implements, such as matchlocks, tiger-bows, spears, darts in grooves, balls in tubes, pellet-bows, limed rods, stakes, and bushes; fascinating allurements, such as painted, spotted, and foliaged screens, bells, nets, and torches, bundles of twigs, rushes, and reeds, artificial ducks and decoy birds, with traps, gins, springs, snares, and other stratagems and inventions of wonderful enchantment, ingenuity, mechanism, and contrivance.

It is somewhat extraordinary, but nevertheless a fact, the influence of fascination possessed by the tiger, and all of his, (the feline) species, over many other creatures. Espied by deer particularly, they stop at once, as if struck by a spell, while the tiger lies still, his eyes fixed on them, and quietly waiting their

approach, which they seldom fail to make gradually within his spring; for the large royal tiger cannot run speedily or far. The glow of their eyes is fierce and powerful. I myself once passed a royal tiger in the night near a wood, and could plainly perceive the scintillations from his eyes. He was deterred from approaching us by the light of flambeaux, and the noise of a small drum which we carried, and was beat by a servant for the purpose of scaring him away.

Wherever tigers roam or couch, a number of birds continually collect or hover about them, screaming and crying, as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by him; for the instant a flock of pea-fowl perceive him, they advance towards him directly, and begin strutting round him with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and bristling and expanded tails. Of this enticement the fowlers also make their advantage; for, by painting a brown cloth screen, with black spots or streaks, about six feet square, and advancing under its cover, fronting the sun, the birds either approach towards them, or suffer them to steal near enough to be sure of their mark, by a hole left in the canvas for them to fire through.

Several other instances of the fascination of animals I have myself been witness to in Bengal. Three or four times, where a line of troops were marching in a long uninterrupted series, passed a herd of deer; I observed that when their attention was taken off from grazing, by the humming murmuring noise proceeding from the troops in passing, they at first and for a while, stood staring and aghast, as if attracted by the successive progression of the files, all clothed in red. At length, however, the leading stag, "*vir gregis ipse*," striking the ground, snorted, and immediately rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole collection, to the utter dismay and confusion of the soldiery: thus running into the very danger one naturally supposes they must have at first been anxious to avoid. The men, who were apprised by the sound of their approach, stopped, and made way for them. Over the heads of the others, who were heedless and inattentive, they bounded with wonderful agility, and fled over the plain.

Driving one evening along the road in a phaeton, and pretty fast, I perceived a young heifer running near the carriage, with her eyes intently fixed upon one of the hind wheels; by the whirling of which, the animal seemed completely struck and affected. Thus pursuing her object for about a quarter of a mile, she, by a sudden impulse, rapidly darted forward towards the wheel, which then striking her nose, the attention of the creature became interrupted by the violence of the friction, and was, of course, withdrawn: she then immediately stood still, and presently after turned about slowly, and made off.

Beyond all other animals, however, serpents possess most eminently this occult power: frequently are they seen revolved on the branches of trees, or on the ground, meditating their prey, either birds, squirrels, rats, mice, bats, frogs, hares, or other animals.

The ladies, as they are inclined, either read, walk, swing, exercise themselves in archery, or at shuttlecock in the groves; or they sing and play in their tents. Others, whilst at work, are read to by their companions; of all amusements, perhaps, the most delectable.

At the end of a convivial dinner, every soul, provided the weather prove sultry, or they find themselves fatigued, retire to repose.

On rising from this siesta, (of all listless indulgences the most soothing, comfortable, and refreshing, and certainly most wholesome, all animals inclining to sleep after nourishment), carriages are again in readiness, or light boats, where a stream or lake is near, to give the company the evening's respira-

tion (which the inhabitants of colder regions taste only in poetical description,) breathing health as well as recreation.

The twilight being short under the tropics, the day, of course, shuts in presently after sun-set, when cards and dice become part of the evening's entertainment. Chess, backgammon, whist, piquet, tredrille, quint, and loo, are the favourite games. These, with domestic sports, antics, gambols, tricks, pranks, and frolics, where the humour prevails; together with the sleights of jugglers, feats of tumblers, (in which performances the Hindoos are expert adepts,) and dances of the natives, wile away the time and beguile it not unpleasantly to the hour of supper, the principal meal; when a repast, enlivened by every elevation of spirit and kindly disposition that can conduce to promote good-humour and festive hilarity, terminates the day.

These parties generally continue, with some variation in the amusements, fifteen or twenty days; and the dissolution of them is as generally lamented, with heart-felt regret, by the individuals who compose them.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF

COUNT DE PARADES.

(*Continued from page* 115.)

PARADES remained only two days at Versailles, then returned to London, where finding his vessel completely equipped, he took the command of her, sailed from the Thames to Spithead, where he anchored near the English fleet.

The East-India company having received advice, by a swift-sailing cutter dispatched from a large and rich fleet belonging to them, that they might then be in soundings, an express was forwarded to Admiral Keppel, with orders to put to sea with the ships under his command without delay, for the safe-guard of this valuable fleet, and to secure its entrance into the English ports by every means in his power, but to avoid engaging the enemy, except defensively.

In the meantime cutters were dispatched to this fleet, with orders to its commanders to keep at a distance from the coast till joined by Admiral Keppel, or assured from him that the passage was clear.

Advice of this was immediately sent by Parades to M. de Sartine, and the French fleet under d'Orvilliers put instantly to sea.

Keppel sailed from Portsmouth on the 10th of July, 1778, with 25 sail of the line, and being joined by three more off Plymouth, his fleet consisted of 28 ships of the line of battle.

This fleet was attended and closely watched by Parades in his vessel of 14 guns, under English colours, furnished with suitable signals to apprise d'Orvilliers of every movement of consequence.

The English and French fleets discovered each other in the entrance of the Channel, but the N. E. winds drove them considerably to the westward: the British admiral used every practicable manœuvre to favour the passage of the India ships. On the 27th of July, the two fleets approaching each other, an indecisive engagement ensued: the Count d'Orvilliers then threw out the signal for action, which brought on a general engagement that continued the greatest part of the day; after which both fleets separated, without much damage on either side. On the morning of the 28th, the East-India fleet passed over the scene of action, and entered the Channel in sight of several French vessels, which had been disabled in the combat. This fleet would inevitably have been taken, had the French squadron, or even a division of it, continued on the station twenty-four hours longer.

The campaign being now nearly finished, the Count Parades, unwilling to remain idle, turned his thoughts towards Plymouth: he accordingly set sail for that place and anchored in the Sound, under a

pretence of wanting provisions: he went on shore professedly to procure necessaries, and immediately repairing to the citatel, soon recognized his old friend the sergeant, whom he invited on board his ship, which invitation was next day eagerly excepted. Parades gave the sergeant ten guineas, and half a dozen bottles of brandy; and after some artful circumlocution, made him a direct offer of fifty guineas, if he would assist in *transferring* the citadel of Plymouth into the power of the French King; and if that could be effected by his means, the Count would insure to him the payment of 10,000*l.* sterling.

The sergeant, whose feelings had been artfully wrought upon, by a comparison between the penury and subordination of his present life, and the independent opulence that awaited him, (in addition to the splendid presents he had received,) was prepared for some such like offer, but trembled at the greatness of the danger he had to encounter. Parades did not give him time to reflect; but putting into his hands a solemn promise in writing, in the name of the French King, for the 10,000*l.*, made him completely his own.

The *honest* sergeant then received his instructions; which were, to form a close intimacy with the keeper of the colours, and by acting with caution, to gain him if possible; next, the porter of the gate, which might be easily accomplished he being a particular intimate of the sergeant; but above all, the keeper of the signals, on whom no expense was to be spared: Parades, strongly enjoining prudence and secrecy, saw his friend safely on shore, and two days after quitting Plymouth, arrived in a short time at Brest.

After delivering to the marine minister, details of his proceedings, M. Parades was gratified with a brevet, dated the 31th of August, 1779, appointing him a captain of cavalry, with a pension of 10,000 livres.

The Count then returned to London, where he arrived on the 18th of September; from thence he went in a post-chaise to Plymouth, and found the flag-keeper and porter entirely gained over to his interest; for by means of a lodger and friend of the keeper, a copy of all the friendly signals was procured; to each of those persons was assigned a pension of 25*l.* per month.

The sergeant then undertook, should the enterprise be attempted, that the great gate should be shut, but not locked; the same was to be done at the postern in the angle of the bastion, through which the troops might defile; he likewise engaged to spike the cannon. After which Parades, with a handsome remuneration, once more took leave of his friends.

After making a tour to Bristol and the western seaports, where he exercised his usual adroitness in gaining useful information, Parades again presented his memorials to M. de Sartine, who called a council of the ministry to take into consideration the probable advantage that might result from putting his plans into execution; and whether it would not be for the interest of the state, to take immediate advantage of the negligence of the enemy.

Though the Count's plans were approved of by a part, others thought some of his narrations almost incredible, and his propositions of too romantic a cast. After much debate it was at length resolved, that a person who possessed the confidence of the ministry, should be sent to England, for the purpose of examining into the truth of Parades' reports: M. de Berthois, an officer of genius, was instantly sent for from Calais, where he was then employed. On his arrival at Paris, and being made acquainted with his intended business, he requested twenty-four hours to consider of it: but the Prince of Montbarrey informing him that the cross of St. Lewis, a brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of 4000

livres awaited his acceptance, he immediately complied; and Parades was also promised, if he brought back M. Berthois in safety from his mission, the cross of St. Lewis, together with a pension.

At the appointed time, they embarked in the vessel belonging to Parades, and set sail for England. M. Berthois wishing to begin his observations with Plymouth, they directed their course to that port, where they arrived on the second day of their leaving Brest. As ill fortune would have it, the crew were drunk at the time of their coming to an anchor, and being hailed from a frigate riding in the Sound, demanding the vessel's name and her destination, the master gave an insolent answer. The captain of this frigate slept at Dock, and the commanding lieutenant being offended at the reply, immediately ordered the barge to be manned, and boarded Parades' vessel with twenty-five marines under arms, demanding to know to whom the vessel belonged, and the name of the fellow who had returned such an insolent answer. The terrified M. de Berthois hid himself among the crowd of sailors on the deck: the master, confounded at the appearance of the marines, imprudently answered, "The vessel belongs to those gentlemen," (pointing to Parades and Berthois, who were both dressed as sailors.) The lieutenant, astonished, addressing himself to Berthois, asked him, if he was the owner. He understanding English very imperfectly, answered *Oui*, (yes in French.) The master was so embarrassed, as to be incapable of replying to the lieutenant, who said, it was his duty to secure them; and they were immediately taken on shore, under a guard, to Dock.

By singular good fortune, the officer whose duty it was to examine them, was a correspondent of Parades, and likewise on terms of intimacy with the captain of the frigate: the consequence was that by means of a draft of 1500l. on Parades' banker in London, he obtained the release of his people and the discharge of his vessel.

The two adventurers now thinking themselves perfectly secure, took a lodging and changed their dresses. Returning from one of their evening walks, they were surprised to see a soldier mounting guard at the door where they lodged: though this sight was far from being agreeable, Parades with his usual effrontery, entered the house, followed by M. Berthois. Here they found an old acquaintance of the Count, who was an officer of rank quartered at Dock, to whom he had before made himself agreeable: this gentleman reproached Parades for not having called upon him at his quarters, and requested to see him and his friend at the barracks; after which he took his leave.

The fertile genius of Parades immediately saw the use to be made of this; M. Berthois was shewn every part of the citadel, and from the commanding eminence on which it is situated, had a favourable opportunity of viewing the different branches of the sea, as Hamoaze, Catwater, and Sutton Pool; all of which he found to correspond exactly with the descriptions given to M. de Sartine.

In the meantime their vessel was riding in the Sound, and the Union of 90 guns in her passage thither being becalmed, and obliged to anchor too near the citadel, the captain sent to press the boats and crews belonging to four vessels then in the Sound, to assist in towing her off, the crew in Parades' was consequently included, except his secretary, whom they had just time enough to hide in a cask.

Before they quitted Plymouth, Parades, who had frequently purchased stores at the dock-yard sales, and was well known there in the character of an English merchant, bought nine condemned French vessels for 4,600*l.* and having resold them by his agents, cleared by the speculation 7000*l.* sterling, or 168000 livres Tournois.

(*To be continued.*)

A CONCISE STATEMENT OF THE DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES,

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY 1802.

TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF ALBERT GALLATIN, ESQ. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Kind of Stock.	*Amount of Capitals, in Dollars.*		*Rate of Interest, &c.*	*Annual Amount.*
Old Six per Cents	28,202,007 41			
New or deferred Six per Cents	13,677,517 82			
		41,879,525 23	8 per Cent. on Account of Interest and Reimbursement of Principal.	3,350,362 01*
Three ditto		19,079,705 63	3 Ditto	572,391 16
Navy Six per Cents		711,700	6 Ditto	42,702
1796 ditto		80,000	6 Ditto	4,800
Five and an half ditto		1,847,500	5½ Ditto	101,612 50
Four and an half ditto		176,000	4½ Ditto	7,920
Eight ditto		6,480,200†	8 Ditto	518,416
Bank Six per Cents		1,590,000	6 Ditto	95,400
Ditto Five per Cents		1,150,000	5 Ditto	57,500
		72,994,630 86		4,751,103 67
DUTCH DEBT principal and premiums in guilders 24,787,500....at 40 cents per guilder		9,915,000	4 4-5	476,931
Nominal amount of principal		82,909,630 86		5228,034 67

Reimbursement of Six per Cents at the above date.		
Brought forward,		82,909,630 86
On 28,202,007 41 *a* 16 85/7635	*Per Cent* 1000000.	5,027,740 57
On 13,677,517 82 *a* 2		
Unredeemed principal 1st Jan. 1802,		77,881,890 29

* *This Annuity* would, without any other provision, discharge the whole of the old six per cents in the year 1818, and the new or deferred in 1824; besides which, an uncertain amount of this and other stock, is in a course of redemption, by the sale of lands. The Secretary computes "the permanent annual revenues of the United States at ten millions of dollars, of which the sum of 7,300,000 is appropriated by law, for the payment of the interest and principal of the *Public Debt*, and 2,700,000 applicable to the current expenses of Government." He states further, that the application of the annual sum of 7,300,000 dollars, would discharge the whole of the public debt, within the year 1817.

† Redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after the close of the year 1808.

☞ The interest on the public debt, including the reimbursement of the six per cent. stock, is payable quarterly; either at the seat of Government, or the Commissioner of loans, where the certificates have been issued.

Transfers and dividends of every kind of stock (including that of the U. S. Bank, the capital of which is *Ten Millions of Dollars* divided into 25,000 shares of 400 dollars each, dividends paid in January and July,) can be made and received every day in the week; excepting that the books for transforming funded stock, are closed for fourteen days previous to the end of each quarter, and for Bank stock in like manner half yearly.

The reimbursement of old six per cents. commenced on the 1st of January, 1796, and of the new, on the 1st of January, 1802. On the 1st of January, there is 3½ per cent. paid on the nominal amount, and in every succeeding quarter 1½; making 8 per cent. per annum, on account of interest and principal. On the 1st of January 1804, there will have been redeemed of the old sixes 23 11 and of the new 6 37 per cent.

In the Secretary's report of December 1802, he states, that an impression had been made on the public debt in that year, by the sale of 2,220 U. S. Bank shares, and otherwise, to the amount of 5,440,469: 66 dollars.

The president in his message of the 17th October 1803, informed Congress, that the revenue for the year ending the 30th of September 1803, amounted to between 11 and 12 millions, and exceeded the sum counted on....That there was discharged of the public debt in the same period, about 3,100,000 dollars, and that by the purchase of Louisiana an addition will be made to the debt, of nearly 13 millions, besides 2 millions which had been appropriated; most of which will be payable after fifteen days

M. M'CONNEL, *Broker.*

Philadelphia, 21st Nov. 1803.

REPORT....The committee appointed to execute the several acts of Congress to provide more effectually for the settlement of the accounts between the United States and the individual States, report, that there is due including interest to the 31st day of December, 1789, to the states of

New-Hampshire.....	75,055
Massachusetts.....	1,248,801
Rhode Island.....	299,511
Connecticut.....	519,121
New Jersey.....	49,030
South Carolina.....	1,205,978
Georgia.....	19,988

And there is due including interest to the third day of December, 1789, from the state of

New-York.....	2,074,846
Pennsylvania.....	76,739
Delaware.....	612,128
Maryland.....	151,640
Virginia.....	100,870
North Carolina.....	501,082

Which several sums they, by virtue of the authority to them delegated, declare to be the final and conclusive balances due to and from the several states.

A description of a species of Coal found near Woodstock.

THE mountain which contains this coal, is situated about twelve miles north-west from Esopus. By the people, who reside near its base, it is called Blue Mountain: the coal is found in the horizontal fissure of an almost perpendicular rock, upon the S. E. part of it, about half the distance to its summit, which is supposed to be nearly two miles above the level of the Hudson River. The stratum is of various thickness, from seven to ten inches and upwards. It is visible in different parts, at considerable distances from each other. The incumbent mass of rock is not less than twenty feet in depth.....In one place it is of a grey colour, and argillaceous composition, though apparently very hard; in another, it is brown, and composed of horizontal layers, easily split or divided.

The coal appears to form a considerable angle with the strata of the rock, and dips into the mountain. Its colour is brownish. It very much resembles that species of coal, which is found in Great Britain, in the crevices of rocks; and generally known by the name of Suturbrand. By the Mineralogists it is called brown coal, or carbonated wood; some pieces have a glossy lustre. It is very brittle. It sinks in water. A small bit of it was kept in diluted nitrous acid, for the space of two days, which caused it to separate and crumble by the application of a gentle force. It discovers no impression of leaves, nor any internal indication of vegetable origin. In some specimens the fracture is slaty, in others uneven; exposed to the blow pipe it swells, and burns very slowly, giving out a slightly sulphurous smell.....A small quantity of it was used, some years ago in a forge in this village, and was found to give a strong heat, when mixed with charcoal. The guide who conducted us up the mountain, mentioned, that he lately procured some of it, at the request of a blacksmith, for the purpose of forging an axe....This side of the mountain is the joint property of Major De Zeng, and Capt. Clark, who intend to blast the rock, in order to discover the extent and quantity of the coal....It may not be uninteresting to mention, that in the same rock, at the western extremity or the stratum of coal, we found a luminous earth, consisting of alum, silex and iron.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

It has been a subject of controversy, whether intense application of mind tends to shorten life. Opinions on this point are various, and perhaps we may throw light on it by an appeal to facts.

The following list of names has been made from a promiscuous research, and the names and ages of all men distinguished by their intellectual improvements, have been noticed, as they have occurred to the writer:

Ancient Writers.

GREEK.

	Age.	*Died before Christ.*
Xenophilus.....	169 ...	
Theophrastus.....	106 ...	288
Xenophanes.....	100 ...	500
Democritus.....	100 ...	
Isocrates.....	98 ...	338
Thales.....	92 ...	548
Carneades.....	90 ...	
Pyrrho.....	90 ...	284
Sophocles.....	91 ...	406
Simonides.....	90 ...	468
Zeno.....	97 ...	264
Pythagoras.....	90 ...	510
Hypocrates.....	80 ...	
Chrysippus.....	83 ...	204
Diogenes.....	88 ...	
Pherycides.....	85 ...	
Solon.....	82 ...	558
Periander.....	80 ...	579
Plato.....	81 ...	348
Thucydides.....	80 ...	391
Xenophon.....	89 ...	359
Xenocrates.....	81 ...	314
Polybius.....	81 ...	124
Socrates.....	70 ...	400
Anaxagoras.....	72 ...	428
Euripides.....	76 ...	407
Æschylus.....	70 ...	456
Aristotle.....	63 ...	322
Anaximander.....	64 ...	547
Pindar.....	69 ...	452

Greek Authors Total....30

Died above a hundred..... 4
Above..... 90 8
Ditto..... 80 11
Ditto..... 60 7
Socrates died prematurely by poison.

Ancient Writers.

ROMAN.

	Age.	*Died before Christ.*
Varro.....	87 ...	28
Lucian.....	80 ...	
Epicurus.....	73 ...	168
Cicero.....	63 ...	43
	[by a violent death.	
Livy.....	67 A. D. ...	17
Pliny, the elder	56 ...	79
	[by a violent death.	
Pliny, the younger,	52 ...	113

Ovid.....	59	...	17
Horace.....	57	...	
Virgil.....	51 B. C	...	19

Modern Authors on the continent of Europe.

	Died.		*Age.*
Voltaire.....	1779	...	85
Swedenbourg.....	1772	...	83
Bœrhaave.....	1738	...	70
Galilleo.....	1643	...	76
Scaliger, J. Cæsar.	1558	...	74
Scaliger, J. J.....	1909	...	69
Vossius, J. G.....	1649	...	72
Vossius, Isaac....	1683	...	70
Copernicus.....	1543	...	71
Grevius.....	1703	...	71
Gronovius.....	1671	...	58
Grotius.....	1645	...	62
Erasmus.....	1536	.....	69
Thuanus.....	1617	...	64
Spinosa.....	1677	...	55
Haller.....	1777	...	69
Kepler.....	1631	...	60
Puffendorf.....	1693	...	62
Leibnitz.....	1715	...	69
Des Cartes.....	1650	...	54
Tycho Brahe.....	1601	...	55
		Total....	21

Above eighty.....	2
Ditto.... 70	7
Ditto.... 50	12

English Authors.

	Born.	*Died.*		*Age.*
Newton.....	1642	1727	...	84
Whiston....	1667	1762	...	95
Hoadly.....	1676	1761	...	83
Burnet.....	1635	1725	...	85
Hobbes.....	1588	1679	...	92
Hales.....	1677	1761	...	84
Halley.....	1656	1742	...	85
Spelman.....	1561	1641	...	80
Sloane, Hans	1660	1752	...	92
Sherlock, B..	1678	1762	...	84
Bacon, R....	1614	1694	...	80
Swift.....	1667	1745	...	78
Selden.....	1584	1654	...	70
Locke.....	1632	1704	...	73
Camden.....	1551	1623	...	72
Johnson, S...	1709	1784	...	75
Robertson...	1721	1793	...	72
Hale, M....	1609	1676	...	67
Bacon, N....	1510	1578	...	68
Fothergill...	1712	1780	...	68
Bacon, F....	1560	1616	...	66
Milton.....	1608	1674	...	66
Sherlock, W.	1641	1707	...	66
Sydenham....	1624	1689	...	65
Tillotson....	1630	1694	...	64
Boyle.....	1627	1691	...	65
Kennicot....	1718	1783	...	65
Pope.....	1688	1744	...	56
Steele.....	1676	1729	...	53
Addison.....	1672	1719	...	47
Spenser.....	1553	1599	...	45
			Total....	31

Above ninety.....	3
Ditto.... 80	8
Ditto.... 70	6
Ditto.... 45	14

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to a hundred born, arrive to 70 years of age. Among the eminent Greek authors, 17 of 30 arrived to that age. The fact is almost incredible. But the climate and modes of life practised by the old Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.

The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less salubrious climate, or more luxurious habits of life, or both.

The ages of the modern writers far surpass the due proportion. Of 21 authors on the continent, nine reached the age of 70....or almost half....whereas, the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or a seventh at most.

Of 31 English authors, 17, or more than half, died above 70.

These results do not justify the opinion that intense application abridges human life. It is probable, however, that the unusal proportion of learned men who live to a great age, may be in part ascribed to their temperate habits of life....and to an original firmness of constitution. Their great intellectual acquirements, and their old age, may not improbably be the effect of a common cause—the original organization of the body.

RUSTICUS.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

PROGRESS OF POPULATION.

THE following table exhibits certain results from the census of

1800, which are interesting to the inquiries into the state and progress of population in the United States, as also into the longevity of the inhabitants in different districts or portions of territory. The first column gives the number of free persons under ten years of age in each state, and each district of the state, which are divided in the official report published by congress; the second gives the proportion which that number bears to a hundred of the whole population; the third exhibits the number of persons above forty-five years of age, in each state and district; and the fourth, the proportion of that number to a hundred:

	Under 10.	*pro. to hund.*		*above* 45	*pro. to hund*	
New-Hampshire.....	60,565	33	17-182	23,857	13	6-182
Maine.....	54,896	36	54-150	16,380	10	138-150
Massachusetts.....	124,566	29	381-416	66,688	16	5-416
Connecticut.....	73,682	30	36-244	39,803	16	64-344
Vermont.....	57,692	37	74-253	15,125	9	127-153
Rhode-Island.....	19,469	29	49-065	10,535	16	8-65
New-York.....	195,570	35	139-555	60,506	10	499-555
New-Jersey.....	66,522	34	45-194	24,229	12	91-194
East-Pennsylvania.....	103,943	32	276-316	40,253	13	221-316
West-Pennsylvania.....	98,907	36	166-270	31,827	12	211-279
Delaware.....	15,878	31	42-049	4,603	9	11-49
Maryland.....	71,454	33	40-222	24,305	10	210-222
East-Virginia.....	113,993	33	156-340	38,318	11	84-340
West-Virginia.....	67,327	37	147-177	26,303	14	177-177
North-Carolina.....	122,192	36	59-337	36,202	10	244-337
South-Carolina.....	72,075	36	143-296	19,681	10	
Georgia.....	38,248	37	85-101	8,851	8	76-101
Kentucky.....	72,223	40	27-179	16,313	9	12-197
Tennessee.....	27,677	41	7-091	7,616	8	27-91

From the foregoing table, if the figures are correct, result the following observations:

1st. The states, and parts of states which contain new land, and are now settling, contain the greatest proportion of children.... witness Maine, New-York, Vermont, &c. This fact evinces, that the migration to the new lands are chiefly by the young and middle aged....and that such hardy, laborious people are most prolific.

2d. The excess of children in Kentucky and Tennessee, demonstrates, in addition to the foregoing considerations, the mildness and salubrity of the climate, which are favourable to the rearing of children.

3d. The greatest proportion of persons above 45 years of age, are in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island....and in these, the highest fraction is in Connecticut.... this arises from two causes....first, these states have no uncultivated lands, and of course are continually suffering a loss of young persons by emigration....and second, the salubrity of the climate. As these states have the greatest proportion of old people, so they have the smallest proportion of those under ten years of age....and it is observable how nearly this proportion is the same in three states. Of the three, however, Connecticut has not only more old people, but more young....and hence is proved to be either the most healthy, or it is demonstrated that her state society is most favourable to long life, by affording to all conditions of people the best means of subsistence, and by restraining the vices which shorten life.

4th. From the northern to the southern extremity of the union, as there are more children under ten,

so there are fewer persons above 45, as we proceed southward....so that Georgia has but half the proportion of elderly persons as Connecticut. It is observable, however, that the difference is chiefly in the flat country: for in the western, and of course mountainous parts of Virginia, the persons above 45, are to those in the eastern states, as 14 to 16; while the proportion in the eastern district, and in Maryland, is only as 11 and 10 to 16. This shows the salubrity of a hilly country, and its preference over plains and low grounds.

In making further comparisons and deductions on this subject, a philosophical mind may find much amusement and useful information. One striking fact deserves notice. In the six northern and eastern states, which cover the territory north of the 40th degree of latitude, there are somewhat more than half a million of persons under ten years of age....and more than two hundred thousand above 45.... In the six southern and western states, there are nearly the same numbers under ten, but not so many above 45, by a fourth, or more than fifty thousand souls!

It is a remarkable fact, that the proportion of all who are above 45 in the eastern states, is almost exactly the same as the proportion of persons who reach the age of 70 years, viz. 16....The number of persons out of each hundred born, who die at 70 or upwards, is in New-England between 15 and 16.... the number living above 45, is 16, and a fraction to each hundred.

From the Providence Gazette.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT
For the State of Rhode-Island, Anno 1803.

THIS has been rather a singular season. We had sleighing from the 20th to the 23d of April, and sharp frosts continued, with only two intermissions, till the 8th of May. On that day the ground was again covered with snow. About 20 miles westward of Providence, the snow covered the ground to the depth of five inches on a level. On the 10th of May there was ice on the water half an inch thick; and the frost made its appearance several times in the course of the month, particularly on the 29th day. We had frost again on the 7th of September, so that we were free from it only three months and eight days. There was not a sufficiency of rain north-west of Bristol before the 23d of July, but from that day till the 11th of August, a great quantity fell everywhere. Since then, rain has been much wanted. The pastures have suffered much through the whole season....in the spring, from the cold and want of rain; and in the fall from the dry weather. The after-seed has been generally cut off, which is much against the farmers; as the crop of hay was short. The products of the year may be stated as follow:

Hay. In some places the crop was promising till the last week in June...but we then had several days of very harsh drying weather, without dew, which was very injurious to the grass. It never recovered the check it received, and in most places there was not more than half a common crop. The very best land suffered considerably. Oats sowed for fodder, suffered more than the grass. These, and a great portion of hay, were much damaged by the rains. Corn fodder is abundant, and never was better.

Rye. Winter rye was tolerably good, but summer rye failed, totally, in many places.

Flax. This article seems to be *run out*, in this state. The crop never was worse than this year, it being almost destitute of *coating*. There will be a considerable quantity of good seed.

Peaches. In warm situations none, but they were plenty in very cold places*.

* I presume that this paradoxical circumstance is to be accounted for in

Corn. Before the rain set in, almost every one had given up the corn for lost....the prospect was truly discouraging....but the rain had a most surprising effect on it. On warm rich land it never grew with greater rapidity, and the crop is very great....but on cold land, where the growth was slower, it did not fill out quick enough to escape a check from the frost on the 7th of September....there it is light....but upon the whole the crop is an extraordinary one.

Apples. Many orchards have failed this year, but others have been successful; and it appears that more cider will be made in this, than in either of the three preceding years.

Potatos. We hear many complaints of their having failed.... but, on some kinds of land, they have succeeded very well, and doubtless our market will be well supplied with them.

Tobacco. Remarkably good.

Vegetables. They have suffered considerably from the dry weather. Green Peas were scarce, and sold high....but upon the whole, we had a tolerable supply.

A FARMER.

ANECDOTES

OF BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD.

SIR BENJAMIN employed the four first years of his abode at Munich in acquiring the political and statistical knowledge necessary for realizing the plans which his philanthropy suggested to him for improving the condition of the lower orders. He did not neglect in the meantime his favourite studies and it was in the year 1786, in a journey to Manheim, that he made his first experiments on heat. Political and literary honours poured in upon him during that interval. In 1785 he was made Chamberlain of the Elector, and admitted a member of the academies of science of Munich and Manheim. In 1786 he received from the King of Poland the order of St. Stanislaus; in 1787 he made a journey to Prussia, during which he was elected a member of the academy of Berlin. In 1788 he was appointed major-general of cavalry and privy counsellor of state. He was placed at the head of the war department, and particularly charged with the execution of the plans which he had proposed for improving the state of the Bavarian army.

At last, the following year (1789) witnessed the accomplishment of the numerous projects meditated, during those which preceded. The house of industry of Manheim was established; the islands of Mulhan near Manheim, which till that time had been nothing but a pestilential morass, useless for culture and pernicious to the health of the inhabitants of the city, were joined together, surrounded by a mound and ditch, and transformed into a fertile garden, consecrated to the industry of the garrison. The fine establishment of the military academy of Munich was founded; a scheme of military police was founded to deliver the country from the numerous gangs of vagabonds, robbers, and beggars, who infested it: schools of industry, belonging to every regiment, were established, to employ the wives and children of the soldiers; a veterinary school was instituted, and a stud of horses provided for improving the breed of the country.

At the beginning of the year 1790 the house of industry at Munich,

this way: we had some warm sultry weather in January, which put the buds into motion on the trees in sheltered places, and warm land; and the cold weather which succeeded, killed them; but in cold places, where the buds did not start in the winter, the peaches were safe. The season operated on apples much in the same way. A great many trees bore fruit on the *north side*. It is said the fruit to the southward was entirely destroyed by the coldness of the spring.

that fine establishment, which the Count himself has described at length in his essays, was formed, for bettering the condition of the poor; and mendicity was completely abolished: nor has it again made its appearance in Bavaria since that memorable epoch. The beautiful English garden of Munich was begun, and military gardens established in all the garrisons. The sovereign expressed his obligation for these numerous services, by conferring on Sir Benjamin the rank of lieutenant-general of his armies, and giving him a regiment of artillery.

In 1791 he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and honoured with the order of the White Eagle. He employed that year and the following in completing his projects, in removing the obstacles by which attempts were made to interrupt their progress; in a word, since the truth should be spoken, in resisting the attacks of enemies who envied his success. This species of labour, and the anxiety of mind inseparable from it, impaired his health to such a degree, that his physicians declared that his life was in danger, unless he retired for some time from business, and had recourse to a change of climate. He obtained permission from the elector to take a journey into Italy; and before leaving him, communicated, in a detailed account, the principal results of his four years administration, compared with the four years which had preceded his entrance into office.

The journey lasted sixteen months. Count Rumford, after having travelled over all Italy, and a part of Swisserland, returned to Bavaria in the month of August, 1794. He had been attacked with a dangerous illness in Naples, and his slow recovery did not permit him to resume, on his return, the transaction of the business of his department, over which he contented himself with exercising a general superintendance. He laboured in his closet; and it was at this time that he prepared the first five of the essays which he has published.

In the month of September, 1795, he returned to England, after an absence of more than eleven years. The principal object of his journey was to publish his essays, and to direct the attention of the English nation towards the plans of public and domestic economy which he had conceived, and realized in Germany. One of the most respectable men in England, lord Pelham, now one of the ministers, was then secretary of state in Ireland. The Count complied with his invitation in the spring of 1796, and took that occasion of visiting that interesting country. He introduced, at Dublin, several important improvements into the hospitals and houses of industry, and left there models of a number of useful mechanical inventions. They were the first objects that struck my attention when I visited the Society of Dublin.

Every testimony of honour and gratitude was lavished upon him in this country. The royal academy of Ireland, the society for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, both elected him an honorary member: and after having left the country, he received a letter of thanks from the grand jury of the county of Dublin, an official letter from the lord mayor of the city, and one from the lord lieutenant of Ireland. These pieces, all of which I have seen, are filled with the most flattering expressions of esteem and of gratitude.

On his return to London, he directed the alterations, which had been adopted, on his recommendation, in the foundling-hospital, and he presented to the board of agriculture several machines, as models for imitation.

The philanthropic activity which distinguished this epoch of his life manifests itself in every form. It was at this time he placed in the English and American funds, two sums of 1000*l.* sterling each, to

establish a premium to be given every two years to the author of the most useful discovery, made respectively in Europe or America, on light or heat. The premium is a gold medal worth 1500 francs. It must be adjudged in Europe by the royal society of London, and in America by the academy of sciences of America.

Nothing seemed sufficient to withdraw him from these tranquil and important occupations, when the events of war called upon him to display his military talents for the service of his adopted country. General Moreau having crossed the Rhine, and defeated several bodies of soldiers, who disputed him its passage, advanced by quick marches to Bavaria. Count Rumford, on receiving this intelligence, immediately set out to join the elector. His arrival at Munich was eight days previous to the epoch when the sovereign was called upon to quit his residence, and to take refuge in Saxony. Rumford remained in Munich, with instructions from the elector to wait events, and to act according to the exigency of circumstances; they were not long in requiring his interference. After the battle of Friedberg, the Austrians repulsed by the French, fell back upon Munich; the gates of the city were shut against them. They marched round it, passed the Inn, by the bridge, and posted themselves on the other side of the river, on a height which commanded the bridge and the town. There they erected batteries, and firmly waited for the French. In this situation, some inconsiderate transactions which happened in Munich, were interpreted by the Austrian general as an insult pointed against himself, and he demanded an explanation of them from the council of regency, threatening to order the town to be fired upon, if a single Frenchman entered the city. At this critical moment, the Count made use of the eventual orders of the Elector, to take the command in chief of the Bavarian forces. His firmness and presence of mind awed both parties; neither the French nor the Austrians entered Munich; and that city escaped all the dangers with which it had been threatened.

On the return of the elector, he was placed at the head of the department of the general police in Bavaria. The services which he rendered in that capacity, though less brilliant than his military exploits, have been neither less valuable, nor less conspicuous. But the excessive labour to which his zeal and activity betrayed him, the opposition which he often experienced in the exercise of his office, again affected his health to such a degree, as threatened his life. The elector impressed with esteem and gratitude towards him, wished not to allow him to sink under a labour too severe for him, and desired to find the means of procuring him the repose which he required, without altogether depriving himself of his services: he appointed him his envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of London. But the rules of England not permitting a subject of the king to be accredited as a foreign minister, the Count has not exercised that office, and has lived, since his return to England in 1798, as a private individual.

Meanwhile it was reported in America that he had quitted Bavaria forever, and the government of the United States addressed to him, through the medium of the American ambassador at London, a formal and official invitation to return to his native country, where an honourable establishment was destined for him. The offer was accompanied with the most flattering assurances of consideration and confidence. He replied, declaring at the same time his profound gratitude for such a mark of esteem, "That engagements, rendered sacred and inviolable by great obligations, did not permit him to dispose of himself in such a manner as to be able to

accept of the offer which was made to him." There remains not, surely, in that reciprocal language, the least mark of enmity; and the Historical Society of Massachusetts, on electing Count Rumford a member, communicated to him, by their president, about the same time, their unanimous desire of seeing him return to his own country, and take up his residence among them. His answer, which is to be found in the American papers of that time, was very much admired.

Towards the autumn of 1800, Count Rumford went to Scotland. The magistrates of Edinburgh paid him a visit of ceremony; gave a public dinner on his account, and to these marks of distinction added the freedom of the city, conceived in terms the most flattering. They consulted him on the means of improving the existing charitable institutions, and on the measures proper for abolishing mendicity. The work was undertaken without loss of time, and that great enterprise was finished in a few months with complete success. In Edinburgh, beggars are no longer seen, and all the poor fit for work are become industrious. The royal society of Edinburgh, and the college of physicians, elected him at the same time, respectively, an honorary member, and the university bestowed upon him the degree of doctor of laws. The diploma was inserted in the Edinburgh newspapers; it is written in the most elegant Latin, and recounts shortly and truly the obligations of humanity towards my illustrious friend.

He employed himself during his stay in that city in superintending the execution, in the great establishment of Heriot's hospital, of the improvements which he has invented with regard to the employment of fuel in the preparation of food. I myself have heard the high approbation with which the cook of this hospital speaks of these improvements. I have before me a more respectable testimony and in approbation of which the grounds are better expressed, on the same subject. It is a letter lately received from Mr. Jackson, one of the chief managers of the hospital, to the author of these improvements. The following is a copy of it:

Edinburgh, July 21, 1801.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"IN order to afford you the most exact information with regard to the result of the preparations made in Heriot's hospital, I have thought it better to let a considerable time elapse, that their utility might be the better confirmed. I have now the satisfaction of informing you, that an experience of six months proves with certainty, that the same operations are executed with a sixth part only of the fuel which was employed before. The saving, however, will be only two-thirds, because the price of charred coal (coak) is nearly double that of the fuel which was used before. I assure you too, with much pleasure, that the victuals are much better dressed than before, and with one half less trouble to the servants. In a word I cannot express to you the convenience, the neatness, and the saving, which distinguish the improvements introduced into the hospital under your direction. The kitchen, the washing-room, and the drying-room, are so admirably contrived, that in my humble opinion, it would be impossible to improve them.

The Lord-Provost and the Magistrates join me in acknowledgments.

"JAMES JACKSON."

SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

[*Continued from page* 124.]

LETTER II.

MY DEAR P.

THE subject, touched upon in my last, has taken such strong hold of

my imagination, that I cannot forbear recalling your attention to it. I do this with the less scruple, as I do not mean to trouble you with any of those "*vulgar passages*," which the LEARNED CRITIC, with a delicacy highly commendable, "*spared his friend the disgust of considering*. Under this restriction, it may not be unentertaining to see in what manner writers of the first rank, and acknowledged abilities, imitate their predecessors so, as to make what they borrow appear their own. You will not, I apprehend, require any apology from me, for suspending awhile the design, with which I seemed to set out. I see no reason why, in our conversation or correspondence with each other, we should confine ourselves within any one certain track. Whatever subject may accidentally be started in our way, we are, I think, at full liberty to follow, whithersoever it may lead; and to continue the pursuit, so long as it affords amusement.

We have often, you will recollect, read together, and been as often charmed with the introductory stanza to the first of Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes....the Progress of Poetry: where you have these admirable lines:

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling from the steep amain,
Headlong impetuous see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

The great excellencies of the sublimest poetry are here united, with an ease and elegance which give to the composition so much the air of an original, that none of Mr. Gray's editors, or commentators on his works, seem to have suspected an imitation.

Mr. Mason, who appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in bringing together every sentiment, or expression, from other authors, bearing resemblance to any part of the writings of his respected friend, has produced no parallel to this exquisitely beautiful passage.

Mr. Wakefield has also given us an edition of Mr. Gray's poems, enriched with many valuable and interesting notes: in which he professes "not to be sparing of quotations from the poets," and conceives "no author to be a more proper vehicle for remarks of this sort, at once useful and entertaining, than Mr. Gray:" yet, in all his extensive range through the fields of classic lore, he notices only one or two slight resemblances.

Having thus taken the liberty of introducing Mr. Wakefield, I cannot suffer so favourable an opportunity to escape me, without returning to that candid and discerning critic my warmest thanks; in which I am persuaded I shall be joined by every friend to genius, and lover of the muses, for his very able and spirited defence of the British Pindar against the illiberal attacks of a prejudiced commentator; whose puerile strictures on these divine poems certainly cast a shade on his literary character.

Even Dr. Johnson himself, willing, as he evidently was, *from whatever cause*, to degrade the high character which Mr. Gray deservedly held, of an original writer, with uncommon powers of fancy and invention, and, therefore, ever on the watch to detect any latent imitation, has been able to discover no instance of similar composition.

Now allow me to submit to your consideration the following lines, which, I am inclined to believe you have already in imagination anticipated, from one of the sublimest Odes in Horace:

.....Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare: nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos,
Volventis una: non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

B. III. O. 29.

With this stanza before us, will there not arise in the mind something like *suspicion*, that Mr. Gray, when he wrote the fine lines quoted above, had *his eye* on Horace? Allow me to mark the principal features of resemblance. We have in each poet a stream, applied by the one to the various forms of poetry, by the other to the vicissitudes of human affairs, with especial reference to political revolutions. It is conducted by both, first in a course of placid serenity, then in torrents of rapid impetuosity; and marked at the close, by the same striking and impressive consequence.

"The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar."

Very nearly a verbal translation of the Latin text,

".....Non sine montium
"Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ."

Here is certainly in these two passages an extraordinary coincidence of thought and imagery. In addition to which, the varying circumstances, described in both, follow each other exactly in the same order. The attentive reader will however discover, under this general similitude, a considerable difference in the mode of composition between the British and the Roman Pindar. Enough, perhaps you will think, to remove all appearance of direct imitation. It is most probable that Gray, without recurring to the text of Horace, has only copied from the traces, which a frequent perusal had left upon his memory. This hypothesis will appear more credible, when we analyze the different forms of composition. While the stream of Horace glides quietly into the Etruscan ocean, with no other distinction than that of gentleness,

"*Cum pace* delabentis Etruscum
"In mare;

the stream of Gray winds along with a marked character, appropriate to his subject:

"Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

Mr. Gray gives also peculiar grace and beauty to the piece, by his skilful use of the metaphorical style, blending the simile with the subject, so much in the manner of Pindar; and not making, as Horace has done, a formal comparison of the one with the other.

I cannot here resist the temptation of recalling to your recollection an exquisitely fine passage in the book of Psalms; in which similar imagery is applied, under the same form, in a manner most awfully sublime. It is where the divinely inspired poet, magnifying the God of his salvation, describes, in the true spirit of Eastern poetry, his protecting power as follows:

"Who stillest the *raging of the sea*, and the noise of his waves, and the *madness of the people*."
Psalm lxv. v. 7.

Pope has, in many instances, adopted this graceful manner; and in none more successfully than in that celebrated address to his guide, philosopher, and friend, in the Essay on Man, Ep. iii.

"Oh! while along the stream of time thy name,
"Expanded, flies, and gathers all its fame;
"Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?"

It will be rather a matter of curiosity, if I do not appear too trifling, to see how this beautiful passage would read, taken out of metaphor, and delivered in the plain comparative form. I will endeavour to render it in this form, as correctly as may be.....Oh! while your name flies abroad along the course of time, and gathers all its fame, like a ship going down the stream, and, with

expanded sails, gathering, as it goes, the wind; say! shall I attend, like a little bark, pursue the triumph, and share in your fame, as the little bark partakes the gale, which swells the canvass of the larger vessel? You will not, I trust, require any further comment to ascertain the respective merits attached to these different forms of composition.

Mr. Gray, it will be seen, has still further improved upon the Roman bard, by the addition of those verdant vales, and golden fields of corn, through which, in the first division of his subject, he conducts the peaceful stream:

> Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.

In the second division he simply describes it, now swollen into an overflowing river, rolling impetuously down the steep descent; which Horace emphatically expresses from Homer, by the effects.

You, who are wont to view all works of taste with so correct and critical an eye, cannot fail to observe, and at the same time to admire, the masterly skill of these great artists in the execution of their separate designs.

In Mr. Gray's Ode, the varying movements of music, or poetry, are very happily illustrated by the inconstant current of a river; assuming in different places, a different character; presenting you by turns, either with rich and beautiful prospects, in soothing composure; or rousing the mind into emotions of wonder and astonishment, by scenes of a bolder feature; rolling, with the roar of thunder, down broken rocks and precipices.

The imagery of Horace is equally well chosen, and suited to his purpose. His object was the course of events, which alternately take place in a popular government, at one time peaceful and orderly, dispensing ease, security, and happiness to all around; at another, irregular, tumultuous, and turbulent, marking its progress with terror and destruction; like the changeful course of a river, the Tiber for instance, which was daily in his view, flowing at one time quietly and equably within its accustomed banks, at another,

> " Cum fera diluvies quietos
> " Irritat amnes;"

raising its swollen waves above all bounds, breaking with irresistible fury through all obstacles, and, with wide-spreading desolation, bearing down every thing in its way:

> ...." lapides adesos,
> " Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos."

It is the more remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have overlooked this apparent imitation, when he has chosen, with Algarotti, he says, to consider the Bard as an imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. This is more than Algarotti anywhere affirms. In his letter to Mr. How, he says that the Bard is very far superior to the Prophecy of Nereus.

> " Che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo eccidio di Troia."

In which opinion Dr. Johnson does not seem equally disposed to concur with the learned Italian.

This is a question which does not admit of argument. If there be a man who can bear the sudden breaking forth of those terrific sounds in the exordium, at which *stout Gloucester stood aghast*, and *Mortimer cried to arms*, and not thrill with horror: if there be a man, who can behold the awful figure of the bard, in his *sable vestments, with his haggard eyes, his loose beard*, and *hoary hair*, which

> " *Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air;*"

and hear him

"*Strike the deep sorrows of his lyre,*"

without emotion: this man, if such a man there be, has no feelings, to which a critic on the works of a great poet can apply. It were as vain and useless to converse with a man of this description on such subjects, as to commune with a deaf man on the enchantments of music, or with one blind on the charms of beauty.

HISTORY OF

PHILIP DELLWYN,

(Continued from page 152.)

"What had I,....the outcast of society....the poor, rightless dependant on the caprice of others.... what had I to do with high feeling, conscious worth, the sense of exalted generosity, or the haughty indignation of innocence against oppression....Ah, dear and amiable Miss Goldney, when I shed those bitter tears over your untimely grave, when I refused comfort, when I shunned society, and abandoned myself to a despair that was imputed to me as a crime, I doubtless foresaw that I was to hear no more the soothing tones of knidness.... that I was no more to experience the blessing of a friend!

"How can I bear to dwell on the melancholy scene of her illness; and yet, in my hours of misery, I love to recal her patient and dignified suffering....the resignation with which she awaited the stroke which was to release her from a painful disease, and a world, in which for my sake alone, she wished to continue.

"Philip," said she to me one day, while I sat beside her, "I look forward with anxiety to your fate. Your ardent, impetuous temper, when I am no longer at hand to restrain it...your gloomy firmness, when the voice of kindness shall no longer attempt to soften it, will expose you to serious calamity! Philip Dellwyn, when injustice rouses you, when caprice despises you, when meanness injures, or when tyranny oppresses you, think of me:....Oh then be gentle, be patient!....Your situation, my dear boy, will not admit of those high-spirited virtues, which yet, I trust, will, one day or other, when all your difficulties shall be surmounted, render you respectable and happy, the exalted, the dignified being I wish to see you;....but remember, Dellwyn, through patient suffering lies the road to peace."

"Her words were surely prophetic....I promised to remember her; alas! could I ever forget the sweet monitress of my early days, whose smile had cheered me, and whose approbation had exalted me?

"I besought her to tell me who I was. She refused; but was it in Miss Goldney's power to preserve a silence which she felt it was injurious to keep? I entreated, I reasoned:....her steadiness tottered, the secret trembled on her lips, and a few minutes would have put me in possession of a truth, which she would have softened to me, when Mr. Goldney entered. She was worse in the night, and the next day.....

"Mr. Goldney now kept no terms with me; he ridiculed my sorrow, and scoffed at my feelings: my answers he treated as the wild effusions of enthusiasm, almost to madness; but the cautions of my lost friend kept down the irritation of my temper. Mine was, however, naturally combustible: I was was no longer a child. The knowledge Mr. Goldney had communicated, had enlarged my understanding;....his mind was not to be enlarged, even by learning: learning burdened his head and memory with much cumbrous pomp, but his heart could not open to wisdom. He continued to treat me with the same intolerable sarcasm; it seemed as if he strove to provoke the consequences. Long did I bear, without explosion, the irritating taunts of malice, the biting irony of spleen, the mean

allusions to a secret he refused to disclose, the threats of low-minded oppression, and the stings of unjust opprobrium. At length I could bear these no longer; my spirit revolted against such palliating conduct as mean and servile:....I retorted when next Goldney taunted me, and retorted with such keenness, that I shook his very soul. We knew no limits; I reproached him with his conduct in terms which took from him all self-command: I acted on principle, and therefore possessed mine. I had argued with myself, that, with a body strong, healthy, and active, with a mind well cultivated, and no rebellious will, I could not fail to support myself. I cared little, therefore, what consequences I provoked, and I forbore no reproach, no expression, that could set before him, in its true light, the abominableness of his conduct. At length he ordered me to quit his house, and to see it no more....“ This conduct, young man,” said he, “ absolves me from all further care of you, and exonerates me and all concerned from any engagements. Had you deserved it, the munificence of your father would have given you, at twenty-one, one thousand pounds; now go forth, a high-souled, pennyless bastard!”

“ I refused to go, till I knew the name of this munificent parent: but Goldney, well aware that his silence on this head would be a far greater punishment than the poverty he had denounced against me, resolutely maintained it, nor could all my exertions obtain the least information.

“ Irritated and dejected, I went to weep over the grave of Miss Goldney. I recalled her mild and complacent manners, her conciliatory advice, her patient spirit; yet I reproached not myself. For her sake, I had borne for months, treatment the most injurious; to have submitted longer, had been to deserve it....had been to shew a spirit rather servile than resigned, a spirit even my patient monitress could never have approved:....but on her grave I wept so long that night found me still there. I had taken with me a small packet of linen, a book, the valued present of Miss Goldney, and two guineas ....all in the world I could call my own; for it appeared to have been Goldney's policy or orders to keep me wholly without property! I was, however, rich enough to pay for a supper and a lodging, and walked away to a village a few miles distant.

“ The night brought no sleep to my eyes; the world was now before me. “ The moment,” said I to myself, “ must have arrived, when I must have made choice of some mode of obtaining subsistence; it has advanced rather more rapidly, that is all.”

“ At eighteen, with health, strength, and talents, one does not readily despair. “ London,” thought I, “ is the great mart for talent:”.... and to London I determined to go. The pen offered itself as the readiest means of gaining bread, and I resolved to write. Already had I laid the plan of my future labours, already had I turned some very eloquent periods, when I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the morning sun. As I prepared for my journey, I felt the spirit of independence rise within me: I took a hasty breakfast, and set forward on foot for London, exulting in the thought of the shame with which I should so soon overwhelm Goldney. I felt invigorated with hope, and enlivened with the thought of depending only on myself. Full of delightful reveries, I forgot that I was a hundred and fifty miles from London, that I was unused to long journies, and unacquainted with the world:...alas! at eighteen, all difficulties fade before the consciousness of health, talents, and liberty.”

(To be continued.)

HATFIELD.

THIS man, who became the victim of an ungovernable propen-

sity to deception, was, when a youth, employed in the capacity of a rider to a linen draper in the north of England. In the course of this service he became acquainted with a young woman, who was nursed and resided at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood of his employer. She had been, in her earlier life, taught to consider the people with whom she lived, as her parents. Remote from the gaieties and follies of what is so idly denominated polished life, she was unacquainted with the allurements of fashion, and considered her domestic duties as the only object of her consideration. When this deserving girl had arrived at a certain age, the honest farmer explained to her the secret of her birth; he told her, that notwithstanding she had always considered him as her parent, he was in fact only her poor guardian, and that she was the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners, who intended to give her one thousand pounds, provided she married with his approbation.

This discovery soon reached the ears of Hatfield: he immediately paid his respects at the farmer's, and, having represented himself as a young man of considerable expectations in the wholesale linen business, his visits were not discountenanced. The farmer, however, thought it incumbent to acquaint his lordship with a proposal made to him by Hatfield; that he would marry the young woman if her relations were satisfied with their union, but on no other terms. This had so much the appearance of an honourable and prudent intention, that his Lordship, on being acquainted with the circumstances, desired to see the lover. He accordingly paid his respects to the noble and unsuspecting parent, who, conceiving the young man to be what he represented himself, gave his consent at the first interview, and, the day after the marriage took place, presented the bridegroom with a draft on his banker for 1500l. This transaction took place about 32 or 33 years ago.

Shortly after the receipt of his Lordship's bounty, Hatfield set off for London, and was perpetually at the coffee-houses in Covent Garden; describing himself to whatever company he chanced to meet, as a near relation of the Rutland family; would frequently purchase a haunch of venison; invite his coffee-house acquaintance to dine with him, and entertain them with a flowing description of his park in Yorkshire, and the flavour of the venison it produced, a specimen of which he passed current for a few weeks; when some of his new acquaintances began to find him out, and frequently jeer him on his being an adept in what they styled "poetical prose, or the beauties of imagination." Hatfield, however, was insensible to all these rebukes, and continued to retail his preposterous fabrication with such an air of confidence, that he became generally known throughout Covent Garden by the name of *Lying Hatfield*.

The marriage portion being nearly exhausted, he retreated from London, and was scarcely heard of until about the year 1782, when he again visited the metropolis, and was shortly afterwards arrested, and committed to the King's Bench prison for a debt, amounting to the sum of 160l. Several unfortunate gentlemen then confined in the same place, had been of his parties when he flourished in Covent Garden, and perceiving him in extreme poverty, frequently invited him to dinner; yet, such was the unaccountable disposition of this man, that, notwithstanding he knew there were people present who were thoroughly acquainted with his character, still he would continue to describe his Yorkshire park, his estate in Rutlandshire, settled upon his wife, and generally wind up the whole with observing how vexatious it was to be confined at the suit of a paltry tradesman for so

insignificant a sum, at the very moment when he had thirty men employed in cutting a piece of water near the family mansion in Yorkshire.

At the time Hatfield became a prisoner in the King's Bench, the late unfortunate Valentine Morris, formerly Governor of the island of St. Vincent, was confined in the same place. This gentleman was frequently visited by a clergyman of the most benevolent and humane disposition. Hatfield soon directed his attention to this good man, and one day earnestly invited him to his chamber. After some preliminary apologies, he implored the worthy pastor never to disclose what he was going to communicate. The divine assured him the whole should remain in his bosom. "Then," said Hatfield, "you see before you a man nearly allied to the house of Rutland, and possessed of estates: (here followed the old story of the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire property, &c. &c.) yet, notwithstanding all this wealth, continued he, I am detained in this wretched place for the insignificant sum of 160l. But the truth is, Sir, I would not have my situation known to any man in the world but my worthy relative his Grace of Rutland (the father of the present Duke was then living)....indeed I would rather remain a captive forever. But, Sir, if you would have the goodness to pay your respects to this worthy nobleman, and frankly describe how matters are, he will at once send me the money by you, and this mighty business will not only be instantly settled, but I shall have the satisfaction of introducing you to a connexion which may be attended with happy consequences."

The honest clergyman readily undertook the commission; paid his respects to the Duke, and pathetically described the unfortunate situation of his amiable relative. His Grace of Rutland, not recollecting at the moment such a name as Hatfield, expressed his astonishment at the application. This reduced the worthy divine to an awkward situation, and he faultered in his speech, when he began making an apology, which the Duke perceiving, he very kindly observed, that he believed the whole was some idle tale of an impostor, for that he never knew any person of the name mentioned, although he had some faint recollection of hearing Lord Robert, his relation, say that he had married a natural daughter of his to a tradesman in the north of England, and whose name he believed was Hatfield.

The reverend missionary was so confounded, that he immediately retired and proceeded to the prison, where he gave the unhappy gentleman, in the presence of Mr. Morris, a most severe lecture. But the appearance of this venerable man as his friend, had the effect which Hatfield expected; for the Duke sent to inquire if he were the man that married the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners; and being satisfied as to the fact, dispatched a messenger with 200l. and had him released.

In the year 1784 or 1785, his Grace of Rutland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and, shortly after his arrival in Dublin, Hatfield made his appearance in that city. He immediately on his landing, engaged a suit of apartments at a hotel in College-green, and represented himself as nearly allied to the viceroy, but that he could not appear at the castle until his horses, servants, and carriages were arrived, which he ordered, before his leaving England, to be shipped at Liverpool. The easy and familiar manner in which he addressed the master of the hotel, perfectly satisfied him that he had a man of consequence in his house, and matters were arranged accordingly. This being adjusted, Hatfield soon found his way to Lucas's coffee-house, a place where people of a certain rank generally frequent, and, it being a new scene, the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire estate, and the connexion with the

Rutland family, stood their ground very well for about a month.

At the expiration of this time, the bill at the hotel amounted to 60l. and upwards. The landlord became importunate, and, after expressing his astonishment at the non-arrival of Mr. Hatfield's domestics, &c. requested he might be permitted to send his bill. This did not in the least confuse Hatfield; he immediately told the master of the hotel, that very fortunately his agent, who received the rents of his estates in the north of England, was then in Ireland, and held a public employment; he lamented that his agent was not then in Dublin, but he had the pleasure to know his stay in the country would not exceed three days. This satisfied the landlord, and at the expiration of three days he called upon the gentleman whose name Hatfield had given him, and presented the account. Here followed another scene of confusion and surprize. The supposed agent of the Yorkshire estate very frankly told the man who delivered the bill, that he had no other knowledge of the person who sent him, than what common report furnished him with, and that his general character in London was that of a romantic simpleton, whose plausibilities had imposed on several people, and plunged himself into repeated difficulties.

The landlord returned highly thankful for the information, and immediately arrested his guest, who was lodged in the prison of the Marshalsea. Hatfield had scarcely seated himself in his new lodgings, when he visited the jailer's wife in her apartment, and, in a whisper, requested her not to tell any person, that she had in custody a near relation of the then viceroy. The woman, astonished at the discovery, immediately shewed him into the best apartment in the prison, had a table provided, and she, her husband, and Hatfield, constantly dined together for nearly three weeks, in the utmost harmony and good humour.

During this time he had petitioned the Duke for another supply, who, apprehensive that the fellow might continue his impositions in Dublin, released him, on condition of his immediately quitting Ireland; and his Grace sent a servant, who conducted him on board the packet that sailed the next tide for Hollyhead.

A few years after his arrival on the other side of the water, we understand he was arrested for a debt contracted in the north of England, and that he remained in prison for seven years.

Sometime after he was liberated, he had the good fortune to connect himself with some respectable tradesmen in Devonshire, where he might have lived happily, secluded from those who formerly knew him, and acquired an honest independency; but deception was so rooted in his nature, that he could never shake it off. He was soon detected in fraudulent pactices, and, as we have heard, declared a bankrupt. His flight succeeded, and unfortunately some evil genius directed his steps to the once happy cottage of poor *Mary of Buttermere*. Her story is well known, and generally lamented; but let us in charity hope that this wretch's crimes will be forgiven "in another and better world,"....and that his punishment in this, will answer the salutary purposes of example!

A THEATRICAL CAMPAIGN.

[The following is so agreeable a specimen of wit, that though it has already appeared in a daily paper, we cannot resist the inclination to insert it in this collection.]

To Mr. Andrew Quoz.

Dear Sir,

I concluded my former letter, with an account of our melancholy lack of auditors, on our first evening of performance, in consequence of a miraculous draught of Sturgeon.

Fully convinced, however, that it was not through want of *taste* that the Albanians did not attend, we immediately went to work with renewed spirit, and determined to melt them with tragedy on the next exhibition.

An army was equipped, equal in number and splendor to those who generally tag at the heels of our theatric warriors in New York; our military music consisted of a drum, fife, and two pot lids, by way of cymbals, and for want of a trumpeter, the *entree* of our heroes was announced by a ferryman, with his conk-shell. Our orchestra was in a style equally superb, and consisted of three most inveterate fiddlers. Their music was much admired, being a selection of *veteran symphonies*, from the ancient stock of the New York leader, that had *grown grey* in the service.

For a few evenings we succeeded happily. The novelty of a theatre was attractive; our sceneries were admired; the citizens were pleased to express their approbation of our operas, because "we sung *without warbling*, that defect so common to modern singers!!" and as to our *dunder and blixum*, it gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, we found our thunder of most material service, for whenever any of us were out in our parts, or an actor was tardy in making his appearance, we had but to wink to the prompter, and a peal of thunder came happily to our assistance; the audience clapped their hands, encored, and pronounced the gentleman who rolled the thunder ball, a most promising performer.

Ah happy days! Ah prosperous times of hearty dinners and hot suppers, why was your date so short! why were your enjoyments so transient! Poor dogs that we were, no sooner had we begun to get familiar with our new patrons, and to display our talents with confidence, but we had the misfortune to experience a general desertion.

Far be it from me, Mr. Quoz, to question the taste of the good people of Albany; their love of Sturgeon, and hatred of warbling, place that far beyond the reach of dispute. Unfortunately, however, they were too much engaged in more *solid* and *profitable* pursuits to pay us that attention they doubtless would otherwise have shewn. Of course, the number of citizens who attended our exhibitions, was rather circumscribed, and their curiosity was unluckily diverted into another channel.

An eminent artist, arrived from New York, loaded to the muzzle with fire-works; his bills blazed conspicuously at every corner; his rockets soared over the city, and dazzled every eye. The honest folks gaped at them with astonishment, "they swore in faith, 'twas strange! 'twas passing strange!" and then, so cheap....wondrous cheap; at our place they had to pay a dollar admittance, while here, it was but climbing on a fence, and they might see the whole "*free gratis*" for nothing at all!! In vain we essayed every art to draw them back; in vain we reinforced our orchestra with a music-grinder, and advertised an extra storm of *dunder and blixum*.... all would not do....the artist still kept his ground. To be sure, he sometimes got out of gun-powder, but then he always gave them *plenty of brimstone*.

How long fire-works would have been the rage, I cannot say, had not brimstone disagreed as much with their nerves, as it did with those of the honest citizens of New York, on a certain fourth of July exhibition; we should therefore, most probably have experienced a return of their patronage, had not, as ill luck would have it, a company of wooden puppets arrested their attention. To see a number of persons act a play, even though they did it tolerably well, was nothing remarkable; for what could be more natural or easy, than for a man to walk and talk in his own manner and language; but to see several little sticks of wood, strut-

ting about, squeaking through the nose, and hopping a hornpipe like men and women....Lord, it was so strange, so queer, so out of the way, every lady was in raptures.

In a short time, however, their surprise wore off, and they began to look upon us with returning complacency, when who should arrive in town, but another formidable enemy....the *learned Pig!* There was new matter for astonishment and admiration! A pig that understood, one and one made two, and could cast up a sum according to Cocker or Dilworth, was not to be passed over with neglect, by a mercantile people. Every one was for seeing the remarkable animal.... every one was for having some of the breed to stock their counting rooms. For some time we kept the field against the pig, with unequal success, when, fortunately we advertised a play for the benefit of Mr. Hogg. Here then, the match stood, Hogg against Pig, the bets ran high in favour of Pig, when as a desperate resource, we promised in the bills a dissertation between the play and the farce, on the art to grow rich, to be spoken in the character of *Major Sturgeon*. The plan succeeded, Hogg beat the Pig all hollow, and the knowing ones were finely taken in.

Thus, Mr. Quoz, were the honest people of the metropolis, distracted with a variety of amusements, and their judgments continually undetermined, on which they should bestow their patronage....good souls! how do I wonder, that possessed of such a flow of spirits, such volatile imaginations, you managed to keep your senses in such a confused medley of plays, puppets, pigs and brimstone!

Satisfied with the meagre success of our expedition, we determined to return once more to our old situation in New York, and henceforth be content with the humble honours of a *provincial* theatre. We accordingly took our leave of Albany, *sans drum, sans trumpet, a la mode Francaise*, and arrived safely in this city, where we have always found the inhabitants not too refined to relish our performances, but indulgent in our faults, and sensible of our merits. Happy were we, to meet once more our fellow performers who had not accompained us in our unfortunate excursion, and infinitely more so were we on our first evening's exhibition, to behold once more the smiling faces of our patrons, and receive their kind and friendly salutations.

We found the theatre in some little derangement on our return, having been converted during the sickly season, into a printing-office..... This change, however, was material in its nature, as the place had still been devoted to the instruction and amusement of the public; things were much in the state we left them, except the robes of Dr. Last, which were considerably worn by the Editor, during his medical lucubrations.

This reminds me of an observation I have somewhere seen, "*sic tempora mutantur et* trumpery *mutantur etiam.*"

Your humble servant,
DICK BUCKRAM.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

JAMES BOSWELL was born about the year 1740. He was the eldest son of Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, the representative of a very ancient and respectable family, and one of the senators of the College of Justice, the supreme civil court in Scotland.

He received his early education at the schools and in the university of Edinburgh, where his father's professional pursuits necessarily fixed his residence. In his very boyish years, he was distinguished among his young companions for a quickness and precocity of parts, and for a playful vivacity of humour. During his attendance at the university, the powers which he dis-

played in his exercises, and in the societies of his fellow-students, excited an applause which warmed his opening mind with hopes of future literary greatness.

Some eminent Scotsmen, such as Hume, Kaimes, and Robertson, had about this time, distinguished themselves in literature. Those ancient prejudices had been gradually effaced, by which the Scots were too long withheld from the liberal cultivation of every English art. A theatre for the exhibition of the works of the English drama had, in spite of presbyterian prejudices, at length, begun to attract, at Edinburgh, the resort of the leaders in the sphere of fashion. Even the pleaders at the Scottish bar began to become ambitious of discarding from their speech the broad gabble of their native dialect, and anxiously asked the players to tutor them to prattle English. The voice of fashion, loudly echoing the softer suggestions of academical erudition and taste, called all the gay and the young to cultivate and to prize elegant letters.

Passionately desirous to flutter and to shine among the young and fashionable, as well as ambitious to merit the esteem of the learned, Boswell, the farther he entered upon the scenes of life, became still more ardently the votary of wit and of the literary arts. The greater number of the young men of fortune, in many countries, are commonly so idle, and of course so silly, in the first years of opening manhood, that a very small portion of wit and common sense must be easily sufficient to constitute a prodigy of parts among them. Boswell, accordingly, found no difficulty in making himself the dictator of a little circle. He was taught to believe himself a native genius, destined to attain to all that was great in elegant literature, almost without the aid of study. His society was eagerly courted; his sayings were repeated; his little compositions, however light and frivolous, were praised, as flowing from an unrivalled felicity of humour, wit, and fancy. So much hasty applause would have been enough to spoil any young man. Not pride, but the vanity of literary and colloquial eminence, was thus early rooted in Boswell's bosom, and became his ruling passion. He learned to account it the supreme felicity of life, to sparkle in gay convivial converse over wine, and to mingle with passionate delight in the society of professed wits. He was encouraged to try his fortune, far too rashly, as a youthful author; and to send to the press various levities in poetry and prose, which had been much more wisely condemned to the fire. Of these, several appeared in a small Collection of Poems, by Scottish gentlemen, which was, about this time, published at Edinburgh. Boswell's pieces in this Collection possess scarcely any other merit than that of a giddy vivacity. It was fortnately enriched with some more precious materials, the compositions of Dr. Thomas Blacklock, of Gilbert Gordon, Esq. of Halleaths, and of Jerome Stone, rector of the school of Dunkeld. A series of letters between Boswell and his friend, the late Hon. Andrew Erskine, were, with similar imprudence, published about the same time, but certainly not at all to the honour of either of the young gentlemen. So little fitted is often that which has enlivened the gaiety of convivial conversation, or has, in manuscript, been applauded, to meet, from the press, the examination of an unprejudiced jury, before which none but its genuine independent merits can have weight in its favour.

Thus far, young Boswell's life had been gay and flattering: he was now to launch farther out upon the ocean of the world. In the choice of professional destination, he hesitated between a life of literature and business, and one of idleness and fashion. Had it not been for his father's authority, the latter would have gained his preference. But Lord Auchinleck, believing

that the lively talents of his son could not fail of success at the bar, urged him to become a lawyer, with flatteries, promises, and some threats, which at last subdued James's passion for a red coat, a cockade and a commission in the Guards. A sort of compromise took place between the father and the son; in consequence of which, the latter obtained permission, with a suitable pecuniary allowance, to visit London, to study the civil law at Utrecht, and to make the tour of Europe, before he should, finally, fix himself at home as a practising advocate.

With a breast agitated by a tumult of hopes, wishes, and uncertain fancies, young Boswell repaired to that great mart of business, knowledge, and pleasure, London. He was impatient to mingle in its scenes of amusement, to drink of all that was elegant in its letters and its arts at the very fountain-head, to gratify an ingenuous curiosity, which he long continued to feel, of approaching the presence, and obtaining the personal acquaintance, of all those who were, on any account, the most illustrious among his contemporaries. A young man of manners so lively and agreeable, talents so promising, and a family and fortune so respectable, could not but meet with an easy indroduction, by means of his father's friends and his own, into the highest and the most fashionable circles of polite company which the metropolis afforded. The charm of his sprightly conversation and good natured manners was universally felt. He became a general favourite; and quickly led to diffuse himself, if we may so speak, very widely in the society of London. He plunged eagerly into the stream of convivial festivity and of gay amusement. No young man ever enjoyed, with a keener and more exquisite gust, the flatteries of partial friends, the success of a brilliant repartee, the attentions of that fascinating politeness which aims to win your heart by making you in love with yourself, or that happy play of convivial conversation in which wisdom, wit, elegance, and good breeding, temper sensual and social enjoyment with the generous flow of liberal intelligence. For the sake of knowledge, of social converse, of commendation, of celebrity, he was still ready to forsake his study to mingle with company; and he might perhaps gain in the one way more than he lost in the other. But, in the meantime, the dissipation of perpetual company-keeping, and the use of the sensualities with which it was accompained, made themselves still more and more necesary to the young man, who thought only of enjoying them without making himself their slave.

His passion for the acquaintance of men of great intellectual eminence had, however, in the first instance, the merit of saving him from the emptiness of mere foppery, as from brutal and profligate debauchery. Even in the society of a Wilkes and a Foote, in their loosest and most convivial hours, it was not possible, that there should not be more of the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, than of sensual grossness. Men of well-earned celebrity for any sort of intellectual excellence, although they may have their hours of relaxation, can never be acceptable associates to the sottish debauchee. He who loves to converse with them, even in these hours, must possess a mind somewhat congenial with theirs: nor will he long seek their company with fondness, unless his heart and understanding become inpregnated with their sentiments. Attaching himself to Dr. Samuel Johnson, Boswell thus acquired a protection from frivolity and vice, and the advantage of the lessons of an instructor in wisdom, scarcely less beneficial than when the Athenian youth, with sudden emotion, dashed his crown of roses on the ground, and, abjuring the false joys of love and wine, devoted all his future life to the study of philosophy, and the practice of austere virtue.

The eloquence of the Ramblers, being of that gorgeous and strongly discriminated character which the most easily engages the attention of youth, had powerfully impressed the imagination of Boswell during his studies at Edinburgh. Johnson's Dictionary, presenting its author in the character of the great censor and dictator of the English language, aided and confirmed the impression. When, in addition to this, he learned, that Johnson's conversation was not less rich and original than his books, there needed nothing more to make him earnestly ambitious of the great lexicographer's acquaintance. He found in Johnson, when the desired introduction was at last obtained, not precisely what he had imagined, but of a different sort even more than his hopes and wishes had taught him to expect. He courted with every winning assiduity a man of whom he was proud to profess himself the follower. Almost from the very first days of their acquaintance, he gladly haunted the presence of the illustrious moralist, and watched and preserved the treasures which fell from his lips, as if he had already determined to become his biographer. Attentions so respectfully flattering are not easily resisted by either philosophers or heroes; Johnson could not but become partial to an admirer who professed to court his company almost with the humble devotion of a mortal attending the footsteps of a divinity; who was himself a youth of genius, fortune and fashion; and who ardently professed to be ambitious of nothing so much as of making eminent improvement in piety, virtue, and liberal intelligence.

Satiated, at length, with the enjoyments of London, Boswell departed, with a new flutter of hopes and wishes, to pursue knowledge and pleasure in those new varieties of form, in which they might present themselves on the continent. At Utrecht he studied law for some time, under an eminent civilian; but, as I should suspect, without such enlarged and successful apprehension of the noble collection of Tribonian, as might have enabled him to see in it a wonderfully perfect system of moral wisdom, applied, upon the principles of right and expediency, to a very extensive variety of cases in the practice of social and political life; or to trace it, with a curious and philosophical eye, as one of the most faithful, minute, and interesting, of all records of the detail of manners. He failed not, however, to make a few slight inquiries into the laws and the language of the country, which served to fill with erudition his letters to Johnson, and, it may be, also, to his Scottish friends, Lord Kaimes and Lord Hailes. From Utrecht, he, after a while, continued his travels through Germany into Switzerland. The ambition of becoming known to eminent men, was still one of his predominant foibles; and, to the unspeakable gratification of that passion of his, he had the felicity of being, in his tour through Germany, the travelling companion of the Right Honourable George Keith, the last Earl Marischal of Scotland. In Switzerland, Lord Marischal introduced his young countryman to Rousseau; who then, an exile from France and from Geneva, resided at Motiers, in the principality of Neufchatel, under the protection of the great King of Prussia. Boswell in due time, found occasion to tell the world how fondly he had visited Jean-Jaques Rousseau; how kindly he had been received by the solitary philosopher; with what flattering and confidential commendations a man so discerning and so suspicious had deigned to honour his merits! But, when Rousseau's Confessions were, long after, published, it did not appear from them, that he preserved the recollection of having ever seen such a man as James Boswell. To have seen only Citizen Rousseau, would have been little. Boswell had the pleasure of visiting also the patriarch of Ferney, and the delight of hearing

Voltaire deal out sarcasms and malicious fictions, the inspirations of fear and envy, against a rival wit and philosopher, who was as vain and as famous as himself.

From Rousseau, Boswell obtained an indirect recommendation, which procured him one of the most splendid and lasting friendships of his subsequent life. But it is probable that he was more charmed with the conversation and manners of Voltaire, than with those of the ex-citizen of Geneva.

Having thus seen the *lions* in Germany and Switzerland, Boswell hastened away over the Alps to Italy. It was not enough for this youth's ambition, to make nothing more than the common tour which was ordinarily made by every one else. Addison had pervaded and celebrated the republic of San Marino; Boswell resolved to visit that of Corsica. The Corsicans, after struggling with various success, for a long course of years, to throw off the yoke of the Genoese, were at last about to be transferred to masters against whose power their efforts would be vain. At this moment they enjoyed, in the interior parts of the isle, a miserable independence, purchased at the expense of almost all besides that was precious in life. Their last generous exertions to secure the prize of liberty had, more than all the former, drawn upon them the admiration and the eager sympathy of Europe. Courts and cabinets might see their fortunes with indifference, or might even cabal against them; but the people, true philosophers, the benevolent and humane in every condition, and particularly all the enthusiastic admirers of manly fortitude and gallant enterprise, were ardent in their wishes for the final success of the Corsicans. Paoli, their leader, was celebrated as a hero and a lawgiver, worthy of the most illustrious times of Grecian or of Roman liberty. Rousseau, the warm friend of Corsican freedom, had received Paoli's invitation to become the historian and the assistant-legislator of the rising republic. The fame of Paoli and the Corsicans had greatly interested the curiosity of Boswell, as a young Scottish Whig, even before he saw Rousseau. Rousseau's conversation completed the charm. The Genevan philosopher was too cautious, however, to give Boswell more than an indirect letter of introduction to the Corsican general. With this, and such other recommendations as he could procure, our traveller made his way to Paoli's head-quarters. Pleased with the visit of an admirer who was a man of fashion, a Briton, a young enthusiast for liberty, the Corsicans received Boswell with kindness and respect, and entertained him with liberal hospitality. He was too polite and good-natured, too much an enthusiast for freedom, not to express himself to be more than pleased with all that he experienced and all he saw. General Paoli, who was truly a man of keen and comprehensive understanding, with a heart pregnant with heroic and patriotic sentiments, seems to have been not less sensible to admiration and praise, than almost all other great men whose hearts have been frankly unfolded to the world, are known to have commonly been. Boswell flattered the General, and the General flattered him in return. The legislature, the administration of justice, the arms, the vigilance for defence, the modes of industry, the familiar manners of the Corsicans, every thing in truth that could be perceived by a few lively superficial glances; but, above all, the conversation, the figure, the looks, the gestures of Paoli, were observed by the young Scotsman with the enthusiasm of an admirer, and with the care of one that meant to treasure up his present observations for future use. Paoli, and his Corsicans, could not help expressing, in Boswell's hearing, their wishes, that they might obtain the protection and aid of Britain: and Boswell, in the Don Quixote-like fervour of his imagination, was al-

most moved, when these wishes met his ear, and when he saw himself lodged, feasted, and attended in ceremonious state, to believe himself a British ambassador, deputed to declare Britain the tutelar divinity of Corsican freedom. To flatter him in a manner the most intoxicating, it was supposed by some wise headed politicians on the Continent, that it was not for nothing such a man as Boswell could have gone among the Corsican savages; and all the newspapers of Europe soon told, that he had adventured thither as the secret agent of the British court. After he retired from the court of Paoli, he was politely received, and entertained with courteous hospitality, by the French officers on the isle: he returned at last to the Italian continent, vain of his expedition, and gratefully boasting of all the favours and honours which it had procured him.

He did not now prolong the time of his absence from his native country. Taking his way through France, he had soon the pleasure of presenting himself to his old friends in London. His temper and manners were still as conciliating as formerly; his briskness of talk was now somewhat softened; his politeness was improved by a graceful polish, which the converse of elegant strangers had naturally communicated: and, as it is not so much from study as from the observation of nature, and from mingling in society, that the traveller's proper improvements are to be obtained; Boswell had profited in the acquisition of knowledge, much more than nine-tenths of the young men of fortune from Britain are commonly wont to profit in the same course of fashionable travel; he could boast, too, of having kept, in his absence, some of the best company in Europe; and, whenever any of the wits or the heroes of the Continent were mentioned, might speak of them almost as familiar acquaintance. None of all his friends in London welcomed his return with more cordial kindness than Johnson. From the Continent he had held an epistolary correspondence with this Coryphæus of English philology; and from Johnson had received several letters filled with such benignity and wisdom, as but few of the wits or philosophers of the Continent had hearts and understandings to supply.

He soon hastened down to Scotland. His father and his Scottish friends were sufficiently charmed with his new acquirements, and still partial to his genius and merits. A while he was busied in paying his compliments, in displaying his improvements, and in receiving flatteries and congratulations. In compliance with the wishes of his literary friends, he then prepared to give to the public, through the press, those observations which he had made in the Corsican part of his travels. From his books, and from the information of his learned friends, he sought a knowledge of all those facts concerning the ancient and modern state of that isle, with which his personal observation and inquiries in the isle had not already furnished him. His book at length appeared: and as Corsica was, just at that time, a very popular subject of conversation and inquiry; a work upon it, from a young man of whom the fashionable dictators in literature were inclined to speak favourably, could not be otherwise than well received. Its genuine merits deserved no less. It is written in a pure, lively, correct, and easy style and flow of composition. With the anecdotical sprightliness of Boswell himself, it mingles in no sparing proportion a seasoning of the erudition of his friend Lord Hailes, and of the light philosophical speculation of Lord Kaimes. The history, natural, civil, and military, which it exhibits, of the isle of Corsica, is, as propriety required, on a small scale, but in all its parts wonderfully complete. It marks the character of the Corsican people with a picturesque felicity which few historians have excelled. Above all, he paints the

character of Paoli, it may be, with a very flattering pencil, but certainly with exquisite skill and effect, and with many nice and delicate touches which bespeak the hand of the artist of genius; but, after all, this book is not the work of a powerful mind. It displays neither piercing discernment, nor any extraordinary vigour of imagination. It is, plainly, the composition of a man who possessed no rich stores of learning, so familiar to his mind as to intermingle itself imperceptibly with the ordinary current of his thoughts. Even the learning which it shews, comes in such a shape, as to evince the author to have possessed very little erudition at all, save what he sought from books or friends for this express occasion. An ill-natured critic might say, that the PAOLIANA which fill a part of this volume, are at least not superior to the jests of Joe Miller, or Swift's well known Critical Essay. But the author's friends praised the book; the world, in general, were amused with it; and Boswell was made superlatively happy. Compared with his more juvenile performances, his account of Corsica undeniably proves his mind to have made very great advances in knowledge and good sense, in the time which intervened between the publication of the former works and that of the latter.

About the same period, he submitted to the usual course of trials which the candidates for admission into the Scottish faculty of advocates are, by the regulations of this incorporated body, required to undergo, before they can be received in to it as members. He passed through these trials with honour. Called to the bar he distinguished himself in his first appearances by an ingenious invention of arguments, a brilliancy of eloquence, and a quickness of wit, such as sufficiently confirmed that favourable opinion of his talents, which his friends had long entertained. The famous legal contest for the succession to the estates of the House of Douglas, being, about this time, in its progress, engaged the attention, and divided the wishes, of the Scottish public, almost as if it had been a matter of great national concern. Young Boswell's passions were for a time, interested to a pitch of extraordinary enthusiasm in favour of the heir, whom it was attempted to exclude from his inheritance upon the pretence that he was *suppositious*. Lady Margaret Macdonald gave a masquerade, a species of amusement very unusual at Edinburgh; and James Boswell, almost alone of all the masqued characters, was admired as having acted the part he had assumed with charming felicity. To fix his son the more effectually to a sober, habitual application to business, it was the earnest desire of Lord Auchinleck to see him settled in marriage with some amiable and deserving woman. James obeyed, and gave his hand to his cousin Miss Montgomery. He was extensively acquainted in the country, and was beloved among his acquaintance: he was an ingenious and winning pleader, if not yet a profound lawyer: In the papers, manuscript or printed, which he had occasion to prepare for the information of the Judges in those causes in which he was employed, there appeared commonly a grace, an eloquence, a correctness of composition, which were as little to be expected from most of his brother advocates, as an air of Haydin's from a dying sow. The Court, too, were not disposed to frown on his merits; and the partiality of the Court towards any advocate never fails to recommend him to increasing employment at the bar. All things concurred, therefore, to encourage this young lawyer with the hopes of acquiring, in due time, whatever honours and emoluments his profession had to bestow. In the meanwhile, that he might not be ill at ease in his domestic circumstances, his father was sufficiently liberal.

Alas! poor Boswell's colloquial and convivial talents were too fascinating to permit that he should be left by his companions and admirers, to the sober pursuits of business, or to quiet domestic bliss: nor could he himself resist, with effectual steadiness, those allurements which too often called him away to join in elegant and witty conversation, and to enliven social festivity. Even during the terms of the business of the Court of Session, Boswell's afternoons and evenings were so frequently passed in company, that those who could have wished to employ him, durst not always confide in his attention to their affairs. The heir to a considerable estate, and enjoying already an ample allowance from his father, he did not feel the strong necessity of pleading causes that he might live. Hence, content with the praise of colloquial talents and of captivating social qualities, he suffered men of far inferior powers, without other merit save that of plodding assiduity, to outstrip him in his juridical career, and to engross that business at the bar which their clients would much rather have committed to him. Though perhaps never a deeply learned and acutely discriminating counsellor, he might undoubtedly have soon attained, if he himself had so chosen, to almost unrivalled eminence as a pleader. He was a man of the kindliest affections towards all his domestic relations; yet, carried away by his irresistible passion for that gay and enlightened society in which he was qualified to shine, he still hastened impatiently away to London, as soon as the vernal or autumnal vacation of the Court of Session commenced, leaving a lovely and excellent wife to languish for his return, consuming in his own personal expense too large a portion out of an income which it had been better to appropriate almost entirely to family uses. His father might from time to time murmur against this plan of life, his wife might with tears see him depart: but the kindness of his nature, the honesty of his heart, the sweet undesigning vivacity and insinuation of his manners, were ever sufficient to conciliate the wonted fondness of both at his return. Another evil than infelicity in domestic connexions arose to make the quiet of his home unpleasant to him: Gay social converse and convivial enjoyment had been so long and so habitually courted by him, that their excitement became at last absolutely necessary to maintain his mind in a tone at all above dejection and melancholy. He had been wont at one time perhaps to affect occasional fits of low spirits, accounting them, I suppose, a proof of high refinement of soul, and of the ebbings and flowings of genius; but such affectations soon ceased to be necessary.

Yet, sure, if foibles like these could be pardoned to any man, Boswell well deserved that he should not be scorned for them. It was ever "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" which he sought in those scenes of conviviality which he delighted to frequent. His friends and companions were all men of the first rank in intellectual powers and social virtues....Who is there that would not have sacrificed as much as Boswell did for the sake of enjoying the familiar converse of such men as Johnson, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Burke, Fox, Garrick, to whom it was impossible to listen without receiving equal improvement and delight? Who would not have been willing to forego almost every other advantage, in order to merit the praise of having made his presence acceptable to these men in their hours of unrestrained social joy? Not sullen selfish Pride, neither courting a brother's praise, nor greatly concerned for his scorn, but gentle, caressing, entreating Vanity, was the nightmare which still bestrode honest Boswell's fancy. He never assumed such arrogance as to throw off his veneration for talents which he had once accustomed himself to respect. While mingling with

wits, philosophers, and men of fashion, he never suffered his religious belief to be shaken, nor the impressions of piety to be effaced from his mind. Rough manners could not drive him away from the friendship of Johnson, whose wit, ethical sagacity, and stern virtue, he had the discernment to regard with a continually growing esteem. Scarcely any other man in these kingdoms enjoyed a more extensive acquaintance than Boswell had by this time acquired; and there was hardly another man whose presence was so generally agreeable to all who were of his acquaintance.

It was, I think, in the year 1773, that he at last prevailed with Dr. Johnson to accompany him in an autumnal journey through the Highlands and the Western Isles of Scotland. Johnson joined him at Edinburgh, nearly at the commencement of the vacation of the Court of Session for that season. Boswell, with pride, introduced his great literary friend to all the best company in the Scottish metropolis, and carried him to view every object whether of modern elegance or venerable for its antiquity, which he supposed likely to give him clear and not unfavourable notions of the state of the arts, manners, and wealth of Scotland. Leaving Edinburgh, they crossed the frith of Forth, passed through Fife to St. Andrew's, and, after sighing over the ruins of its cathedral and dilapidated colleges, proceeded across the Tay to Aberbrothwick. The ruined priory and conventual church of Arberbrothwick again awakened their solemn indignation and regret. They were made burgesses of Aberdeen; were lulled to sleep in Slains castle by the winds breaking on its battlements and the billows dashing against its base; looked in vain for the *weird-sisters*, on the heath on which Macbeth heard those doubtful prophecies which urged him to his fate; talked of savages and shopkeepers with Lord Monboddo; and, "*per varios casus, per multa discrimina rerum,*" arrived at length at Inverness. From Inverness they travelled across the isthmus of the Highlands to Glenelg. Ferried over from the Scottish continent to the Isle of Skye, the greatest of the Hebudæ, they then wandered about for a while among these isles, charmed with the kind and luxurious hospitality of the insular chieftains, interested by the simplicity and peculiarity of the manners of the Highland rustics; now astonished, now amused, by the wild scenery of sea and land which they beheld around them; having their devotional feelings occasionally elevated to the height of pious rapture, by the contemplation of ruined convents and the recollection of the monks by whom these had once been tenanted; and wondering what all the world was in the meanwhile saying of them and of their adventurous voyages! At last they returned within the bourne of lowland life. Johnson, having talked down the Edinburgh-men, departed for London; and Boswell betook himself for the winter to the ungrateful business of the Scottish bar.

But while the analogy of nature remains the same, it will ever be the final cause of all the actions of a true man of letters to produce a book. The world expected a book or two to be the results of the Hebudean travels of Boswell and Johnson; nor were they disappointed. Within a reasonable length of time after Johnson's return to London, appeared his account of his "Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland." It is perhaps the best work of its author. In it nature is displayed, and life and manners are pictured out with the happiest skill. There are a noble pathos and sublimity in those indignantly plaintive reflections which burst from Johnson's bosom at sight of the august ruins of those sacred edifices which the Scottish Reformation demolished....That ethical wisdom in which he the most eminently excelled, continually breaks forth amid those observations which are

suggested by the passing series of objects of different characters. In oeconomical science, Johnson has in this small work displayed the elements of a skill more just and profound than that of Adam Smith and the philosophers of France. Even in the physical sciences and the mechanical arts, which he could be the least expected to understand, Johnson has, in this book, evinced no common intelligence. A double portion of that sagacity which we call common sense, pervades the whole....In nothing is this more remarkably exhibited than in the logical discrimination with which he asserts the possibility, while he allows the improbability, of those supernatural appearances which superstition has ever too credulously believed, and scepticism perhaps too pertly and unthinkingly denied. Johnson's remarks on the incredibility of the tale which had been given out to the public concerning Ossian's Poems, happily served to check the evil arts of a race of pretended men of taste and erudition, who were degrading the literature of their country by going about to exalt its glory upon the tricks of imposture. All the genuine partialities of an old-fashioned Englishman, were interwoven into the very stamina of Johnson's soul: yet it must be confessed, that no man who was resolutely determined not to sacrifice truth to courtesy, could have spoken with greater kindness and favour of the Scots and of their country. This journey of Johnson's may be regarded as the most useful memorial of the state of Scotland, that has even hitherto been published: it is certain, that no other publication has ever contributed half so much toward the improvement of the general condition of things among the Scots. It is extremely painful to reflect, that very few of the Scots are so candid as to acknowledge this! Boswell's *little bark*, although not quite so soon launched as the great *first rate* of his friend, was, however, to sail attendant on its triumph. His "Tour to the Hebrides" did not appear in print till a number of years after. It was then received by the public with an avidity which even exceeded that with which Johnson's book had been bought and read. It was filled chiefly with the detail of Johnson's conversation and minutest acts during the journey. It added also lights, shades, drapery, and colouring, to that great pourtrait of the Scottish Highlands, which Johnson had drawn with a pencil, careless of all but the primary and essential proportions and the grandest effects: it had in it too much of gossiping colloquial tattle, and betrayed in the mind of its writer a silly proneness to gawky admiration of trifles, which none but a weak mind can admire. It shewed Boswell to have acquired new acuteness of discernment, and new stores of knowledge, since he wrote his account of Corsica; but it at the same time proved him to have busied himself about trifles, till trifling was almost all the business of which he was capable. It evinced the truth of Johnson's observation of him, "that he wanted bottom!"

From the era of this famed Hebudean excursion till the time of his father's death, Boswell's life ran on in its usual tenor, undistinguished by any remarkable change in its circumstances or habits....He continued to make frequent visits to London, to linger as long as possible upon every visit, amidst the fascinating society to which his presence was there acceptable, to leave it upon every occasion of his return to Scotland, with the reluctance and depression of one driven into exile from a scene of pure unmingled joy. To the business of the Scottish bar, to that career for ambition which was open before him in Scotland, to the company, the scenery, the amusements of his native country, he became continually more indifferent....Seeing men of less shewy talents, but more diligent application to business, outstrip him in success as counsellors and pleaders he could not regard without an in-

dignation which moved him to quit the competition, that tasteless and undiscerning stupidity which could prefer them to him. Finding his allowance from his father, to which the addition from the profits of his business was not considerable, to be scarcely sufficient for both the suitable support of his family and his own personal expenses, he became in vain solicitous to obtain a farther supply from the emoluments of some place under government. Naturally ambitious to obtain admission into that convivial Literary Society, in which Johnson and Reynolds united some of their select friends, for the good purposes of dining and talking occasionally together, he succeeded in this object of his wishes through the powerful recommendation of Johnson. Ready to *swear after* Johnson in almost every thing else, he ventured, however, to differ in opinion, from his great friend, on the subject of the American war; and in this instance scrupled not to prefer to the stern tory-logic of Johnson, the more generous whiggish declamation of Burke. But in truth, Boswell's political principles seem to have been a medley of toryism and whiggism, not very harmoniously intermingled. He had been educated among staunch Whigs; he had conversed not a little with Jacobites and Tories; he always adopted his principles of belief and action, not from deep philosophical investigation, but from the authorities of the most eminent persons with whom he was wont to converse; from every one somewhat: and in regard to many things, therefore, he was still as heartily a Tory as even Johnson could possibly desire. During all this while, Boswell, if sometimes a little negligent as a son, a husband, or a father, was, however, blamelessly kind-hearted in all these relations, and anxious to fulfil aright their respective duties. His religious sensibility became continually more delicate and just; and the impressions of piety upon his heart became still deeper and more habitually vivid. His moral wisdom, and his knowledge of life and manners, were at the same time considerably enlarged... But still he studied little; he taught the world to regard him as incapable of the sedate habits of business; he acquired the character of a giddy flutterer on the stage of life; while he became the acquaintance and the convivial companion of almost every one, he lost the power of commanding the substantial friendship of all but a very few. His predilection for London determined him, at length, entirely to relinquish the Scottish bar for the English bar, and he entered himself as a student at the Temple.

Lord Auchinleck soon after died, James, as his eldest son, succeeded to the possession of the family estates. He might perhaps expect to find himself now affluent, independent, and happy. But the rents of the estate exceeded not fifteen hundred pounds a year: a jointure to his mother-in-law was to be paid out of this income: James himself was but a life renter, enjoying the produce, but bound up by a strict entail, from impairing the capital: for a little he found the change in his condition not unpleasant; but his revenue was soon experienced to be inadequate to his wishes..... Mrs. Boswell's health began to decline: the affairs of his estate for a time detained him from revisiting London: his wonted fits of low-spirits occasionally returned; and his ordinary happiness quickly settled rather under than above the same mediate level as before. He however pleased himself with the prospect of going to settle permanently in London, and probably hoped that then indeed would his felicity be complete!

Being ambitious of that celebrity which was to be gained by dabbling in politics, his keenest attention was attracted by those ministerial contests and revolutions amidst which the late war with America was brought to its close. Whether from partiality to the name of the great

earl of Chatham, or because he himself was personally acquainted with the present Mr. Pitt, Boswell became a zealous partizan of the young minister; whose popularity, alas! though then in its full and seemingly amaranthine bloom, has long since gone perhaps in quest of the maidenhead of Orlando Furioso's mistress. He even at one time wrote some few short political letters, by which he expected to stir up a mighty ferment among the good people of Scotland; but is it not said, that maggots will sometimes burrow in the snout of a sow, without exciting in the poor animal any sense of their presence? He had hopes that Mr. Pitt, with the generous gratitude of a youthful heart, would reward his services with a place or pension; but Mr. Pitt found it easier to put him off with a simple complimentary letter. Upon a subsequent occasion he ventured to offer himself a candidate for the representation of the county of Ayr in the house of commons: but other interests quickly threw him at a distance in the competition. I own I think it is to be regretted that he did not succeed; for he would perhaps have proved a tolerably honest member of parliament; and his flights and his witticisms might have served to enliven many a dull debate.

He at length fixed his residence in London, and offered himself as a candidate for business at the English bar. His beginnings were here also not unpromising. By the favour of Lord Lonsdale he obtained the respectable appointment of Recorder of Carlisle. He attended the Judges, in pursuit of business, upon several of their circuits. He was sometimes retained to plead in a Scottish Appeal. But his habits of conviviality, his character for flighty gaiety, incompatible with eminence in business, the lateness of the time in his life at which he made the attempt, and perhaps, also, his want of perseverance, soon stopped him short in his career of juridical practice in England as before in Scotland. The levities and the flowers of literature were forever tempting him to stray with truant steps from the thorny paths of law. The publication of his Hebudean Tour too, as I have been taught to believe, exhibiting him as the minute recorder and retailer of whatever careless conversations might have passed between persons of any eminence in his presence, excited among his acquaintance a general alarm, that tended at once to hurt, in some small degree, his practice at the bar, and to exclude him from some of those social circles in which he had been before a familiar and welcome guest. His first ardour was gradually extinguished: he relinquished the hope of becoming more eminent in Westminster-hall, than he had been in the Parliament house, at Edinburgh. He saw, when it was too late, that the man who consumes in conviviality, and in the pursuit of witty and splendid society, those prime years of youth, in which our permanent habits are usually formed, must be content to forego those successes of avarice and ambition, which incessant and nerve-strung industry in the toils of study or business, is alone destined by Nature to command. He even resigned the office of Recorder of the city of Carlisle, and resolved henceforth to court only the praise of literature, of song-singing, and of colloquial sprightliness.

It was extremely fortunate for the lovers of literary anecdote, and of the memory of Johnson, that he was driven to adopt this resolution. Much more had his feelings been gratified by the eager curiosity with which all the world bought and read his Hebudean Tour, than offended by the poetical raillery of Dr. Walcot, by the complaints of a violation of the ordinary mutual confidence of men in convivial intercourse, or by that ridicule which men, far weaker than himself, delighed to throw out against the vanity and the love of trifles, which that book betrayed. Having treasured up, with wonderful diligence,

the better part of what had fallen from his late friend Johnson, in many of the conversations in which he had excited or listened to Johnson's wisdom and colloquial eloquence, from the commencement of their acquaintance to the period of his friend's death, he now undertook to compose a biographical account of that wise and good man, in which those treasured gleanings from his colloquial dictates should be carefully interwoven.

This book was, with much care and pains, conducted through the press, presented to the public. Its composition delightfully soothed the author's mind, by calling up to him, in retrospective view, the associates, the amusements, the conversations of the prime years of his past life. By the public it was, at first sight, received with some measure of prejudice against it; for who could suppose that he who could not make up a moderate octavo, without introducing into it, a number of trifles unworthy to be written or read, should have furnished out two copious quartos of the biography of a single man of letters, otherwise than by filling them with trifles to sense, in the proportion of a bag of chaff to a few grains of wheat? But every reader was soon pleasingly disappointed. This work was quickly found to exhibit an inimitably faithful picture of the mingled genius and weakness, of the virtues and the vices, the sound sense and the pedantry, the benignity and the passionate harshness, of the great and excellent, although not consummately perfect man, the train of whose life it endeavoured to unfold. It appeared to be filled with a rich store of his genuine dictates, so eloquent and wise, that they need hardly shun comparison with the most elaborate of those works which he himself published. Johnson was seen in it, not as a solitary figure, but associated with those groupes of his distinguished contemporaries with which it was his good fortune, in the latter and more illustrious years of his life, often to meet and to converse. It displayed many fine specimens of that proportion, in which, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, literature and philosophical wisdom were liable to be carelessly intermingled in the ordinary conversation of the best company in Britain. It preserved a thousand precious anecdotical memorials of the state of arts, manners, and policy among us during this period, such as must be invaluable to the philosophers and antiquarians of a future age. It gave in the most pleasing mode of institution, and in many different points of view, almost all the elementary practical principles both of taste and of moral science. It showed the colloquial tattle of Boswell, duly chastened by the grave and rounded eloquence of Johnson. It presented a collection of a number of the most elaborate of Johnson's smaller occasional compositions, which might otherwise, perhaps, have been entirely lost to future times. Shewing Boswell's skill in literary composition, his general acquaintance with learning and science, his knowledge of the manners, the fortunes, and the actuating principles of mankind, to have been greatly extended and improved, since the time when he wrote his Account of Corsica, it exalted the character of his talents in the estimation of the world; and was reckoned to be such a master-piece in its particular species, as perhaps the literature of no other nation, ancient or modern, could boast. It did not indeed present its author to the world in another light than as a genius of the second class; yet it seemed to rank him nearer to the first than to the third. This estimation of the character of Boswell's Life of Johnson, formed by the best critics soon after its publication, seems to have been since fully confirmed. I am well persuaded that not one, even of the most successful of his contemporaries at the Scottish bar, could have produced a work equally replete with charmingly amusive elegance and wisdom.

The publication of this capital work was the last eminently-conspicuous event in Boswell's life. Mrs. Boswell, an amiable, accomplished, and prudent woman, had died about the time when he went to settle permanently in London. Some of his children had been cut off in early infancy; but two sons and three daughters still remained to him. Over their education he watched with a solicitude worthy of the tenderest and the most prudent of parents. Elegant accomplishments, virtuous principles, a taste for moderate, simple, and innocent pleasures, and for these only, were earnestly, and not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to be impressed, as lasting endowments and ornaments of their minds. To the necessary expense of his children's education, he is indeed said to have appropriated a very large proportion of his income, in the latter years of his life. With the principles of piety, his own mind was too habitually and deeply impressed, not to make him anxiously careful to instruct persons who were so dear to him, in the Christian faith, the consolations of which afford ever our best resource amidst all the sorrows of human life. I have been informed, that, with a tacit condemnation of his own plan of life, he was exceedingly desirous that his eldest son, a young man of very promising dispositions and talents, should, after studying the civil law at the Saxon University of Leipsic, qualify himself at Edinburgh for admission into the Scottish Faculty of Advocates, and after that, be content to spend his time quietly in his native country, without adventuring rashly into the perils of gay or ambitious life in England.

In the last years of his life, Boswell still continued to frequent the societies in which he had been wont to delight. But death carried away, one after another, many of his dearest companions. The dividing paths of life parted him from others. The fickle multitude of unattached acquaintance deserted him from time to time, for newer faces, and less familiar names. His jokes, his song, his sprightly effusions of wit and wisdom, were ready, but did not appear to possess upon all occasions, their wonted power of enlivening convivial joy. He found that fortune, professional connections, great expense, and the power of promoting or thwarting people's personal interests, are necessary to give, even to the most polished and lively conversational talents, the power of pleasing always. His fits of dejection became more frequent, and of longer duration. Convivial society became continually more necessary to him, while his power of enchantment over it, continued to decline. Even the excitement of deep drinking in an evening, became often desirable, to raise his spirits above melancholy depression. Disease, the consequence of long habits of convivial indulgence, prematurely broke the strength of his constitution. He died before he had yet advanced to the brink of old age, and left assuredly few men of worthier hearts, or more obliging manners, behind him.

In an attempt to exhibit a summary of the qualities of Boswell's character, I should mark him as a genius of the second class. He had vivacity, but wanted vigour of imagination; his judgment was more quick than just; an unlucky passion for celebrity, made him run continually in quest of it, as the peasant-boy runs to find the treasure at the end of the rainbow, instead of earning it by that energetic diligence in business, or that toil of solitary study, which are necessarily to be paid as the prices of great and lasting reputation. He courted the acquaintance of eminence, as if genius, or the praise of it, were to be caught by a sort of contagion. He seems likewise to have thought genius to consist in some innate peculiarity of mind, and not rather to be formed by the happy natural and artificial cultivation of any intellect

originally found, but not cast in any mysteriously peculiar mould. These two vulgar errors seem to have led him astray from his earliest youth. The fascination of a society, in which sensuality was enlivened and refined by wit, elegance, and literature, did the rest. He possessed, for a man of a liberal education and literary ardour, little knowledge, save what he picked up in conversation. His principles were derived from the authority of others, not from discerning investigation by himself. Hence he was subject to whim, affectation, and caprice; but all of an amiable character. He was too fond of general society, to be the very best of domestic men. He was, in the sincerity of his belief, and the warm, but perhaps inconstant piety of his sentiments, a true Christian. He might have been more useful in the world; more amusing he could scarcely have been.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

CALAMITY AT MADEIRA.

THIS extraordinary event, which we briefly noticed in our paper of yesterday, happened on Sunday the 7th of October, at eight in the evening. The day had been previously very cloudy, and a continual rain had fallen, accompanied with squalls, which were not violent, until the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, when the sea appeared to be unusually agitated, and such darkness prevailed, that an object was not discernible at a yard distance. During this progress, every person remained within their houses, in seeming security, and wholly unconscious of that approaching horror which was destined so shortly to sweep them from off the earth!

The clock of the cathedral was striking eight, when an instantaneous storm of terrible lightning and thunder began; and the rain fell in such torrents, that all the cross streets of the eastern part of the city of Funchall, were suddenly filled with mud and water above the first floors of the houses, which was occasioned by its being impeded, in some measure, from its furious descent from the ravines of the mountains into the sea. At this shocking period, the stoutest heart felt appalled; nothing was to be heard but the din of ruin working in every direction: hundreds of huge stones, that had been torn from their quarries on the hills three miles above the town, were tumbling over each other in stupendous concussion, carrying with them, in conjunction with the deluge, churches, convents, streets, trees, bridges, battlements, and eight hundred human beings into the bottom of the deep. Whenever a flash of lightning penetrated the gloom, were seen mothers wading through the streets, up to their chins in water, holding their infants on their heads with one hand, and endeavouring to catch security with the other; while those who attempted to assist them, were frequently maimed or killed, by beams of timber or wine pipes, which floated around them; and the sea presented a scene not less awful, though less ruinous: most of the vessels lost their cables, anchors, and boats; and many of the seamen were washed overboard. The ships rolled, in some part or another, several feet beneath the water continually, and all the sailors who were there on that dismal night, whether Americans, English, or Portuguese, gave themselves up as lost men.

Thus, in so short a space of time as a few minutes, were many hundred individuals carried to their eternal home, in the very plenitude of an apparent security; and several thousands reduced from affluence to poverty: and many of them, it is probable, in the indul-

gence of those imperfections which constitute our criminality or our folly, and sent to their account, "unblanched, unanointed, unnannealed." Ten thousand pipes of wine and brandy were destroyed, and the sea-shore was skirted on the ensuing morning with millions of fragments, among which the mourning survivors of the calamity were eagerly seeking for the dead remains of their relations or friends. Several days after, the air of Funchall became so putrescent, from the rotting bodies that were buried beneath the congregated mud and filth, that a pestilence was apprehended: but in consequence of burning tar and pitch, and other neutralizing combustibles, that scourge was providentially avoided,

It was remarkable that this deluge, in its course, swept away twenty-nine vine-yards that were situated on the south-west side of the city; and so decisive was the ruin, that it tore up all the trees by the roots, and bore away not only them, but all the cottages with their inhabitants, the ground, cattle and appurtenances, and left the rocky basis as bare of vegetation as the cliffs of Norway. All this assemblage of objects were whirled into the Ribeira Brava, or Mad river, and ingulphed nearly the whole of the small town which bears the name.

In this wreck of matter there was but one human creature saved, and that was an infant in a wooden cradle, which was lodged among some reeds on the side of the declivity, and when discovered, on the ensuing day, was in a profound sleep: this unconscious infant was saved, from its ignorance of fear, as it is in the nature of fear, to counteract its own desires.

The small town of Machico, was likewise ruined by this singular tempest, and many lives were lost there also; which leads to a supposition, that the lamented event was occasioned by a water spout, that had burst against the side of the mountain, and discharged itself down the gullies, produced those afflictive and sudden disasters, that all feeling persons must deplore: and which, whenever recollected, should operate to remind us of our frailty and our responsibility, and make us live well, that we may die happily.

This is admitted to have been the greatest civic evil that has happened since the earthquake of Lisbon, in 1754, and was the most tragical of its nature, that ever happened. Had the younger Pliny been on the spot, it would have been adequately detailed.

The property destroyed, has been estimated at upwards of a million of pounds sterling.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We can promise the public another evidence of the rapid improvement in elegant typography in this country, from Mr. Bradford's edition of "the Letters of Junius, with Notes and Illustrations, Historical, Political, Biographical, and Critical, by *Robert Heron*, Esq." He purposes making it equal in all respects to the London edition, and promises to publish it in January.

Mr. Samuel Lewis has drafted a Map of Louisiana from Spanish and French Maps, and compared with the account of that country, laid before congress by the President: it is now in the hands of the engraver, and will be published by Conrad, & Co. in February.

Messrs. Birch and Small have published the fourth volume of the Domestic Encyclopædia, with additions by Dr. Mease. The same gentlemen have issued proposals for an edition of Gibbon's History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which, if they print with the same neatness and accuracy as they have Rusell's Ancient and Modern History, and Willich's Encyclopædia, will doubtless meet with the encouragement that the

magnitude of the underdertaking deserves.

Mr. Woodward has published, Burden's Village Sermons, or fifty-two plain and short discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel; and William's new translation and commentaries on the Songs of Solomon.

Conrad & Co. have printed and published, an elegant edition of Don Quixote, Smollett's translation, with plates, by Lawson, Tanner, and Seymour, from drawings by Stothart.

Pinkerton's Geography will be published in March next.

Mr. Cary has announced the accomplishment of his attempt to keep the Quarto Bible standing, and offers for sale eighteen different priced Quarto Bibles. He says, "he trusts it will be borne in mind, and operate in his favour, that his is the first attempt that has ever been made to keep the Quarto Bible complete standing. The paper, type, printing, engravings, and binding, are all American, and afford a comfortable support to a large number of artists, in the different branches connected with this business. Without any vain boast of his own manufacture, he invites a fair comparison with the productions of European competitors, and no longer hopes for patronage than he shall be found to merit a continuance of what has been so liberally afforded him."

Dr. Barton is preparing for the press, a second part of his collections for an essay towards a Materia Medica of the United States.

The first volume of the Life of General Washington, is in the press.

Conrad, & Co. will complete their edition of "Select British Classics," in all the month of January; we are informed it is their intention to publish the Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by Alexander Chalmers, A. M. in two or three supplementary volumes.

Arrangements are making for the publishing an elegant edition of Poems, by Peter Bayley, jun. Esq. These poems have been read by the editor, who ranks them at least as high, in poetical merit, as the Pleasures of Memory, or the Pleasures of Hope, by Rogers and Campbell.

We are informed that a Narrative Poem, built upon the early sufferings of the Christians, and intended to illustrate the influence of Christianity on the manners of nations, may shortly be expected from a pen, with which the public are already acquainted.

The Rev. Mr. Miller, one of the Ministers of the Presbyterian Church, in the city of New York, has been for some time past engaged in writing a Review of the Progress of Literature, of Art and Science, &c. during the last century. We are happy to hear that he has nearly brought his labours to a close, and that in the course of two months we may expect to receive from his hand, two large octavo volumes, full of the most useful and interesting information.

The London prints mention, that Hayley is adding to his Biography of Cowper, a third volume, containing Letters of that great and amiable Poet, which have not, hitherto, been published.

Holcroft's Travels in France, are published in the most splendid stile.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

The Editor thanks his chemical friend for his communication.

Valverdi's favours will be acceptable.

The Editor highly estimates the memorandums of his friend the Traveller, thinks no tracts of this work will be read with more pleasure than those written by him.

Some of the lines in Cassander's verses on Solitude, are rather too luxuriant to be published in this Magazine.—His lines on the New Year, are not sufficiently correct—Cassander may, however, furnish something acceptable.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENTS DIARY.....WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

AN amusing controversy took place this evening, at my fire-side, on this important question. One was busy in examining the matter etymologically, and historically. Another attempted to settle the point of prevailing custom, and the general result was, that nothing was more vague and equivocal than this term.

"*Gentlemen*," says an innkeeper to a mixed company of sailors and taylors, whites and blacks, whom a stage coach had brought to dine at his house, "the stage is ready, and you have to pay me half a dollar a piece."

The curtain falls at the theatre, and a performer steps forth, and addresses his motley audience thus: "*Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, to-morrow night will be presented," &c. &c.

A man at an inn, who, in a mixed company, carves a pig or goose with dexterity and ease, who carries the glass to his mouth, without hurry or confusion; who is careful to supply the wants of all present, from the dish before him; who speaks mildly and complaisantly to the waiter; who finds no fault with any thing produced; who is dressed in a sattin waistcoat; a black cloth coat, without rent or patch; clean linen and shining boots, that man is applauded by his companions as a true *gentleman*.

If you listen to the conversation of a well dressed woman, you will probably catch such sentences as these...."The *gentlemen* are so apt to flatter us poor girls"...."We move, dress, and talk, for no other purpose than to please the *gentlemen*"...."You *gentlemen* have such advantages over us; *gentlemen* can get rich by their own exertions; can pursue any trade, and aspire to any office in society that pleases them."

What kind of a man is that, whom you overhear in a coffee-house, claiming from another "the treatment (or satisfaction) due to a *gentleman*?"

A man justifies his avenging an imagined wrong, with a pistol rather

than a cudgel, by acknowledging his adversary to be a *gentleman*.

"Pray," says a black girl, ushering a couple of gallants of her own colour, into the kitchen, "take seats, *gentlemen*.

Now, in all these cases, there is doubtless the propriety that flows from custom and usage; and yet, the persons that are thus denominated *gentlemen*, have no circumstance of age, rank, education, or profession in common with each other. They are alike, in short, only in two circumstances: that of sex, and that of the respectful intention of those who use it. A gentleman, is a title which merely implies a desire to please and flatter those to whom it is applied.

In some parts of Europe, there are permanent distinctions, originating in birth, between gentlemen and others. The son of a butcher, whatever be his actual situation, or personal accomplishments, will frequently have his claim to this title disputed by those who know his pedigree: and yet, the two professions of clergyman and soldier, however incompatible in other respects, give, it seems, to those who embrace them, the rank of gentleman.

Lindley Murray.

It is certainly remarkable that the natives of America, who have arrived at eminence in arts and literature, have chiefly done so in a foreign country. The adage, "that a prophet has no honour in his own country," is not strictly applicable to these cases, because America is justly proud of these her sons, and affords them every sort of patronage and countenance consistent with her situation; but, to obtain this credit with their countrymen, it seems previously necessary to have commenced their career, and to have established their fame in Europe. This is a kind of test and recommendation which our punctilio demands.

It would be worth while to form a list of those who have done honour to their country in foreign climes; among those the names of Benjamin Thompson and Lindley Murray deserve a conspicuous place. The latter has had the honour of contributing more essentially to the education of Englishmen, and to the settlement and elucidation of the English language, than any person living. His grammatical treatises bid fair to gain an unrivalled and permanent pre-eminence; and his collections for the use of scholars, have already excluded most others from seminaries of instruction.

I was shewed to-night a letter from him, dated May, 1799, in which he gives the following account of the success which has crowned his efforts as an author:

"My literary labours," says he, "were the offspring of a sense of duty, and have amused many an hour that might otherwise have been languid, and perhaps wearisome. It affords me great satisfaction to find that the public approbation of these works has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. In four years there have been printed of the Abridgment, the Grammar, the Exercises, and Key, forty-six thousand copies; eight thousand of "The English Reader," and eleven thousand of "The Power of Religion." The Grammar and exercises have been so well approved, and are in such extensive use, that an eminent house in London, in the book trade, offered me 700l. for the copy-right, and afterwards 350l. for that of the English Reader. These offers I have accepted. I had before sold the Abridgement for 100l. Thou wilt agree that the copy-rights are well sold, especially as thereby my wish for a still more extensive and permanent use, will probably be accomplished.

"As this, prima facie, carries with it an interested appearance, it seems incumbent on me to inform thee, that, as I wrote from disinterested motives, I have appropriated the whole 1350l. (about 6000

dollars) for the benefit of others, without applying any of it to my private use.

Female Learning.

I have been listening, to-night, to a very ingenious defence of *unlearned women*, by Miss *****. I had ventured to insinuate against her, as a fault, an indifference to books; a want of curiosity; and had chiefly insisted on this defect, not as disparaging her character in the eyes of others, but as depriving her of a source of occupation and amusement the most rational, commodious, and efficacious of all others.

To this censure she replied by appealing to every one's experience, whether a passion for reading does not necessarily encroach upon, and impair that attention to domestic duties, and regard for personal decorum, without which, no woman can be either useful, happy, or respectable. It is infinitely better, she thinks, to have no taste but for domestic affairs, than to have no taste but for literature. It is impossible for human creatures to hit the true medium: to combine and compound various tastes and inclinations in such due proportions, that each shall be indulged to the exact extent, and at the very time which propriety allows. Books must either please us too much, and, of consequence, absorb our attention unseasonably and excessively, or they must fail to please at all.

To say truth, this conversation arose from my observing my friend's indifference to a book which I had lent her. I expected to find her deeply engaged in it this evening, whereas she was quietly employed with her needle. It seems she had taken up the book, and after reading a few pages with little interest, had laid it aside for the needle, which pleased her much better. She maintains very strenuously, that if she had a stronger inclination to reading than to sewing, the latter employment, however enjoined by duty and necessity, would be neglected, and congratulates herself on finding pleasure in that to which propriety enjoins her to attend.

There is surely a great deal of truth in these remarks of my friend. It is not, strictly speaking, impossible to combine business and study in just proportions; and some examples, no doubt there are, in either sex, of persons whom a passion for study never seduces a moment from the rigid line of their domestic and social duty. Though the possibility of such characters cannot be denied, I must aver that I never met with any such. I never saw man or woman, smitten with a passion for books, whose happiness and usefulness were not somewhat injured by it; but the injury is much greater, and more palpable in women than in men. The domestic sphere being appropriated to the female, her inattention and unskilfulness produces the most injury; whereas *her* prudence and economy may obviate many inconvenient and disgusting effects of a studious disposition in the master of a family.

A woman who hates reading, is not necessarily a wise and prudent economist; and this estimable character is sometimes, though rarely found in a woman of sound judgment, and liberal curiosity. This curiosity is not, however, in any case that I know of, just so ardent as to make books acceptable whenever there is leisure to attend to them. There are many hours in the life of such women, which drag on heavily or mournfully, for want of literary curiosity.

I beseech you my friend, for it is probable you will sometime see this, not to consider this verdict as limited to you, or to your sex. It extends to all human beings, and I am half inclined to revoke the concession I just now made, that such a curiosity, as will fill up, and *no more* than fill up every truly leisure moment, can possibly exist.

One of the most accomplished women of the last age (intellectually

considered) was Lady M. W. Montague, but the stories of her personal indelicacies are well known.

Women, like men, are known to the world at large, chiefly by their writings. Such, therefore, being obliged to handle the pen frequently, have some apology for inattention to other objects. Of that numerous class of females, who have cultivated their minds with science and literature, without publishing their labours, and who consequently are unknown to general inquirers; how many have preserved the balance immoveable between the opposite demands of the kitchen, the drawing room, the nursery, and the library? We may safely answer from our own experience, not one.

ANTIQUES.

I was shewn, to-night, a fragment of a coverlet, which once belonged to William Penn. The old lady who produced it, gave me a very circumstantial history of this relique. It seems, the coverlet, very old, and very ragged, was taken by a curious person from the very bed in which the patriarch of Pennsylvania lay, and was distributed in small strips among her particular friends.

American antiquities, if any such things there be, chiefly relate to monuments of those nations who occupied America before the European discoveries. The most permanent, conspicuous, and remarkable of these, are undoubtedly the mounds or ramparts scattered over the western country. These have two qualities to recommend them, in the highest degree, to curiosity, and that is the remoteness of their origin, and the mysteriousness of their design. Other monuments consist of the weapons and domestic utensils, which are made of durable materials, and will probably continue to be found, or to be preserved, some thousands of years hence.

The spirit of curiosity is exactly in proportion to the remoteness and the mysteriousness (and the latter is one of the consequences of the former) of the object: so that the reliques of Indian manners will go on acquiring value from age to age: a greater number will be busy in collecting and describing them: and a stone, tobacco-pipe, or arrow-head, will, in time, become of much more value than its weight in gold.

Time will produce another species of antiques, in the reliques of those generations which have passed away since the colonization of America. Two centuries have almost elapsed, since our ancestors began to migrate hither, and this period will admit of a succession of ten generations at least. There are a great number of books, and of domestic utensils, which were manufactured in Europe, and were brought hither for their immediate accommodation, by the early colonists. These are greatly prized by their descendants. This city (Philadelphia) which was the earliest settlement of the English in this state, contains a great number of these reliques, and the antiquarian spirit glows very strongly in some bosoms.

Besides the coverlet, Mrs. ***** shewed me a sampler worked by her great grandmother, in the year 1669, in Holburn; a silver spoon, with which all the children of the family have been fed, since the one that was born in the year 1687, on the passage from the Thames to the Delaware; and a Beza's Testament, which was one of the few of his moveables rescued by an ancestor of hers from the great fire of London, in 1665.

Some people may smile at the spirit which affixes value to objects of this nature; and these in whom the sight of these monuments of times past, awaken no solemn or agreeable emotions, will naturally throw the sampler into the fire, the spoon into the crucible, and the Bible to the cook; but to me, and such as me, who cannot handle or view such articles as I have just

described, without a thousand pleasing and elevating thoughts, they will always be precious and sacred. To become an antiquary, I only want the leisure and the opportunity required.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER....NO. IV.

Attachment between persons of the same sex.

TO THE TRAVELLER.

In reading your remarks in your last number, upon friendship, I could not forbear sending you a few thoughts of my own upon the same subject.

The attachment between persons of the same sex, is called friendship; and perhaps can, strictly speaking, be said only to exist in relation to persons of the same sex. Friendship between man and woman, according to the above definition, must be love. Esteem for one of the opposite sex may influence to numberless friendly offices; but this is not what is meant by friendship. The affection which subsits between some brothers and sisters, is nearer to friendship; still it is distinct, and must be designated by the appellation of fraternal love.

In the course of his life, a man generally feels the attachment of friendship, at different periods, towards several individuals of various characters, and dissimilar merit. If he is of a generous and ardent temper, he is, at no period, without some one favoured and favouring being, to whom he feels united, by the passion of friendship; yet it is often found that the objects of a man's early attachments, prove, after absence, or the lapse of time, to be such as the heart can no longer cleave to.

I can remember no period of my life, at which, among many whom I loved, there was not one, of my own sex, to whom I was passionately attached. While yet an infant, I was attached to a good-natured servant lad, who told m stories, taught me to find birds nests, and took me with him to hunt rabbits. At the age of eight, I was passionately attached to a boy of ten. We shouldered our wooden muskets together, and would have died in defence of each other, if there had been any knight or giant who wished the death of either. These bonds were broken by absence: I felt a pang, but immediately found another friend. During the time between the ages of nine and fifteen, I remember a succession of boys to whom I was sincerely attached, and with whom I had quarrels and reconciliations innumerable. With one I was engaged in reading the achievements of knights-errant; with another, in enacting plays; and with a third, in making pictures. From fifteen to eighteen, I had another attachment; though during this period I had at the same time a succession of love affairs, unknown to the objects, and only imparted to my friend, who I recollect was as cold to the charms of the other sex, as he was warm in his attachment to me. This union was broken by my departure for Europe. It was there the same; I immediately found a friend, from whom I was inseparable, and who sincerely loved me.

On my return to America, after an absence of some years, I found some of the persons whom I had formerly loved, but *they* were no longer the same, and certainly *I* was no longer the same. I was pleased to see them, but my heart had again to seek a friend. Is this the picture of friendship, as others feel it, or am I singular in my temper or my fate? Be that as it may, such is the view of friendship, which my experience of life presents, but there is yet another trait.

I married, and the passion of friendship was swallowed up in the passion of love. A husband and a

father, my heart seeks not away from my own fire-side, a bosom to share its transports, or quiet its tumults. Is my mind less capable of friendship than at an earlier period of life? I think not. Though undoubtedly my eye is much quicker in discerning blemishes than at that time: yet my heart bounds towards every object which appears to wish its sympathy. I have now a number of persons whose friend I am, and whom I am proud to call my friends; but the sentiment which binds me to them, is not passion. I esteem A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, and I love H, I and K; but still the *passion* of friendship is swallowed up in the passion of love. W. D.

For the Literary Magazine.

QUAKERISM....A DIALOGUE.

R. How does thee do, my dear. I have been looking out for thee several days, but thee has disappointed me as usual. Thee is careless, I fear, of thy engagements.

L. Forgive me, madam. The weather has detained me; very much, I assure you, to my own disappointment; but, (taking up a book) I see you know how to beguile lassitude, and supply yourself with company. What have you got? "Men and Manners." What! a novel! I thought this kind of reading was prohibited by the canons of your faith.

R. And so it is; that is to say, these rules, interpreted most strictly, and as they are usually interpreted by those who are deemed most conscientious and apostolical among us, absolutely forbid the reading of fictitious books. Time thus spent, is thought to be spent frivolously or perniciously.

L. What then am I to infer?

R. I understand thee. I am far from being so good a quaker as I ought to be. In many things I fall behind my own principles, but not on the present occasion. I am nowise scrupulous about reading either plays or novels. My duty requires that I should not bestow too much time upon them, and that I should carefully distinguish between the good and the bad.

L. And does this novel justify your choice?

R. I read it merely on the recommendation of a friend, who told me the story was well contrived, and that the hero was a quaker.

L. Will you, on the same account, recommend it to me.

R. Why, the story is not ill contrived, and the characters, in general, appear to be well enough supported, except the principal one, the quaker. In him I discover not a single feature that resembles my neighbours and relations, unless indeed, it be his benevolence. That, however, though characteristic of the true quaker, as it is of the true christian of any sect, is, I must reluctantly acknowledge, by no means characteristic of us as a sect; in that respect, we are neither better nor worse than other societies.

L. Has the author failed, madam, in ascribing this property to his hero?

R. Far from it, my dear. In this respect, he has given to Jonathan Parkinson no more than is due to many quakers. What I condemn, is, the dialect and manners which Jonathan adopts.

L. My dear madam, I have read the work, and was so ignorant as to think Jonathan a very good portrait of a quaker.

R. Thy ignorance, my dear, is very excusable, nay, unavoidable, since thee has told me, till thy introduction to me, thee never conversed with a *friend*. This was probably the case with our author. He must have somewhere heard, that the quakers use thou and thee, or, as we term it, the *plain language*, to single persons. This he has believed, and has inferred that the formal style of *hath* and *doth*;

and *loveth* and *lovedst*, and a phraseology, approaching, in all respects, to the scriptural, were adhered to, with equal scrupulosity. Now the truth is, that thee may converse all thy life with *friends*, and never hear the pronoun *thou* uttered. The various forms of *thou*, *thee* and *thy*, have long ago degenerated among us, into the single *thee*, and experience proves that no obscurity arises from this circumstance. The termination, *eth*, and the expletives *do* and *did*, of which Jonathan Parkinson is so liberal, is just as seldom heard from us as from others. The use of *thou* in any familiar instance, would be deemed an intolerable affectation.

L. My dear madam, is not this a little odd? I have heard that *you* has been objected to by the friends, as being, among other accounts, ungrammatical.

R. I know, my dear, what thee would say, and certainly such objections are inconsistent. I, for my part, condemn it, not on that account, and I vindicate the disuse of *thou*, merely because it is the custom. It is plain enough how this custom arose. *Thou* appears to require the harsh correspondent endings of *th* and *st*, and we drop the first to get rid of the last. Instead of saying, "thou mistakest," or "thou dost mistake," we content ourselves with "thee mistakes."

L. Pray madam, inform me wherein lie the peculiarities of a quaker's manners or speech.

R. I will do it cheerfully, my dear. In the first place, a friend, either by principle or habit, and nine out of ten of those who are members of society, belong to the latter class, are to be known by having none of those airs and motions that are given by the dancing-master. In saluting, they incline the head, perhaps, but never the back. They take not off their hat to their neighbours, and even, in entering an house, seldom think of this ceremony. Their dialect is utterly a stranger to *Sir*, *Mister*, and *Madam*. They use the christian name much more frequently than others, but they shew their respect, especially to elders, by putting *friend*, in place of Mr. and Mrs.

L. Pray, madam, what language would you use on an occasion where I should employ such words as these: "Gentlemen and ladies, will you favour me with your company on Tuesday evening, and you, Mr. Blank, may I see you in June?"

R. These would be my words: "Will you give me your company, *friends*, on *third-day* evening, and thee, friend Blank, shall I see thee in the sixth month?" Thee is probably aware that we always name the days of the week, and the months, numerically. I do not recollect any other peculiarities than those I have mentioned. In all other respects, my dear, "friends" are like others, and their language and deportment square with their temper, and is proportioned to their knowledge.

L. According to this representation, madam, Parkinson talks in a very unnatural style indeed: how is it with his conduct? Has the author as much mistaken *that* as his speech?

R. Why, my dear, the author, thee knows, tells us that Jonathan, though born a *friend*, had early laid aside the profession. That the sect was visible in nothing but his dialect. This is an ample apology, of course, for every thing un-quaker-like in his conduct. As I said before, the conduct of quakers is like that of the rest of the world, neither worse nor better, unless, indeed, he be a sincere and conscientious quaker, and then his system of action, has, indeed, no parallell in any other sect, I do not mean in the degree, but only in the modes of his benevolence.

L. Have you ever met with the quaker truly described in books?

R. Never in any books but their own, my dear, and especially never

in fictitious writings. In no play or novel that I have read, was the quaker ever justly conceived or faithfully portrayed. He that is made to pass by that name in such books, is usually a very respectable and meritorious character, but has no resemblance to the true quakers, the quaker either of habit or of principle. The reason is plain. No one but a man educated a quaker can truly describe the sect, and no one hitherto, with such an education, has turned fabulist, or, at least, attempted to portray in his fable, one of this sect.

L. I think, madam, it would be an excellent scheme to exhibit the true character of your *friends*. The theme is certainly not wanting in importance and dignity, and, to a large part of the reading world, would be full of novelty and interest: as you do not object to reading, perhaps you would be persuaded to write a story of this sort.

R. There is another thing, my dear, which I deem of far more importance, and that is a candid and accurate view of their "discipline," that is, of their system of moral and ecclesiastical government. I have often been astonished at the ignorance on this head, of men otherwise enlightened and inquisitive. There are, indeed, some difficulties in the way of acquiring this knowledge, but none which a rational curiosity might not overcome. This system differs from most other religious systems, as it is intended to supply a rule of universal action, and to supersede all other law and government. A community entirely of *friends* would need no other laws and institutions than the society has at present.

MEMORANDUMS MADE ON A JOURNEY THROUGH PART OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Continued from page 167.)

THE next stage was Lavenberg's, nine miles from Kepner's. There is no cultivation of any kind between the two places. The large trees have at different periods been blown down, and the ground is thickly covered with low timber, chiefly oak bushes, producing vast quantities of acorns, nuts and berries, and inhabited by panthers and deer, together with immense multitudes of pheasants, and other wild fowl, among which the turkey is frequently seen.

It is probable that many years will elapse before this tract will become the home of man, as there are yet so many millions of acres of better land unsettled in the United States. The temptation to cultivate any portion of this spot must therefore be feeble and remote. The period may never arrive....but it is evident, sterile and bleak as it is, that it might be forced to contribute to human support. One great art in cultivation consists in adapting the product to the nature of the climate and soil, and where berries and nuts grow spontaneously, the genius and industry of man, goaded by necessity, may surely contrive the means of subsistence. The surface is gravel, sand, and rock, with a small mixture of loam.

We overtook two young men on foot, who had killed a rattle-snake having twelve rattles. This is undoubtedly one of the most formidable reptiles of North-America; and it is a fortunate circumstance that he seldom if ever commences an attack without previous notice. He is naturally sluggish, but, conscious of his power, is little disposed to yield his path to an intruder. His maxim seems to be, "Let me alone, and I'll let you alone." When irritated he rarely misses his object, if within his reach, and it is a remarkable fact, that, after the head is severed from the body, if you touch the tail with a stick, the part nearest the head will strike the offending stick with great force, and so instantly and certainly, that it requires uncommon dexterity to avoid the blow.

Notwithstanding vulgar prejudice, there are few of our snakes whose bite is not as harmless as the bite of a mouse. This is certainly the case with the black snake, garter snake, water snake, and some others.

Lavenberg finds it necessary to house his sheep at night. Not many years since the wolves were so bold that they frequently advanced into his barn yard in the day time and carried off his flock.

To keep the wolf at a distance, it is sufficient occasionally to scour his haunts with a pack of the larger species of hounds: they are his natural enemies, and he never fails to desert the country which echoes to their music.

When at Lavenberg's, we imagined we had passed the worst of our day's ride, having crossed no less than five stupendous ridges of mountains: the Blue, the Tuscaroro, the Locust, the Broad, and the Mahanoy. The passage over them is better adapted to the taste of a poet, than to that of a farmer. Here are also a few handsome lover's leaps, where the heart-sick melting swain might find a ready cure for all his earthly afflictions. The road skirts some of these ridges at the height of one thousand or more feet, nearly vertically above the contracted vallies which border their rude bases. Instances sometimes occur of loaded waggons meeting in these dangerous passes, in which case there is no alternative but to ungear one of the teams, to conduct the horses one by one to the rear of the waggon, and then to draw it back until a spot can be found sufficiently level and spacious to turn aside, which in some parts requires the patient toil of hours, and the retrograde motion of miles. To prevent these disagreeable consequences, the waggoners crack their whips, and whoop to give notice of their approach. They had need to be careful, for a trifling mistake would be attended with inevitable destruction. It is not a little surprising that waggons, carrying from twelve to fourteen barrels of flour, are continually travelling these roads, which, we thought, were almost impassable on horseback, and frequently led our horses, and walked for hours successively in preference to riding.

It had been threatening rain all day, and while at Lavenberg's, a smart shower fell; it ceased between four and five in the afternoon, when we again mounted and proceeded on our way. Presently we began to ascend what is called the Little Mountain, but which is in reality a very lofty and rugged ridge. As we approached its summit, a scene suddenly opened to our view, which, for a time, rivetted our whole attention, and engrossed all our thoughts. We were struck with admiration and surprise, mixed with pleasure and awe. Towards the south-west our view extended to an immense distance over an unimproved and woody country, where mountains rise back of mountains as far as the eye can reach, seeming to vie with each other in the wild aspect of their fronts, and in the bold elevation of their peaks. Around them clouds were seen to rush in every direction, and dark storms were fast gathering on their craggy sides. Neither of us had ever witnessed similar appearances, and we involuntarily halted to indulge in the transports of the moment. We saw the rain descending in copious streams beneath the mountains' tops; witnessed the vivid flash of the tremulous lightning apparently below us; and listened to the awful peal of distant thunder re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and answering to the hollow blast of the driving wind. We were not long permitted to remain idle spectators of this conflict of the elements, nor to enjoy unmolested the novelty and sublimity of this scene. Presently a tumultuous assemblage of clouds arriving from various points, presented themselves against the side of the mountain nearest to us, and distant about three miles. We saw the storm hastily advance, and dash

itself against the opposing eminence. It grew darker and darker, as if enraged at the interruption, and determined to surmount it. We were in full view of the contest. It was of short duration. The storm moved slowly to the summit in an oblique direction from us, and having surmounted it, came with headlong speed down the opposite side. The mountain on which we were was the next highest point of attraction, and the gloomy mass advanced with great velocity towards us. The wind began to whistle keenly around us, and the wild driving of the coming tempest soon awakened us to a sense of our exposed situation. To avoid it was impossible, and our inhospitable region afforded us not the slightest shelter. We prepared to defend ourselves in the best manner we could, by covering our huts with oil cloths, and buttoning our great coats tight about us. It was in vain; for, in a few minutes we were wet to the skin and completely drenched; the water appeared to fall, not in drops, but in sheets, and the effects of its violence on our faces was very disagreeable and even painful. Our horses were not better pleased than ourselves. They could snort and prance, but, like their masters, were compelled to bear the wind and rain without a hope of protection or escape. On our right there was an insurmountable barrier of rocks, and on our left a most dangerous precipice. The road was too rough and steep to admit of their being urged out of a slow walk, in addition to which the rain that fell so covered the passage, that, in a short time, they were constantly wading through torrents, which must have effectually precluded our march, had not the floods found frequent openings, down which they rushed to the lower grounds: in this situation we dragged on, the storm beating on us with great violence....our horses moved forward with reluctance, and we became apprehensive, that, when we should descend to the opposite foot of the mountain, we should have to encounter some current rendered impassable by the rain, and thus be compelled to return to Lavenberg's after night. In this apprehension we were partly mistaken, for we afterwards discovered that our course lay over high grounds, the western descent of the mountain being inconsiderable. We continued in a wilderness, nor saw improvement of any kind, until we were seven miles from our last stage, when we were gratified with the appearance of a house. The storm had greatly abated, but it continued to rain very fast, and we pleased ourselves with the hope of procuring a comfortable retreat for the night. A nearer inspection of the miserable hovel decided the matter, and we determined to proceed rather than enter it. It was a one story building, but whether of wood or stone we did not sufficiently examine to remember. It was evidently too much open to the weather to protect its inhabitants, who, young and old, flocked together to gape at us as we passed. Their complexions were ruddy, and the children were in rags about the door sporting in the rain and mud. Two miles further on our way we passed another sorry dwelling, after which we saw several newly improved farms and cottages, in a tolerable soil. Night came on as we crossed the Catawessy Mountain, which was nigh occasioning us a disagreeable if not a fatal accident. We were utter strangers to the road, and it became so dark that we could scarce see a yard before us. When arrived at the Catawessy creek, my horse refused to move forward; I urged him but he became unruly. J. who had been behind me, came up, and thought he could perceive that we were about to enter on the ruins of a bridge totally impassable on horseback. This we found to be the case when we had an opportunity of viewing the same place in open day, and had we proceeded many steps further, it is quite probable

that both horses and riders would have been lost. The skeleton of an old wooden bridge, with a single plank extended length-wise over the stream, and barely sufficient to admit a footman, was all that remained. From the roaring of the water it was evidently not inconsiderable either in quantity or force; but whether the noise was the effect of natural falls, or proceeded from a mill-dam, we were unable to determine. We could not, in our wet disagreeable trim, think of turning back, especially as there was no house near us, nor any that we knew of, in which we could count on being comfortably lodged on this side of Lavenberg's. The prospect on either hand was not very consoling; we could not have reached Lavenberg's before morning, and we knew not the width, depth, or rapidity of the creek. There was no person at hand to consult, and who by a single friendly word, might have relieved us from our perplexity. At length we determined to proceed, encouraged by the appearance of a light on the opposite shore, which convinced us that a human habitation was at hand. Directed by the roaring of the falls, we moved cautiously below them, and boldly took the stream: we were exceedingly elated on finding it less formidable than we feared, and soon landed safely on the western banks. We now inquired our way, and being directed into the right road, reached the town of Catawessy in a short time, it being but about half a mile from the creek.

Our first care was to change our clothing, but on opening our saddle-bags, we perceived that the rain had penetrated them and wet every garment. However, by an interchange of civilities, we contrived to muster as many pieces between us as enabled each to have a tolerably dry suit. A silk coatee in which I rode, was changed into a dozen colours and shades, and might have suited Joseph of old, though it was rendered useless to me. Even our hats, notwithstanding their coverings of oil cloth, were thoroughly wet. After a little furbishing and recruiting, we could not but give vent to some merriment, on looking round our chamber, which had more of the appearance of a washer-woman's kitchen than of a lodging room, so handsomely had we decorated it with our dripping apparel.

23d. A good dish of coffee in the evening, and a comfortable night's lodging, make us feel little the worse for the exposure and drenching of yesterday. It rained most of the night. This morning the sky is fair and serene.

It seems an odd humour in our landlady to make choice of a case of walnut drawers placed in our chamber, for the storage of her Dutch cheese. The odour is generally not much more agreeable to the nose of an Englishman than the smell of rotten eggs. This cheese, or, as the Germans call it, *kaese*, is made of the curd of milk suffered to grow sour; it is salted, pressed in cloths, and afterwards dried and hardened in the sun, and not unusually ripened in hay. In this state, when made of rich milk, it is very palatable, and little inferior to the cheese of the English dairy, but the Germans prefer it when rancid or putrid, in which state it emits a stench to which nothing but habit and prejudice can reconcile us.

An agreeable sauce called *schmeer-kaese*, is also made by the Germans, from the curd of sour milk. The whey being entirely pressed out, the curd is moistened with fresh cream, brought to a suitable consistence for spreading, and then eaten on bread, but more frequently on bread and butter. This is a delicate preparation, and is rarely rejected by the most dainty palate. The Germans of Pennsylvania are greatly attached to these simple relishes for bread, and it is not uncommen, among the better class of the farmers, to see the master of the house regale himself with butter

honey, apple-butter*, and schmeer-kaese, spread in successive layers on the same slice of bread, and in this manner eaten with milk, and sometimes with wasser-suppe. The latter is an universal dish among the German-Americans, and is composed of fried flour and butter, on which boiling water is poured, after the addition of thin slices of bread, and the common culinary spices.

My boots being too wet to wear, I have been obliged to borrow a pair of shoes from the landlord, which being much too large, I make rather an aukward appearance, and J. is very merry at my hobbling gait. We nevertheless attended divine service at friends' meeting-house; about one hundred persons of both sexes, and mostly from the adjacent settlement, were present. It is the only house of worship in the town.

There are about forty-five dwellings in Catawessy; only one of them is built of stone, the rest are either log or frame. It is a place of little or no trade, and most probably ever will be. It was planned and settled about fifteen years ago, when every speculator, who owned a level tract of land on the Susquehanna, seemed infected with the town-making mania. Poor people were induced, by specious and illusory representations, to purchase lots, and having spent all their money, and perhaps run in debt, in the erection of small tenements, they could not, after finding themselves deceived and disappointed, sell out, and have therefore been compelled to remain for want of the means to remove.

Catawessy is on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. The mountains on the east, south, and north of the town, form an irregular semi-circle, with the points terminating in the river, and are distant about three-fourths of a mile. The highest ridge lies to the eastward, and is said from actual measurement, to be twelve hundred feet above the adjacent plain.

Here are still some vestiges of an Indian burying ground, and some peach trees of their planting in tolerable preservation. Having in the afternoon visited J. S. who lives on the western bank of the Catawessy creek, he pointed out to us what he takes to be the traces of an Indian fortification: it consists of a number of square holes, dug at equal distances on the eastern shore, describing a line of several hundred feet: whether these apertures served as intrenchments from which an assaulting enemy might be annoyed, or were subservient to some more complex scheme of warlike operations, or whether they were at all used for hostile purposes, may be left for the sage determination of some future dealer in antiquities.

Some years back a few of the inhabitants, from motives of curiosity, dug up a corpse from the grave-yard. It proved to be a female; she had been interred without a coffin, and was, according to the custom of the Indians, placed in a sitting posture. Care had been taken to provide her with a small iron kettle, some trinkets, and a tobacco-pipe, ready charged in each hand. These equipments were doubtless intended to contribute to the comfort and convenience of the deceased on her journey to the land of spirits, and would probably be as efficacious as the tolling of bells, and the firing of guns, over the body of a white man. If this custom of our tawney brethren be repugnant to our notions of good sense, we should not forget that our own must appear to them equally irreconcilable to reason and philosophy. We were shewn one of the pipes. It is the common clay of European manufacture. The skeleton was preserved for some time by the physician of the town, but the superstitious Germans in the neighbourhood, fearful perhaps that this out-

* The substance is made by boiling apples in sweet cyder, to which some simple spice, most generally pimento, is added. The Germans call it ludwerg.

rage on the bones of the unoffending squaw might be followed by some tremendous act of vengeance on her part, compelled the doctor to reinter them.

The inhabitants still preserve a large elm on the bank of the river, under which the sachems formerly held their councils. I could not contemplate this object with indifference. Who that has the feelings of a man, and whose bosom glows with the smallest sense of honour and justice, can view this elm with apathy? Where are now those venerable and veteran chieftains and warriors, who were accustomed to assemble beneath its friendly shade....and who received here with open arms the first white man who came helpless and forlorn among them? Surely they were unconscious that, in a few very few revolving moons, the stranger whom they here cherished and warmed by the council fire; to whom they here presented the wampum of consecrated friendship, and with whom they here smoked the sacred calumet of peace, had come to supplant them in their native possessions, to root out their posterity from the country, and to trample down the graves of their fathers.

These ancient inheritors of the soil reluctantly submit to the discipline and shackles of civilized life, and in general have shewn contempt for our customs and manners; but as their hunting grounds become destroyed, necessity may force them to resort to other means of subsistence.

An Indian being asked by two white men, how he, who gave himself no concern about religion, expected to reach heaven, answered, "Suppose we three in Philadelphia, and we hear of some good *rum* at Fort-Pitt....we set off to get some, but one of you has business at Baltimore, and he go that way.... the other wants to make some money too on the road, and he go by Reading....Indian got no business, no money to get....he set off and go strait up to Fort-Pitt, and get there before either of you."

The Indians of North-America are well skilled in this species of sarcastic humour. I remember to have been present at an interview between some of their chiefs and a select number of citizens who had benevolently devoted both time and property to the introduction of useful and civilized arts among the savages. The Little Turtle, among other improvements which he enumerated to have taken place among his people, mentioned that they manufactured considerable quantities of sugar from the juice of the maple. He was asked how they contrived to procure suitable vessels to contain the syrup when boiling. He affected a very grave countenance, as he answered "that the *unfortunate* affair of St. Clair had furnished them with a considerable number of camp kettles which answered the purpose very well." It was known that this chief had headed the united Indian forces in their intrepid attack on the American army, commanded by General St. Clair, and in which the latter were defeated with immense slaughter, and suffered the loss of their camp equipage.

(To be continued.)

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF
CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

(Continued.)

I HAD taken much pains to improve the sagacity of a favourite Spaniel. It was my purpose, indeed, to ascertain to what degree of improvement the principles of reasoning and imitation could be carried in a dog. There is no doubt that the animal affixes distinct ideas to sounds. What are the possible limits of his vocabulary no one can tell. In conversing with my dog

I did not use English words, but selected simple monosyllables. Habit likewise enabled him to comprehend my gestures. If I crossed my hands on my breast he understood the signal and laid down behind me. If I joined my hands and lifted them to my breast, he returned home. If I grasped one arm above the elbow he ran before me. If I lifted my hand to my forehead he trotted composedly behind. By one motion I could make him bark; by another I could reduce him to silence. He would howl in twenty different strains of mournfulness, at my bidding. He would fetch and carry with undeviating faithfulness.

His actions being thus chiefly regulated by gestures, that to a stranger would appear indifferent or casual, it was easy to produce a belief that the animal's knowledge was much greater than in truth, it was.

One day, in a mixed company, the discourse turned upon the unrivaled abilities of *Damon*. Damon had, indeed, acquired in all the circles which I frequented, an extraordinary reputation Numerous instances of his sagacity were quoted and some of them exhibited on the spot. Much surprise was excited by the readiness with which he appeared to comprehend sentences of considerable abstraction and complexity, though, he in reality, attended to nothing but the movements of hand or fingers with which I accompanied my words. I enhanced the astonishment of some and excited the ridicule of others, by observing that my dog not only understood English when spoken by others, but actually spoke the language himself, with no small degree of precision.

This assertion could not be admitted without proof; proof, therefore, was readily produced. At a known signal, Damon began a low interrupted noise, in which the astonished hearers clearly distinguished English words. A dialogue began between the animal and his master, which was maintained, on the part of the former, with great vivacity and spirit. In this dialogue the dog asserted the dignity of his species and capacity of intellectual improvement. The company separated lost in wonder, but perfectly convinced by the evidence that had been produced.

On a subsequent occasion a select company was assembled at a garden, at a small distance from the city. Discourse glided through a variety of topics, till it lighted at length on the subject of invisible beings. From the speculations of philosophers we proceeded to the creations of the poet. Some maintained the justness of Shakspear's delineations of aerial beings, while others denied it. By no violent transition, Ariel and his songs were introduced, and a lady, celebrated for her musical skill, was solicited to accompany her pedal harp with the song of "Five fathom deep thy father lies"...She was known to have set, for her favourite instrument, all the songs of Shakspeare.

My youth made me little more than an auditor on this occasion. I sat apart from the rest of the company, and carefully noted every thing. The track which the conversation had taken, suggested a scheme which was not thoroughly digested when the lady began her enchanting strain.

She ended and the audience were mute with rapture. The pause continued, when a strain was wafted to our ears from another quarter. The spot where we sat was embowered by a vine. The verdant arch was lofty and the area beneath was spacious.

The sound proceeded from above. At first it was faint and scarcely audible; presently it reached a louder key, and every eye was cast up in expectation of beholding a face among the pendant clusters. The strain was easily recognized, for it was no other than that which Ariel is made to sing when finally absolved from the service of the wizard.

In the Cowslips bell I lie,
On the Bat's back I do fly...
After summer merrily, &c.

Their hearts palpitated as they listened: they gazed at each other for a solution of the mystery. At length the strain died away at distance, and an interval of silence was succeded by an earnest discussion of the cause of this prodigy. One supposition only could be adopted, which was, that the strain was uttered by human organs. That the songster was stationed on the roof of the arbour, and having finished his melody had risen into the viewless fields of air.

I had been invited to spend a week at this house: this period was nearly expired when I received information that my aunt was suddenly taken sick, and that her life was in immineut danger. I immediately set out on my return to the city, but before my arrival she was dead.

This lady was entitled to my gratitude and esteem; I had received the most essential benefits at her hand. I was not destitute of sensibility, and was deeply affected by this event: I will own, however, that my grief was lessened by reflecting on the consequences of her death, with regard to my own condition. I had been ever taught to consider myself as her heir, and her death, therefore, would free me from certain restraints.

My aunt had a female servant, who had lived with her for twenty years: she was married, but her husband, who as an artizan, lived apart from her: I had no reason to suspect the woman's sincerity and disinterestedness; but my aunt was no sooner consigned to the grave than a will was produced, in which Dorothy was named her sole and universal heir.

It was in vain to urge my expectations and my claims....the instrument was legibly and legally drawn up....Dorothy was exasperated by my opposition and surmises, and vigorously enforced her title. In a week after the decease of my kinswoman, I was obliged to seek a new dwelling. As all my property consisted in my cloths and my papers, this was easily done.

My condition was now calamitous and forlorn. Confiding in the acquisition of my aunts' patrimony, I had made no other provision for the future; I hated manual labour, or any task of which the object was gain. To be guided in my choice of occupations by any motive but the pleasure which the occupation was qualified to produce, was intolerable to my proud, indolent, and restive temper.

This resource was now cut off; the means of immediate subsistence were denied me: If I had determined to acquire the knowledge of some lucrative art, the acquisition would demand time, and, meanwhile, I was absolutely destitute of support. My father's house was, indeed, open to me, but I preferred to stifle myself with the filth of the kennel, rather than to return to it.

Some plan it was immediately necessary to adopt. The exigence of my affairs, and this reverse of fortune, continually occupied my thoughts; I estranged myself from society and from books, and devoted myself to lonely walks and mournful meditation.

One morning as I ranged along the bank of Schuylkill, I encountered a person, by name Ludloe, of whom I had some previous knowledge. He was from Ireland; was a man of some rank and apparently rich: I had met with him before, but in mixed companies, where little direct intercouse had taken place between us. Our last meeting was in the arbour where Ariel was so unexpectedly introduced.

Our acquaintance merely justified a transient salutation; but he did not content himself with noticing me as I passed, but joined me in my walk and entered into conversation. It was easy to advert to the occasion on which we had last met, and to the mysterious incident which then occurred. I was solicitous to dive

into his thoughts upon this head and put some questions which tended to the point that I wished.

I was somewhat startled when he expressed his belief, that the performer of this mystic strain was one of the company then present, who exerted, for this end, a faculty not commonly possessed. Who this person was he did not venture to guess, and could not discover, by the tokens which he suffered to appear, that his suspicions glanced at me. He expatiated with great profoundness and fertility of ideas, on the uses to which a faculty like this might be employed. No more powerful engine, he said, could be conceived, by which the ignorant and credulous might be moulded to our purposes; managed by a man of ordinary talents, it would open for him the straightest and surest avenues to wealth and power.

His remarks excited in my mind a new strain of thoughts. I had not hitherto considered the subject in this light, though vague ideas of the importance of this art could not fail to be occasionally suggested: I ventured to inquire into his ideas of the mode, in which an art like this could be employed, so as to effect the purposes he mentioned.

He dealt chiefly in general representations. Men, he said, believed in the existence and energy of invisible powers, and in the duty of discovering and conforming to their will. This will was supposed to be sometimes made known to them through the medium of their senses. A voice coming from a quarter where no attendant form could be seen would, in most cases, be ascribed to supernal agency, and a command imposed on them, in this manner, would be obeyed with religious scrupulousness. Thus men might be imperiously directed in the disposal of their industry, their proporty, and even of their lives. Men, actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, might, under this influence, be led to the commission of the most flagitious, as well as the most heroic acts: If it were his desire to accumulate wealth, or institute a new sect, he should need no other instrument.

I listened to this kind of discourse with great avidity, and regretted when he thought proper to introduce new topics. He ended by requesting me to visit him, which I eagerly consented to do. When left alone, my imagination was filled with the images suggested by this conversation. The hopelessness of better fortune, which I had lately harboured, now gave place to cheering confidence. Those motives of rectitude which should dedeter me from this species of imposture, had never been vivid or stable, and were still more weakened by the artifices of which I had already been guilty. The utility or harmlessness of the end, justified, in my eyes, the means.

No event had been more unexpected, by me, than the bequest of my aunt to her servant. The will, under which the latter claimed, was dated prior to my coming to the city. I was not surprised, therefore, that it had once been made, but merely that it had never been cancelled or superseded by a later instrument. My wishes inclined me to suspect the existence of a later will, but I had conceived that, to ascertain its existence, was beyond my power.

Now, however, a different opinion began to be entertained. This woman like those of her sex and class was unlettered and superstitious. Her faith in spells and apparitions, was of the most lively kind. Could not her conscience be awakened by a voice from the grave! Lonely and at midnight, my aunt might be introduced, upbraiding her for her injustice, and commanding her to attone for it by acknowledging the claim of the rightful proprietor.

True it was, that no subsequent will might exist, but this was the fruit of mistake, or of negligence. She probably intended to cancel the old one, but this act might, by her own weakness, or by the artifices of her servant, be delayed till death

had put it out of her power. In either case a mandate from the dead could scarcely fail of being obeyed.

I considered this woman as the usurper of my property. Her husband as well as herself, were laborious and covetous; their good fortune had made no change in their mode of living, but they were as frugal and as eager to accumulate as ever. In their hands, money was inert and sterile, or it served to foster their vices. To take it from them would, therefore, be a benefit both to them and to myself; not even an imaginary injury would be inflicted. Restitution, if legally compelled to it, would be reluctant and painful, but if enjoined by Heaven would be voluntary, and the performance of a seeming duty would carry with it, its own reward.

These reasonings, aided by inclination, were sufficient to determine me. I have no doubt but their fallacy would have been detected in the sequel, and my scheme have been productive of nothing but confusion and remorse. From these consequences, however, my fate interposed, as in the former instance, to save me.

Having formed my resolution, many preliminaries to its execution were necessary to be settled. These demanded deliberation and delay; meanwhile I recollected my promise to Ludlow, and paid him a visit. I met a frank and affectionate reception. It would not be easy to paint the delight which I experienced in this man's society. I was at first oppressed with the sense of my own inferiority in age, knowledge and rank. Hence arose numberless reserves and incapacitating diffidences; but these were speedily dissipated by the fascinations of this man's address. His superiority was only rendered, by time, more conspicuous, but this superiority, by appearing never to be present to his own mind, ceased to be uneasy to me. My questions required to be frequently answered, and my mistakes to be rectified; but my keenest scrutiny, could detect in his manner, neither arrogance nor contempt. He seemed to talk merely from the overflow of his ideas, or a benevolent desire of imparting information.

(To be continued.) 332 pages

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

THE following tabular view of the manufactures of Great Britain, is chiefly formed upon the calculations and researches of Mr. Grellier, and were published in1802. A distinct view of so important a branch of the wealth, industry, and ingenuity] of that opulent nation, as accurate as the nature of the subject will admit, and with the perspicuity peculiar to a table will probably be acceptable to many of your readers. A. B.

Articles.	Value of raw materials. l. Sterling.	Value of wrought materials.	Profit to manufac turers.	No. of manufac-turers.	Average profit to each	Average No. of workmen to each.	Total No. of workmen.	Average wages per man.	Total wages.
Wool,	5,000,000	75,000,000	1,500,000	3000	L. 500	141⅔	425,000	L. 20	8,500,000
Leather,	3,500,000	10,000,000	1,000,000	2000	do.	137⅓	275,000	do.	5,500,000
Cotton,	5,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000	2000	do.	150	300,000	do.	6,000,000
Silk,	1,200,000	2,400,000	240,000	480	do.	100	48,000	do.	960,000
Flax,	800,000	2,000,000	200,000	400	do.	120	50,000	do.	1,100,000
Hemp,	650,000	1,500,000	150,000	300	do.	116⅔	35,000	do.	700,000
Paper,	10,000	900,000	90,000	180	do.	166⅔	30,000	do.	600,000
Glass,	650	1,500,000	150,000	300	do.	116⅔	35,000	do.	700,000
Pottery,	800,000	2,000,000	200,000	400	do.	120	50,000	do.	1,000,000
Tin and lead,	5,000,000	5,000,000	500,000	2000	do.	100	200,000	do.	4,000,000
Cop. & Brass,	1,950,000	1,950,000	195,000	600	do.	100	60,000	do.	1,200,000
Steel Plate, &c.	2,200,000	2,200,000	220,000	800	do.	87½	70,000	do.	1,400,000
Totals,	26,110,650	64,450,000	6,445,000	12,460			1,548,000		30,960,000

REVIEW.

The Letters of the British Spy. Originally published in the Virginia Argus, in August and September, 1803.

Richmond: Pleasants....pp. 43.

THE fiction on which the title of these letters would lead us to suppose them built, is very favourable to curiosity and invention. If we mistake not, it took its origin, as most schemes of the kind have done, in the prolific imagination of the French. The first example was set in the voluminous, and once popular work of "The Turkish Spy;" and has been followed by a numerous train of Chinese, Jewish, &c. This, before us, is the second instance of the kind in America; for a well known writer published, formerly, what he called "The Algerine Spy."

The mystery and danger encircling the character of a Spy, give his adventures a peculiar and uncommon interest; and the business of his life being to inquire and observe, and his foreign prejudices leading him to view every object in a new light, there cannot be a part more favourable to original and striking speculations. Most of the *Spies*, however, with whom we are acquainted, seem to have forgotten their true character; and turn out, upon examination, to be nothing more than men travelling for their own amusement.

The letters before us, are written, in the character of an English traveller, to Mr. S*******, *alias* Mr. Sheridan. They are few and brief, and exhibit but very few points in that immense picture which the United States constitute in the eye of a stranger. The traveller arrives at Richmond, and there he chiefly continues. He begins his correspondence with some remarks upon American, that is Virginian reverence for rank and wealth, and some account of the local situation of Richmond. He then digresses into some geoligical speculations on the origin and age of our continent, which, after some time, provokes a reply, that is also published in this collection. He next discusses the eloquence of America; states its defects and their causes, and draws the portraits of several eminent pleaders at the bar. We likewise meet with various thoughts on the subject of style and eloquence in general.

There is some liveliness of fancy, and a sparkling style in the effusions of this writer: there are many marks of a juvenile and undisciplined pen, and in most of his recitals we have found that degree of interest and amusement which it was probably the whole intention of the writer to afford. The following portrait of a pulpit orator will serve as a specimen of this performance.

"I have been my dear S*******, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure which I met with, in the course of the tour.

"It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden-house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On

entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man....his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! Sacred God! How soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our saviour.... his trial before Pilate....his ascent up Calvary.....his crucifixion..... and his death. I new the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstance so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews....the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet....my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour....when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes, streaming in tears to heaven....his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"....the voice of the preacher, which had, all along, faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But....no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!!!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crises in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher....his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses....you are to imagine you hear his slow, solemn, well accented

enunciation and his voice of affecting, trembling melody....you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised....and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house....the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence...." Socrates died like a philosopher"....then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his " sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice...." but Jesus Christ... like a God !....If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which, just before, had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense; now ran back into my heart with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering, delicious horror ! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self abasement, humility and adoration ! I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as.... " a God !"

"If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is, not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence.... the link between men and angels !"

"This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which Nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recal, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard.

On a rock, whose haughty brow,
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Guess my surprise when, on my arrival at Richmond and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of James Walbell! Is it not strange that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia! To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the highest strains of the most sublime orotary, or that they are destitute of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion. Indeed it is too clear, my friend, that this soil abounds more in weeds of foreign birth, than in good and salubrious fruits. Among others the noxious weed of infidelity has struck a deep, a fatal root, and spread its pestilential branches far around. I fear that our excentric and fanciful countryman, Godwin, has contributed not a little to water and cherish this pernicious exotic. There is a novelty, a splendor, a boldness in his scheme of morals peculiarly fitted to captivate a youthful and an ardent mind. A young man feels his delicacy flattered, in the idea of being emancipated from the old, obsolete and vulgar motives of moral conduct; and acting correctly from motives quite new, refined and sublimated in the crusible of pure, abstracted reason. Unfortunately, however, in this attempt to change the motives of his conduct, he loses the old ones, while the new, either from being too etherial and sublime, or from some other want of congeniality, refuse to mix and lay hold of the gross materials of his nature. Thus he becomes emancipated, indeed; discharged not only from ancient and vulgar shackles, but also, from modern fine-spun, tinseled restraints of his divine Godwin. Having imbibed the high spirit of literary adventure, he disdains the limits of the moral world; and advancing boldly to the throne of God, he questions him on his dispensations, and demands the reasons of his laws. But the counsels of heaven are *above* the ken, *not contrary to* the voice of human reason; and the unfortunate youth, unable to reach and measure them, recoils from the attempt, with melancholy rashness, into infidelity and deism. Godwin's glittering theories are on his lips. Utopia or Mezorania boast not of a purer moralist *in words*, than the young Godwinian. But the unbridled licentiousness of *his conduct* makes it manifest, that if Godwin's principles are true in the abstract, they are not fit for this system of things, whatever they might be in the republic of Plato.

"From a life of inglorious indolence, by far too prevalent among the young men of this country, the transition is easy and natural to immorality and dissipation. It is at this giddy period of life, when a series of dissolute courses have debauched the purity and innocence of the heart, shaken the pillars of the understanding, and converted her sound and wholesome operations, into little more than a set of feverish starts, and incoherent and delirious dreams, it is in such a situation that a new-fangled theory is welcomed as an amusing guest, and deism is embraced as a balmy comforter against the pangs of an offended conscience. This coalition once formed and habitually consolidated, "farwel, a long farwel" to honour, genius and glory! From such a gulf of complicated ruin, few have the energy ever to attempt an escape. The moment of cool reflection, which should save them, is too big with horror to be endured. Every plunge is deeper and deeper, until the tragedy is finally wound up by a pistol or a haltar. Do not believe that I am drawing from fancy; the picture is unfortunately true. Few dramas, indeed, have yet reached their catastrophe; but, too many are in a rapid progress towards it. These thoughts are affecting and oppressive. I am glad to retreat from them by bidding you adieu; and offering my prayers to heaven that you may never lose the pure,

the genial consolations of unshaken faith and an approving conscience. Once more, my dear S*******, adieu!"

The town and country friend and physician:....Or an affectionate address on the preservation of health, and the removal of disease on its first appearance:.... Supposed to be delivered by a country physician to the circle of his friends and patients on his retiring from business:.... With cursory observations on the treatment of children, &c.... Intended for the promotion of domestic happiness....In two parts.

Philadelphia: Humphreys, pp. 103.

THIS little book, written in the true spirit of moderation and benevolence, has afforded us no inconsiderable pleasure. This is, exactly, the subject on which the humble and laborious classes of society, stand in most need of information, and in which, credulity, ignorance, and negligence, lead their victims into the most pernicious errors. We cannot do better than to extract the preface entire.

"To those who peruse the following pages, it is scarcely necessary for the editor to say what were his motives in handing them in this plain and compact form to the public. The promotion of domestic comfort and happiness, he flatters himself, will be found so evidently written in every line of them, as will be sufficient to evince his object....a general circulation and perusal of them, which would not so likely be the case, if they were swelled out, as they might be, and the price proportionably advanced.

"The first part, independent of a few observations, and some alterations, arising from locality of expression, is nearly a copy of a late celebrated publication, intitled, "The Villager's Friend and Physician," and is from the pen of that worthy philanthropist, Mr. James Parkinson, of London.

The second part will be found, chiefly, to consist of a selection of short extracts from some other late celebrated publications, on the means of *preserving health* and *prolonging life;* also of some observations and remarks calculated to enforce the precepts and advice contained in the first part; and to which, it is presumed, it will prove an acceptable and useful addition.

"It will be acknowledged by all who peruse the work, that a general circulation of it must be accompanied with beneficial effects; such as must tend to the promotion of, not only domestic, but of general happiness. Perhaps no little book extant, is better calculated for it; or to answer the purposes of those who are desirous of sowing the germ of health, comfort, and prosperity, among the miserable, by the distribution of cheap and useful books. Perhaps also, there is not a means in the hands of the affluent, by which solid comfort can be more permanently, or more easily administered to the infirm and wretched, than in the proper disposal of such books among them; nor is, in general, the gratitude of such for comfort administered, more expressive and permanent, than that which arises out of this source."

The precepts contained in the first part, relating to the symptoms and cure of various diseases, are perhaps of less practical utility, than mere directions for *preserving* health. They are infinitely more liable to be mistaken and misapplied. Every uneasy sensation, transient obstruction, or momentary excrescence, is converted, by a fearful fancy, into the symptom of some dangerous disease. There are innumerable instances, sometimes deplorable, and sometimes ludicrous, of mistakes, arising from partial information. How many months and years have been embittered by a chimera of this sort, in the lives of many persons. There

are very few who have dipped into medical works, or into books intended to supply the place of scientific treatises, whose little knowledge has not cost them a thousand terrors, and anxieties. These evils, though great, are far inferior to such as arise from total ignorance and negligence. While the former inevitably terminates in ease and security, the latter are real, permanent, and perhaps incurable.

The second part is not liable to any objection, and it is impossible, we think, for any to peruse it attentively, without benefit. We shall close with the following remarks on cleanliness, which, though trite, can never be too frequently repeated, or widely diffused:

"Cleanliness is a principal duty of man, and an unclean or filthy person, is never completely healthy. It is better to wash ourselves ten times a day, than to allow one dirty spot to remain on the skin. On a place where impurities are suffered to clog the pores, not only insensible perspiration, but likewise the absorption by the skin is entirely suppressed; and, if the whole body be, as it were, covered with a varnish, formed of perspirable matter, it is impossible that a person in such a state can possess sound blood, 6r enjoy good health.

"Believe me, the lady, the man of fortune, and the ill-fated man of letters, all require *more active* exercise than they actually take, which alone can promote a free perspiration, and enliven the surface of the body; but, by their indolent habits, the whole machine is in a languid state, and the *skin* becomes contracted and debilitated.

"The husbandman, it is true, labours diligently: and though, by perspiration, *his skin* preserves more life and activity, it is neither kept sufficiently clean, nor prevented from being obstructed by perspirable matter. The artist and manufacturer carry on their pursuits in a sedentary manner, and in a confined impure air: the voluptuary and the glutton do not suffer less than the former, as they impair the *energy of the skin* by excesses of every kind, and take no precautions to preserve its elastic texture. Our usual articles of dress, flannel excepted, are not calculated to promote a free perspiration; and the free use of liquors contribute greatly to *relax the skin*. If we add to this list of predisposing causes, our inconstant climate, which at one hour of the day braces, and at another relaxes the *surface* of the body, alternately heats and cools it, and, consequently, disturbs its uniform action; it will be easily understood, that the *skin* must, for these reasons, be almost generally vitiated; and that it really is a leading source of many of our indispositions.

When the sensibility of the *surface* is impaired; when the myriads of *orifices*, that are designed for the continual purification and renovation of our fluids, are obstructed, if not closed: when the subtle nervous texture is nearly deprived of its energy, so that it becomes an *impenetrable coat of mail*, is there any reason to wonder, that we are so often harassed by a sense of constraint and anxiety: and, that this uneasiness, in many cases, terminates in a desponding gloom, and, at length, in complete melancholy? Ask the hypocondriac, whether a certain degree of cold, paleness, and a spasmodic sensation in the *skin*, do not always precede his most violent fits of imbecility? and, whether his feelings are not most comfortable when the *surface* of his body is vigorous, warm, and perspires freely? In short, the degrees of insensible perspiration are to him the surest barometer of his state of mind. If our *skin* be disorganized, the free inlets and outlets of the electric, magnetic, and other matters, which affect us at the change of the weather, are inactive. Thus, the origin of extreme sensibility towards the various atmospheric revolutions, is no longer a mystery; for, in a *healthy sur-*

face of the body, no inconvenience will follow from such changes. If we farther advert to those acrimonious fluids, which, in consequence of an *imperfect state of perspiration*, are retained in the body, and which affect the most sensible nerves and membranes, we shall the better comprehend how cramps and spasms, the torturing pains of the gout and rheumatism, and the great variety of cataneous diseases, have of late become so obstinate and general.

"The just proportion of the fluids, and the circulation of the blood, are also determined, in no small degree, by the *skin;* so that if these fluids become thick and languid, the whole momentum of the blood is repelled towards the interior parts. Thus a continual plethora, or fulness of the blood, is occasioned; the head and breast are greatly oppressed; and the external parts, especially the lower extremities, feel chilly and languid.

"May we not infer, from what I have thus advanced, that the use of baths is too much neglected, and ought to be universally introduced? It is not sufficient, for the great purposes here alluded to, that a few of the more wealthy families repair every season to watering-places, or that they even make use of other modes of bathing, either for their health or amusement. A very different method must be pursued, if we seriously wish to restore the vigour of a degenerating race. I mean here to inculcate the indispensable necessity of *domestic baths*, so well known among the ancients.

"Bathing may be considered as an excellent specific for alleviating both mental and bodily affections. It is not *merely a cleanser of the skin*, enlivening and rendering it more fit for performing its offices; but it also refreshes the mind, and spreads over the whole system a *sensation of ease, activity and pleasantness*. It likewise removes stagnation in the larger, as well as in the capillary vessels; gives an uniform, free circulation to the blood; and preserves that wonderful harmony in our interior organs, on the disposition of which our health and comfort so much depend. A person fatigued, or distressed in body and mind, will derive more refreshment from the luxury of a lukewarm bath, and may drown his disquietude in it more effectually, than by indulging in copious libations to Bacchus.

The wish to enjoy perpetual youth, is one of the most predominant and pardonable. Though it cannot be rationally asserted, that bathing will confer continual youth; yet I will hazard an opinion, that it has a very uncommon and superior tendency to prolong that happy state; it preserves all the solid parts soft and pliable, and renders the joints flexible.

"It is no less certain, that bathing is one of the best preservatives of beauty; and that those nations, among whom it is a prevailing practice, are usually the most distinguished for elegance of form, and freshness of complexion."

POETRY....ORIGINAL.

THE BOAR HUNT.

From a Manuscript Poem.

Gondalbc's trumpet, at the dawn of day,
Had summon'd to the chace his sportful friends;
With these, came forth a troop of martial dames,
Led by Rolinda, first of all in charms.
Valerian, curious to explore the wood,
Where the Magician kept his Mystic School;
Accoutred in the armour of the land,
Mounted a steed and followed in the train.
His stately form, the grace with which he mov'd
And check'd the fury of his headlong horse,
Struck his beholders with surprise: but most
Rolinda's eye, him follow'd o'er the plains,
And most her tongue was lavish in his praise.
His courser bounded to the winding horn,
And to the clamours of the noisy hounds,
That echoed from the hills; he proudly pranc'd;
He snuff'd the gale and wav'd his floating mane.
When they had reach'd the borders of the wood,
Valerian saw with wonder its thick shades;
The towering height of its deep-rooted oaks;
And felt the chill of their o'ershadowing gloom.
Far in the woods the hunters had not plung'd,
Before the hounds, from his rude covert, rous'd
A huge and furious boar; his glaring eyes
Shone like two stars amidst the depths of night:
Like to the murmur of seditious winds
His breath was heard from far; he champ'd the foam
Which drop'd down roping from his crooked tusks.
He heard the tumult of the coming war,
And high upridging his hard bristly back
Prepared to meet the onset of his foes.
The dogs that first advanc'd were gash'd and torn,
Their fellows fled, the stoutest hunter paus'd.
Swift as the winds Rolinda onward flies,
Nor heeds the counsel of her female train.
At the fierce Beast she boldly hurls her spear,
True to her aim, it strikes him in the side,
The blood pours down in torrents from the wound;
The monster rages with excess of pain,
And turns his wrath on her who gave the blow,
Loud roaring like the storm....Rolinda's steed
Starts back and trembles, while the ponderous boar
Against him rushes, throws him to the earth,
And with him, the fair burden which he held.
Helpless, Rolinda lies, expecting death....
Valerian sees; he hastens to her aid:
He throws himself, like lightning, from his horse:
With his long spear he rushes on the Boar,
And buries it in his extended jaws:
He falls and shakes, beneath his weight, the ground.
Valerian raises the affrigthed maid
And gives her back in safety to her friends
The danger past,...again the trumpet sounds,
The signal for the chase; and on they rush,
While horn and clamourous hound and joyous shouts
With peal on peal through the deep thickets break,
And rouse up silence from her lonely haunts.

As thus they wound the tangles of the wood,
And beat each thicket and explor'd each hill,
They heard the loud blast of a bugle-horn,
And far within the forest's shade, beheld
A youthful warrior leaning on his spear.
As they approach'd they mark'd his noble form;
His dark plume waving to the breath of air;
His glittering armour and his gallant mien:
And soon Rolinda in the youth beheld
Brave Torismond, the Arimaspian chief,
And trembled for the fate of him she lov'd.
The Hunter, when he saw the train approach,
Started supris'd and sternly grasp'd his spear,
And soon as he and the Montalvian Prince
Each other knew, rage sparkled in their eyes,
And indignation crimson'd o'er their cheeks.
Aloud Godalbo call'd upon his foe
Upbraiding him with taunts, and bade his troop
Seize on the wretch and bind him hand and foot,
And bear him to the presence of the king.

THE COMBAT.

The prince undaunted at this insult laugh'd;
Firm in his place he stood, and shook his spear
And towering in his pride of strength thus spoke,
"Ha! thinkst thou Prince, thou mighty man of war,
Thou bold upbraider of a single man,
That thou hast caught the lion in thy toils?
The lion who has thin'd thy crowded ranks?
And that thoul't seize him, and him bound, expose
To the rude gaze of thy detested slaves.
I scorn thy threats....here would I stand, alone,
And meet the brunt of thy united force;
But that I have within the sound of horn
A gallant band of soldiers, who have hither come
With me to share the pleasures of the chace.
Then tremble, ruffian, measure back thy steps
While now I bid my absent friends approach."
He said, and loudly blew his bugle-horn,
Which far extended its indignant blast.
The warning sound his friends obedient heard,
And swiftly at his call through thickets dash'd
And gather'd round their brave and warlike chief.
Then had the storm of bloody battle rag'd
But that young Torismond his soldiers check'd,
And thus accosted the Montalvian Prince:
"Ha! man of words, now execute thy threat!
Now bind me fast and bear me to thy king!
Sooner by far you might arrest the winds;
And yoke the lightnings to your battle car....
But why for us should these bold warriors bleed?
Why in a private quarrel should we waste
The lives of friends so faithful to our cause.
Come on then, chief, alone, and leave thy horse
And meet the prowess of this single arm,
And let our bands look on and mark our feats,
And say who most excels in deeds of arms.
He said: Gondalbo bounded from his horse;
He bade his soldiers pause, nor raise a hand
Or weapon in the fight....Silence ensued,
The combatants drew near; aside they threw
Their spears; they seiz'd their swords, together rush'd

And shook the earth beneath their mighty strides.
Swift fell the blows of sheir loud thundering steel,
And far and wide their din of battle spread.
At times Gondalbo seem'd to press his foe
With conquering force, at times he seem'd to yield
Beneath his rival's force, and both at times
Seem'd weary of the fight and dreadful toil.
Long they contended, and the turf beneath
With foot they harden'd and with blood they dyed.
Yet still in doubtful scales the vict'ry hung.
At length, Gondalbo, with a weary eye
Believ'd he saw his rival's power decline,
And thought one mighty effort would secure
To him the triumph of the bloody strife:
Rousing his strength and raising high his sword,
He struck the head of his relentless foe,
While at the moment he himself receiv'd
Deep in the side, the plunge of his deep sword:
Both fell, and roll'd in anguish on the ground.
Loud shriek'd Rolinda and within the arms
Of his attendants sunk: her lover's name
Burst from her lips, and told the tender flame
She nurs'd with secret sorrow in her breast.
When the troops saw their princely leaders fall,
They to their aid with eagerness rush'd on,
Each man believ'd his fallen chief was dead,
And breath'd revenge upon his hated foes.
Dark was the battle which with fury rag'd
Between these adverse bands; they were two clouds
Charged with dread thunder that together meet.
They were two torrents meeting on a hill
And upward dashing in the air their spray.
Valerian's noble soul was sick of wars....
He mourn'd for men contending like the beasts
With cruel joy, and rioting in blood;
But now in self defence he drew his sword,
And with an arm unrivalled in its strength
Beat from him the assaults and rage of war.
The fight was won by bold Montalvia's sons.
Through the wild shades the Arimaspians fled
And left their leader bleeding on the earth.
Valerian check'd his friends on the pursuit,
And bade them both the fallen princes raise
And to the city gently bear them back.
Rolinda followed in the mournful train,
With eye dejected and with alter'd air.
Her long dishevel'd hair waves in the wind,
And frequent sighs break from the aching heart.

SELECTIONS.

BRANDY.

THE time of the invention of brandy, or ardent spirit, which has had so wonderful an influence on many arts, on commerce, on the habits, health, and happiness of the human race, is not exactly known. That the first was made by the Arabians from wine, and thence called *vinum ustum;* that Arabian physicians first employed it in the composition of medicines; and that so late as the year 1333, the manner of preparing it was very difficult and tedious, and still considered by surgeons as a secret

art; it appears from the writings of Arnold de Ville Neuve [*Arnoldus de Villa Nova*] Raymond Lully, and Theophrastus Paracelsus; and it is without sufficient reason, that some ascribe the invention to Arnold. Alexander Tassoni relates, that the Modenese were the first, who, in Europe, on occasion of too abundant a vintage, made and sold brandy in considerable quantities. The German miners had first acquired the habit of drinking it; and the great consumption of, and demand for, this liquor, soon induced the Venetians to participate with the Modenese in the new lucrative art and branch of commerce. However, it appears, that brandy did not come into general use till towards the end of the fifteenth century; and then it was still called *burnt wine*. The first printed books which made mention of brandy, recommended it as a preservative against most diseases, and as a means to prolong youth and beauty. Similar encomiums have been bestowed on tea and coffee; and people become so much habituated to these liquors, that they at last daily drank them, merely on account of their being pleasant to their palate. In the *Reformation* of the archbishopric of Cologne, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, no mention is made of brandy; although it must certainly have been named there, if it had then already been used in Westphalia. William II, landgrave of Hesse, about the commencement of the sixteenth century, ordered that no seller of brandy should suffer it to be drunken in his house....and that no one should be allowed to offer it for sale before the church doors on holidays. In 1524, Philip, landgrave of Hesse, totally prohibited the vending of *burnt wine*. But in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Baccius wrote his *History of Wine*, brandy was everywhere in Italy sold under the name of *aqua vitis* or *vitæ*. Under king Erick, it was introduced into Sweden. For a long time this liquor was distilled only from spoilt wine; afterwards from the dregs, &c. of beer and wine; and when instead of these, the distillers employed rye, wheat and barley, it was considered as a wicked and unpardonable misuse of corn; it was feared that brandy made from wine, would be adulterated with malt-spirits; and an idea prevailed, that the grains were noxious to cattle, but especially to swine; whence originated among men, that loathsome and contagious disease, the leprosy. Expressly for these reasons, *burnt wine* was, in January, 1595, forbidden to be made in the electorate of Saxony, except only from wine lees, and the dregs of beer. In 1582, brandy was prohibited at Frankfort, on the Mayne, because the barber-surgeons had represented, that it was noxious in the then prevalent fatal disorders. From the same cause, the prohibition was renewed in 1605. With astonishing rapidity has the love of brandy, and ardent spirit in general, spread over all parts of the world; and nations the most uncultivated and the most ignorant, who can neither reckon nor write, have not only comprehended the method of distilling it; but even had ingenuity enough to apply to the preparation of it, the products furnished by their own country. Malt spirits and French brandy, which, when both are pure, are however alike in their component parts, may, with the greatest certainty, be distinguished by the taste which is left after burning them. Of the latter, this watery remainder is sharp, nauseous, and almost sour; but what is left after burning the malt spirits, excites a taste of burnt, or at least roasted, meal.

Memoir on the Wax-Tree of Louisiana and Pennsylvania. By CHARLLES LOUIS CADET, *of the college of Pharmacy*.*

A number of plants, such as the *Croton cebiferum*, the *Tomex*

sebifera of Loureiro, the poplar, the alder, the pine, and some *labiati*, give by decoction a concrete inflammable matter, similar, in a greater or less degree, to tallow or wax; that is to say, a fixed oil asturated with oxygen. The light down, called the bloom of fruits, and which gives a silvery appearance to the surface of plums and other stone fruits, is wax, as has been proved by M. Proust. But the tree which furnishes this matter in the greatest abundance, and which in many respects deserves the attention of agriculturists, chemists, physicians, and commercial men, is the *Myrica ceriferat* or wax-tree.

We read in the History of the Academy of Sciences for the years 1722 and 1725, that M. Alexandre, a surgeon and correspondent of M. Mairan, observed in Louisiana, a tree of the size of the cherry-tree, having the appearance of the myrtle, and nearly the same odour, and bearing a seed of the size of coriander. These seeds, of an ash-grey colour, contain a small osseous stone, pretty round, covered with shining wax, which is obtained by boiling the seeds in water. This wax is drier and more friable than ours. The inhabitants of the country make tapers of it. M. Alexandre adds: "This seed has commonly a beautiful lake colour, and on being bruised with the fingers, they acquire the same tint; but this takes place only at a certain season."

The liquor in which the seeds have been boiled, and from which the wax has been taken, when evaporated to the consistence of an extract, was found by M. Alexandre to be an effectual remedy for checking the most obstinate dysenteries.

The advantageous properties exhibited by this tree, could not but induce scientific men to make researches for the purpose of ascertaining the varieties of this vegetable production, and what care was required in its culture. It was long considered as a mere object of curiosity.

Linnæus, in his Vegetable System, speaks only of the wax-tree of Virginia (*Myrica cerifera*), with leaves lanceolated as if indented, stem arborescent.

Having requested C. Ventenat to inform me how many species there are of it, he replied that Ayton has distinguished two, viz.

1st. *Myrica cerifera angustifolia*, which grows in Louisiana. This tree is delicate, flowers with difficulty in our green-houses: its seeds are smaller than those of the following.

2d. *Myrica cerifera latifolia*, which grows in Pennsylvania, Carolina, and Virginia. It does not rise to such a height as the former, and is perfectly naturalized in France. These two *Myricæ* are of the family of the *diœci*.

They are both cultivated at the *Museum des Plantes*, and in the gardens of C. Cels and Lemonier.

C. Michault admits a third species of *Myrica cerifera*, which he calls the dwarf wax-tree. C. Ventenat thinks that wax may be extracted from all the *Myricæ*.

The authors who have spoken of these trees with some details, are C. Marchal, translated by Leferme, Lepage-Duprat, and Toscan, librarian of the Museum of Natural History. A memoir inserted by the latter in his work entitled *L'Ami de la Nature*, makes known the manner in which vegetable wax is collected in the colonies.

"Towards the end of autumn," says he, "when the berries are ripe, a man quits his home, with his family, to proceed to some island, or some bank near the sea, where the wax-trees grow in abundance. He carries with him vessels for boiling the berries, and an axe to build a hut to shelter him during his residence in that place, which is generally three or four weeks. While he is cutting down the trees,

* *From the Annales de Chimie, No.* 131.

and constructing the hut, his children collect the berries: a fruitful shrub can furnish about seven pounds. When the berries are collected, the whole family employ themselves in extracting the wax. A certain quantity of the seeds are thrown into the kettles, and water is poured over them in sufficient quantity to rise to the height of half a foot above them. The whole is then boiled, stirring the seeds from time to time, and pressing them against the sides of the vessels, that the wax may more easily be detached. A little after, the wax is seen floating in the form of fat, which is collected with a spoon, and strained through a piece of coarse cloth, to separate the impurities mixed with it. When no more wax detaches itself, the berries are taken out by means of a skimmer, and new ones are put into the water; taking care to renew it the second or third time, and even to add more *boiling* water in proportion as it is consumed, in order that the operation may not be retarded. When a certain quantity of wax has been collected in this manner, it is placed on a piece of linen cloth to drain, and to separate the water with which it is still mixed. It is then dried, and melted a second time for the purpose of purifying it, and is moulded into the form of cakes. Four pounds of the seeds give about a pound of wax. That which detaches itself first, is generally yellow, but in the last boilings it assumes a green colour, in consequence of the tint communicated to it by the pellicle with which the nucleus of the seed is covered."

Kalm, the traveller, speaking of the vegetable wax, says that in countries where the wax-tree grows, it is employed for making excellent soap, with which linen can be perfectly washed.

Such was the knowledge naturalists had of the myrica, or at least no other observations, as far as I know, had been published respecting it, when a naturalist gave me half a kilogramme of the vegetable wax of Louisiana. I was desirous to anylyse it, and compare it with the wax made by our bees, but before I undertook this labour, I wished to be acquainted with the nature of the shrub, and of the seeds of the myrica. I saw this valuable production in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and wrote to C. Deshayes, a zealous botanist, who superintends at Rambouillet the cultivation of the *Myrica pennsylvanica*, to beg he would give me a few details on that subject. He was so kind as to return an answer, accompanied with some of the seeds, which I took the earliest opportunity of examining.

This seed is a kind of berry, of the size of a pepper-corn; its surface, when it is ripe and fresh, is white, interspersed with small black asperities, which give it the appearance of shagreen. When rubbed between the hands it renders them unctuous and greasy.

If one of these small berries be strongly pressed, it divests itself of a matter in appearance amylaceous, mixed with small round grains, like gun-powder. The nucleus, which remains bare, has a very thick ligneous covering, and contains a dis cotyledon kernel. By rubbing a handful of the berries on a hair sieve, I obtained a grey dust, in which I could distinguish, by the help of a magnifying glass, the small brown grains already mentioned, in the middle of a white powder.

I put this powder into alcohol, which by the help of a gentle heat dissolved all the white part, and left the black powder which I collected apart. Water poured over this alcoholic solution, disengaged a substance which floated on the surface of the liquid. I melted this substance, and obtained a yellow wax similar to that brought me from Louisiana. This experiment was sufficient to prove that the wax of the myrica is the white rough matter which envelopes the seeds.

The black powder which I separated, appeared to me to contain a colouring principle, and I did not

despair that I should find in it the beautiful lake, mentioned by M. Alexandre. With this view I bruised strongly the powder, and boiled it in a solution of acid sulphate of alumine. I was much astonished to obtain nothing but a liquor scarcely coloured, and the alumine precipitated by an alkali, was only slightly stained.

I took another part of this black bruised powder, and put it to infuse in alcohol. I soon obtained a tincture of the colour of wine lees: on heating this tincture, it became as red as a strong tincture of cinchona, or cachon. This result induced me to believe that the colouring principle was resinous, but by adding water, I saw no precipitate formed.

I poured into this tincture, water charged with sulphate of alumine; a slight precipitate was produced; a solution of sulphate of iron formed it immediately into an ink.

What is the astringent colouring principle which is not soluble in alcohol, which forms no precipitate with water, and which has so little attraction for alumine? To find it a series of experiments, which the few substances I had in my possession did not permit me to make, would have been necessary. The astringent matter mentioned by M. Alexandre, must be found in the decoction of the unbruised seeds. To ascertain this fact, I boiled the seeds in a silver vessel. The decoction on which a little wax floated, was of a greenish colour, with a taste somewhat styptic: it precipitated ferruginous solutions black. Having heated it in a very clean iron vessel, it speedily became black. To know whether this property arose from the gallic acid alone, or from tannin, I mixed a little of the concentrated decoction, with a solution of gelatin, but no precipitate was formed.

It is therefore to the pretty considerable quantity of gallic acid contained in the seeds of the myrica, that the virtue of its extract in checking dysentaries ought to be ascribed. In this respect, I am of opinion that the leaves and bark of the tree would furnish an extract still more astringent than the berries.

The following are the most interesting results of an examination of the wax:

When extracted either by decoction from the seeds, or by solution of the white powder in alcohol precipitated by water; this melted wax is always of a yellow colour, inclining to green. Its consistence is stronger than that of the wax made by bees; it is dry and friable enough to be reduced to powder; in a word, it is manifestly more oxygenated than wax prepared by these insects. Tapers made with the wax of the myrica, give a white flame and a beautiful light, without smoke, do not run, and when new, emit a balsamic odour, which the inhabitants of Louisiana consider as very beneficial to the sick: when distilled in a retort, it passes in a great part to the state of butter. This portion is whiter than it was before, but it loses its consistence, and acquires that of tallow. Another portion is decomposed, furnishes a little water, sebacic acid, and empyreumatic oil. A great deal of carbonated hydrogen gas, and carbonic acid gas, are disengaged, and there remains in the retort a black carbonaceous bitumen. Common wax when distilled, exhibits the same phenomena.

I have already said that alcohol dissolves the wax of the myrica, but ether dissolves it much better, and, by the evaporation of the liquid, it separates in the form of stalagmites. Neither of these liquids destroy its colour. If this wax be boiled with dilute sulphuric acid, it becomes a little whiter, but there is no sensible combination of the acid with it. The yellow wax of bees, treated in the same manner, did not change its colour.

Oxygenated muriatic acid bleaches both kinds of wax perfectly. The vegetable wax, however, loses its colour with more difficulty.

The vegetable wax dissolves in ammonia. The solution assumes

a brown colour; a part of the wax becomes saponaceous. The volatile alkali has much less action on the wax of bees.

These two kinds of wax, when strongly agitated in a boiling solution of caustic potash, wash and form a real soap, as observed by Kalm the traveller. The whiteness which wax acquires by this saponification, is not a new phenomenon. C. Chaptal, in his process for bleaching by the steam of alkaline lees, has proved that the colouring principle of vegetables yields to the action of alkalies. Some chemists ascribe this effect to the direct combination of soda or potash with the coloured extractive part, and a combination which brings it to a state almost saponaceous, and renders it soluble.

According to my opinion, the alkali, in this operation, exercises over the oil or wax a double attraction, first direct with the constituent principles of the oil, then predisposing and favouring the combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with oil or wax. I do not know whether any one before me ever entertained this idea; but it was suggested by observing what takes place when soap is decomposed by an acid. The oil is always concrete and more oxygenated than it was before.

It would be of importance for the theory of chemistry to make soap, if possible, in a close vessel, and to examine the air afterwards, or in different gases containing no oxygen.

By decomposing soap of the myrica, very white wax is obtained; but in a particular state, which does not admit of its being employed for our purposes.

Litharge, or semi-vitreous oxide of lead, dissolves very well in the melted wax of Louisiana. It forms a very hard mass, the consistence of which may be diminished at pleasure, by the addition of a little oil. If the wax of the myrica, as there is reason to think, retains a portion of the astringent principle by a decoction of the berries, the physicians, perhaps, will find useful properties in topics made with this wax.

By taking a general view of what has been here said, it is seen that the myrica may be of very great service in the arts. The wax which it furnishes is sufficiently abundant to prove an ample indemnification for the care and expense of cultivation, since a shrub in full bearing gives six or seven pounds of berries, from which a fourth of wax may be extracted. This wax is of a quality superior to that of bees.

The astringent principle of the myrica, extracted on a large scale, may be very useful either in medicine or in the arts. In certain respects it may be substituted for the gall-nut in dyeing, hat-making, and perhaps in the tanning some kinds of leather. The colouring principle seems to be sufficiently fixed to deserve some attention; and, if it be true that in Louisiana beautiful lakes are made from it, why is it not rendered useful in painting?

When this wax becomes sufficiently common to be sold at a low price, great advantage might be derived from it in making soap.

The art of bleaching this wax requires also some researches, when it is to be performed on a large scale with economy. Two re-agents present themselves to manufacturers....the sulphuric acid and the oxygenated muriatic. But as wax does not sink in these liquids, means must be found to multiply the contact, either by cutting the wax into slices, and besprinkling it with oxygenated muriatic acid, or shutting it up when cut in this manner, in casks, into which oxygenated muriatic acid is introduced.

I shall propose a third method, which seems to promise a speedier effect. Place the wax, cut into small pieces, in alternate strata, with hyper-oxygenated muriate of lime: when arranged in this manner, leave it for sometime dry, and in contact. The salt and acidulous water are then to be decomposed

by the sulphuric acid, taking care to pour in water gradually, at different periods, till there is no longer a sensible disengagement of muriatic gas. A large quantity of water is then to be added, and the mixture must be stirred with a rod. By rest, the insoluble sulphate of lime is precipitated, and the bleached wax will float at the surface.

I shall terminate this memoir with some observations on the culture of the myrica.

C. Deshayes, to whom I am indebted for the trials I have made, has observed, for several years, the wax-trees of Rambouillet. What he observed to me on this subject, is as follows:

"The *Myrica latifolia* (Ayton) is here absolutely in its native country: it is in the soil proper for it; that is to say, in sandy and blackish turf. We have sixteen wax-trees in full vigour. They are four, five, and six feet in height: one male is seven feet. The seeds are abundant almost every year; I say almost, because in some years they fail. The fruit in general is in that part of the English garden assigned to it.

"The culture requires no care. Every year a great number of shoots, which proceed from the roots of the large trees, are pulled up. These are so many new shrubs, which are then planted at the distance of a yard from each other.

"The seeds may be sown in beds in the spring, and then transplanted: but this method is tedious. The myrica will succeed wherever it finds a light soil, somewhat moist. How many provinces are there where the cultivation of this shrub would be useful, and employ land almost neglected!

"What advantages may not agriculture hope for from such an acquisition, since Prussia has so long seen the myrica flourish in its dry sandy plains!"

C. Thiebault, of the academy of Berlin, gave me the following interesting note on this subject:

"The late M. Sulzer, author of a general dictionary of the fine arts, had obtained from Frederic the Great a pretty extensive piece of waste land on the banks of the Spree, at the distance of half a league from Berlin, in a place called the Moabites. However barren this ground, which presented only a very thin, poor turf, above fine light sand, might be, M. Sulzer converted into a very agreeable garden, worthy of a philosopher. Among other remarkable things, he formed a plantation of foreign trees, consisting of five pretty long alleys running east and west. In these alleys there were not two trees of the same kind following each other. In the alleys most exposed to the north, he planted none but the highest trees, capable of withstanding the severity of the climate. Hence, in proceeding from the north to the south, the first alley exhibited trees of about seventy feet in height, the second trees of from twenty-five to thirty, and so on, in the form of an amphitheatre; so that all these trees had the sun at least in part, and the weaker were sheltered by the stronger.

"In the most southern alley I observed a sort of shrub which rose only to the height of two or three feet, and which M. Sulzer called the wax-tree. Every person visited this alley in preference to the rest, on account of the delicious perfume emitted by the leaves, which they retained a very long time."

C. Thiebault then speaks of the method of extracting the wax. This operation is the same as that described by M. Alexandre.

"I have seen," adds he, "one taper of this wax perfume three chambers which composed M. Sulzer's private apartments, not only during the time it was lighted, but even for the rest of the evening."

The myrica cultivated at Berlin, was, no doubt, more odoriferous than that which we possess, the wax of which does not emit the same perfume.

M. Sulzer intended to make tapers of this wax not bleached, covered with a coating of our finest

wax. The heirs of this academician sold the garden, but the wax-trees still remain. They were planted in 1770.

If it has been found possible to naturalize the *Myrica cerifera* in the north, why should we neglect a vegetable production so valuable, which would certainly thrive in our southern departments, and which requires less care than bee-hives. The successful trials which have been made, must excite the zeal of our agriculturists.

The government has already encouraged this branch of industry, by ordering plantations of the wax-tree. There are nurseries at Orleans and Rambouillet, which contain more than 400 shrubs. Results so satisfactory, cannot be made too public. Useful plants are always propagated slowly: a barren but picturesque tree, an agreeable shrub, are soon adopted through fashion: they ornament the parterres of our modern Luculluses, and the flower-pots of our Phrynes, while our indefatigable agriculturists exhaust themselves in vain efforts to enrich our meadows with a new grass, or to fill our granaries with a new nourishing grain. The vulgar, through prejudice, long rejected maiz and potatos, which have been of so much service to our soldiers, and to the poor. The oak, which fed our ancestors, is no longer found in our forests. Let us, however, hope that our agriculturists will at length open their eyes to their real interests; and that, laying aside their old prejudices, they will not disdain the presents which learned societies are desirous to give them, and which will conduce as much to their advantage, as to the glory and prosperity of France.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN AMERICAN IN FRANCE.

(Continued from Number 2, page 115.)

BEFORE I attempt describing the country from Bourdeaux to Paris, I shall first mention a peculiarity, which I have noticed in my walks about Bourdeaux. One hears, in every field, a noise as loud, but not so sweet, as the singing of birds. I was a little surprised at this kind of *field-music*:....My first guess was, that the performers were frogs; but, upon inquiry, I learned that it proceeded from a kind of fly, nearly as large as a grass-hopper, and of which there was a great number both on the grass and in the trees. Previous to getting into the diligence for Paris, the river Garonne must first be crossed in a ferry-boat. It is somewhat surprising, that a city so large, rich, and commercial, as Bourdeaux, should not have a bridge over the river. The Garonne is certainly, at Bourdeaux, broader than the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and somewhat more rapid; but a wooden bridge might easily be thrown across it, the expense of which would bear no proportion to the advantages that would be derived from it. On this subject I can say, with truth, *they manage those things better in America.*

The soil about Bourdeaux is a rich, deep mould, resembling garden-mould. The country is beautifully diversified with corn and vines; the rich green of the vines forms, at this season of the year, a fine contrast to the yellow harvest.

As it is probable, that you have never seen a vineyard, I think it will not be superfluous to mention to you, that the vines are here not suffered to grow above four or five feet in height; that they are supported, sometimes by espaliers, sometimes by stakes; and are planted in regular lines, at such distances as will barely allow room to to the labourers to pass between them. As the growth of the vine is so much checked, the quantity of fruit is greater. The season of the vintage, *la vendange*, is the season of merriment with the peasants of the South of France: the labour, though severe, is varied by dancing and enlivened by music.

The rich soil of the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux is very favourable to Indian wheat, of which they have large plantations; it is here used principally for feeding and fattening fowls. This corn, which we call Indian wheat, the French call *bled de Turquie*, or Turkey-wheat; and, on the other hand, the bird, which we call Turkey-cock, from the country we suppose it to have originally come from, they call *coq d'Inde*, or Indian-cock. This is the etymology of their words *Dinde*, *Dindon*, which also signify a Turkey. The country, in this neighbourhood, and indeed in the greatest part of the South of France is not only highly cultivated, but so elegantly laid out and planted, as to give the appearance of a rich demesne to extensive districts. The trees are principally chesnut and walnut, which are suffered to grow to a great age, and which pay, not only by their beauty, but by their fruit, for the ground they occupy.

They are planted sometimes in clumps, though oftener singly. It was formerly the custom in France for the owners of estates to keep them entirely in their own hands, and cultivate them by *baillies* or stewards, who accounted annually for the profits, and could be dismissed at the pleasure of the lord: at present it is not much better; a lease or *bail* (as they call it) for three or four years, is as much as a farmer can expect; the trees are reserved for the landlord, who makes more by their fruit, than he would by cutting them down. This is the reason the country is so beautifully ornamented with fine old trees. I cannot perceive that this custom of giving short leases has checked, in any degree, the cultivation of the ground; but it makes an estate much more valuable to a purchaser, when neither old leases nor the customs of the country, prevent his receiving the annual value of his land, according to the rise of times. In the first day's journey from Bourdeaux, the river Dordogne, which is neither half as broad nor as deep as the Garonne, is crossed by a ferry-boat. It appears to me, that it would be a very good speculation for any company or individual, that has a command of money, to propose to the government for leave to build wooden bridges across those two rivers. A reasonable toll would give a very ample interest for the money expended. After crossing the Dordogne, we passed through a pretty considerable town, called Barbezzioux, on our way to Angouleme, which is the principal town of the rich department of *la Charente*. Angouleme is the most romantically situated town I have yet seen.

It lies so high, that, on viewing it from a distance, its steeples and its towers seem elevated to the clouds. It is a large town, strong by situation, and fortified in the old manner, without out works. It was in the Vendee war, considered a very respectable and important post, and was always well garrisoned.

The view of the country from the ramparts is uncommonly bold and beautiful: the ramparts are very steep, and at the foot of them, on one side of the town, runs the river Charente, which gives the name to the department, and which can be seen for many leagues, directing its winding course through a rich vale and luxuriant scenery.

The ramparts are the public walk to Angouleme, and a more delightful one can hardly be seen in any country. Here as in the public walks of Bourdeaux there are a number of chairs, and the inhabitants pass the greater part of a summer's evening on the ramparts.

From Angouleme we pass through Chatteleraut; the *Birmingham* of the South of France, to Poictiers, which is also a chief town of a department, and famous for a complete victory gained by the English army, commanded by Edward the Black Prince, over the French army, which was considerably more numerous, and commanded by their King in person.

The memory of this battle gives a particular interest to this town, and makes the surrounding country *classic-ground*. The town is also fortified, and has a noble public walk, which is a raised terrace, near a mile in length, having an extensive view of the river and the surrounding country. I dwell particularly on the public walks, as it is in this respect that the French towns, although by no means so well built as the English towns, have a considerable advantage over them. It appears to me, that, whether the cause is in the climate, or, as I rather think, in the attractions of the walks themselves, which collect all the inhabitants of a town together in the evenings, it must produce a considerable effect on the manners of the people, and improve their social habits. From Poictiers to Tours, there is no town of consequence, except St. Maure. As Tours and its neighbourhood deserve a particular description, I shall postpone it for the present, and give you some more general observations that I have made on this journey from Bourdeaux to Tours. Although the face of the country is much superior to England, for natural beauty, and, I believe, I may say, for productive cultivation, yet it is very far inferior to it in some other respects. Instead of the elegant houses of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, one sees here only a few old ruinous *chateaux* or castles, built some centuries ago, and which no English gentleman would live in: the few houses one meets, which convey any idea of the comforts of a middling station in life, are called *maisons burgoises* to distinguish them from the *chateaux* of the nobility, which, with all their pride of antiquity, are not near so commodious. The only buildings I have met with in this journey (the immediate neighbourhood of the great towns excepted) which can pretend to elegance or tase, are the *ci-devant* religious establisments, which are converted pretty generally into manufactories: neither well-built villages, nor comfortable farm-houses, are often to be seen here. The middling, as well as the higher ranks, usually live in the towns, and it seems as if the country was entirely abandoned to the peasants, who cultivate the ground, and to their overseers. The roads do not afford the same variety as in England. From Bourdeaux to Tours (a distance of above two hundred miles) I did not meet a private carriage of any sort.

Public diligences and cabriolets carry all travellers who go in carriages, and enormous waggons, with only two wheels, convey all goods, whether the merchandize of the town, or the productions of the country. As for my living on the road, I have, in my last, described it to you; and, as to my companions, I have only to say, that they were all of them easy, good-humoured, and agreeable. This is indeed the universal character of Frenchmen in mixed companies; they are not at all reserved, but on the contrary lay themselves out to please and be pleased, and are generally successful. There was only one of my fellow-passengers, whose story was so strongly marked as to be worthy of a particular account: I shall mention this case in my next.

I shall conclude this letter with a description of the *petit commerce* of the fair *marchandes*, in all the towns on this road. Had Sterne travelled this way, or heard of this class of tradeswomen, they would have had a conspicuous place in his *Sentimental Journey*. In every town, as soon as the carriage stops, or you enter the inn, you are surrounded by a groupe of young girls and women, all neatly dressed, and some very handsome. They all sell the same things....knives, scissars, and tooth-picks, made at Chatellerault. The power of beauty, and all the arts of female eloquence and persuasion, are used to induce you to buy a two penny tooth-pick, in case you are already provided with knives and scissars. As it is very hard to refuse a handsome

coaxing young woman so small a favour, my pockets were soon full of tooth-picks. It is the custom here for every one to have a *couteau* in their pocket, to cut their meat and bread with, as at the inns they do not give you knives, but only forks. Those *couteaux* are the articles principally sold by the fair retailers of the manufactues of Chatellerault, as every one who travels this road must be provided with one of them. When I consider how poor the profits of those female pedlars must be, I cannot but regret that so much beauty, address, and persuasive power, should be exerted to so small advantage.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE PARADES.

(*Concluded from page* 204.)

M. de Berthois being unable to bear the sea, the vessel was ordered to repair to Portsmouth, for which place the two gentlemen set out, after taking a cordial leave of their Plymouth friends, and their countrymen in Mill-prison, amongst whom in due time, their agent had orders to distribute ten guineas. They arrived at Portsmouth at ten in the evening; and the next two days were employed in examining the various fortifications of Portsmouth, Gosport, and South-Sea-Castle: after which Parades, as a country gentleman of fortune, hired a pleasure-yatch, in which they surveyed Hurst-Castle, the Needles, Spithead, and St. Helens. Berthois being fully satisfied with all Parades' plans and observations were perfectly just, they departed for Dover, their vessel being ordered to wait for them there; and in a short time after, they set sail and landed in safety at Calais.

Two days after this they arrived at Versailles, where their plans and observations were examined separately and found to correspond; they only differed in opinion on the mode of attack. The promises made to Berthois were faithfully fulfilled; he received the cross of St. Louis, the brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and a pension of four thousand livres, with the reversion to his wife and children.

Parades, who only obtained the brevet of mestre de camp of cavalry, without the cross, was highly dissatisfied, as he very justly alleged that the most dangerous part of the business was imposed on him, while they seemed only to regard him as the guide of M. de Berthois: his loud remonstrance on this subject, was the first cause of the disagreement between him and the ministry.

When M. de Berthois, the engineer, delivered in his report, it was decided that the necessary dispositions should be made not only for attacking Portsmouth, but likewise the Isle of Wight.

M. de Sartine agreed with Parades, that the attack should be made by the surprise of a sudden invasion ....but when the plans were laid before the council, they were greatly altered, and at length wholly rejected, though the propositions were extremely simple. He required four thousand men for Plymouth, and fifteen hundred for Hurst-Castle that commands the passage of the Needles; two ships of the line, two frigates, and two fire-ships: the troops were to be embarked at Brest as if for America, and when once out of port, it became his province to conduct them to the place of their destination.

He had his small vessels constantly in motion, to acquaint him with every naval movement of the enemy; nor was he ignorant of what passed in the cabinet-council at St. James. He could not have been in more security at Brest than he was at Plymouth, where all was in perfect tranquillity: the English had not any suspicion of the danger that threatened them. But the French ministry thought his means too weak to attain the desired purpose; they wished for an enterprise of eclat,

and that very idea was the cause of its failure. Orders were given to Parades and M. de Berthois, to confer with M. de Vaux and to lay their plans and observations before him: from which he prepared and digested a plan conformably to the views of the ministry, for an attack upon Portsmouth; and instead of five thousand five hundred troops, and two millions of livres for expenses, which the count required, an army of thirty thousand men was assembled at an expense of fifty millions of livres, to perform.... Nothing,....as Parades had predicted.

M. le Comte charged M. d'Orvilliers with gross neglect, in not paying proper attention to his intelligence; by which neglect, many valuable British convoys escaped: this made him his most inveterate enemy; and as d'Orvilliers was the protege of M. de Montbarrey, he found means to prejudice the prince against Parades; so that when he strongly solicited the ministry for the cross of St. Louis, he experienced the disappointment of a refusal, though M. de Sartine endeavoured to console him by an assurance, that it should be sent on his arrival at Brest.

The French armament under d'Orvilliers sailed from Brest in quest of the Spanish fleet, with which they were to form a junction, though Parades strongly remonstrated against that measure, and recommended, in the most forcible terms, that instead of steering for the coast of Spain, d'Orvilliers with thirty sail of the line should direct his course up the channel, and make an immediate descent on that of England.

"Had my advice been taken," says Parades, "the English would have been embarrassed in the highest degree: that power had not above fifteen sail of the line in a condition fit for sea; therefore the enterprise would have been easy with the French forces alone: but reasons of state, of which I am totally ignorant, determined it otherwise. Events shewed I was right, as the English squadron did not put to sea till a month after d'Orvilliers; though from the time of their sailing to the capture of the Ardent, ships were daily joining their fleet as soon as they were fitted for sea."

In conformity to the orders of M. de Sartine, M. Parades embarked at Brest in the frigate la Gloire, and on the 7th of August fell in with the French fleet under Ushant: he immediately repaired with government despatches on board the Bretagne, in which ship M. d'Orvilliers hoisted his flag, and had a conference with the admiral, who repeated to him what he had already been informed of before by the officers, "That he did not think it was in his power to act with any prospect of success, on account of the bad state of the ships and the lateness of the season."

At this time advice was received of the sailing of an English outward-bound fleet, which it would have been easy to have intercepted. Parades proposed to the admiral to double Ushant; but his advice was followed when it was too late: on the 14th, signals were made for an enemy's fleet, the rear division of which was visible from the masts' heads; but the admiral pretending to believe them a part of Cordova's squadron, refused, though contrary to the opinion of his officers, to throw out the signal to chace.

The provisions and water of the fleet being nearly exhausted, and no convoy arriving from Brest, Parades advised the admiral to steer for Plymouth, demanding only six hundred men, a bomb-vessel, and a fire-ship, to make himself master of the place. The admiral seemed willing to grant his request; but the officers representing the smallness of the force to be employed, persuaded M. d'Orvilliers to the contrary; and he told Parades in private, that his age and rank as a land officer, were the obstacles that laid in his way.

In the meantime, a cutter sent to Plymouth by the master of Parades's vessel arrived, requiring to know the reason why the French fleet did not enter and seize the

place, as there was not a single vessel in the sound, the British squadron being then cruising between the Start and Lizard. At length the Mutine lugger, under the command of the chevalier de Roquefuille, was dispatched to reconnoitre Plymouth, and reported on his return, that he had discovered nine 80 gun-ships and six frigates riding in the sound, and that by his glass he had observed the masts of a much larger number behind the citadel. This was positively asserted; yet Parades was so well convinced of the contrary, and made such solid objections to the report, that the chevalier was greatly embarrassed, but nevertheless stood to his point.

Parades's representations appeared so just, that it was resolved to despatch a frigate on the same inquiry, from which, on her return, a similar account was received. The agreement of these reports convinced Parades, that the captains sent to reconnoitre, being his enemies, had combined in bringing a false account. He therefore earnestly requested the admiral to set him on shore after dark, with two sailors and a marine officer, solemnly promising to rejoin him on board the Bretagne in the morning. D'Orvilliers seemed inclined to grant his request, but was again dissuaded by the officers, who told him, that it would be highly degrading to the captains he had sent, should he dispute their word.

Parades being thus silenced, (though he had reason on his side,) it was unanimously resolved, that the blockade of the English fleet should continue, and the Magicienne frigate was dispatched to carry the news to court. What opinion can now be formed of d'Orvilliers and his officers? It was then known at Versailles, and over Europe, that the English fleet was at sea, cruising in the chops of the channel.

As to Parades, his reputation fell a sacrifice to the false reports of the two officers, whose mean jealousy of his credit with the ministry rendered them traitors to the king and the state.

After these repeated disappointments the count fell sick, and easily obtained leave to quit the fleet: on the 4th of September he was landed at Brest from the Tartar frigate. Soon after his arrival he had a relapse, and was confined by illness above a month. On his recovery, he found that calumny had attacked his character from all quarters; but he disregarded it, as springing from those who were envious of his merit and promotion.

His indefatigable spirit prompted him to form three more different plans of attack on the coasts of Britain; and he had even formed a model in plaister of Paris, of the citadel of Plymouth and the adjacent eminences, shewing the modes to be pursued, either in rendering the French masters of it by surprise, or by open attack: ships and troops were readily promised, but the usual procrastination prevailed till it was known that Plymouth was completely secured against any attempt, when Parades and his projects were entirely laid aside.

Government was now in arrears with him to the amount of 587620 livres; and as all the hopes which he had entertained from the success of his labours was completely blasted, he turned his thoughts towards procuring a reimbusement, but in vain. On his application to one minister, he was referred to another; at one time he was told that his accounts were under examination, and would soon be expedited; at the end of which he was advised to wait with respect and patience: at last the ministers wearied with his importunities, caused him to be arrested on charges of unjustly assuming the name of an honourable family, and of betraying the secrets of state. The first charge he endeavoured to repel, by offering to prove his descent from that family, and made a pertinent observation to this purport, "While I can serve you, what does it signify who I am?"

The other charge, though unjust, was more difficult to obviate: Parades in the course of his missions, had been unavoidably under the necessity of giving such explanations to his confidants as might in some degree countenance that charge. The truth was, the ministers had done with him, and were resolved to be no longer teazed with his remonstrances: the result was, that he was committed to the bastile.

The origin of this enterprising adventurer was extremely obscure. He and his friends constantly asserted his descent from a noble house in Spain; though in his answers to the interrogatories of M. de Noir at the bastile, he was unable to prove it: on the contrary, many believed him to be the son of a pastry-cook at Phalzbourg, and the latter opinion obtained general credit. But as M. Parades justly observed, "Provided he could do the king service, of what signification was it who he was?" In his early tour through Germany and Swisserland, he called himself M. Robert de Parades; but on his arrival in Paris with letters of recommendation to M. de Vergennes, he for the first time took the title of count.

In the memoir which Parades presented to M. Sartine, he informed him, that had the making of his own fortune been his principal object, he could easily have doubled it; but the king's service demanding his whole attention, the advantages accruing to himself were those that arose from accidental circumstances. Notwithstanding this declaration, it will appear hereafter, that Parades had by no means omitted making full use of these accidental circumstances, nor of the passports granted by the king for the two vessels he had purchased in England.

The produce of his private adventures, viz. by the purchase and sale of several vessels; the profits of his shares in six privateers; on the exchange of louis d'ors into guineas, &c. brought him in a few months the sum of 825000 livres. He lent 250000 livres on secure mortgages; purchased a house in Paris for which he gave 70000 livres, besides 50000 expended in furniture and horses. He kept in bank 450000 livres, (independently of the sums belonging to government,) to wait opportunities of trying farther the fortune that had used him so well.

Parades was kept in the bastile four months; after which, nothing of consequence being proved against him, he obtained his liberty, and engaged the castle of Vrainville for his future residence, where he was styled M. le Comte by his domestics.

His restless spirit not suffering him to remain long stationary in any place, he made several voyages to Gibraltar, England, and Spain: then taking two of his stewards with him, who bore the name of *Richard*, and were believed by many to be his brothers, he retired to the island of St. Domingo, where he died, leaving a great part of his fortune, with his plans, manuscripts, and memoirs of his life, to Richard the elder, who, in justice to his brother or his friend, or both, it is hoped, will not suffer them to be lost to the world.

The variegated history of this man will, in some measure, shew the impolicy of abrogating titles and other honourable marks of distinction, which as certainly as pecuniary treasures, form part of the riches of a state; as the most estimable reward Parades proposed to himself by the hazard of his life on innumerable occasions, was the Cross of St. Louis.

Account of the present state of the province of Buenos-Ayres, in South-America.

SINCE the time of Ulloa and of Condamine, the state of this part of South-America has undergone great alterations for the better. The whole tract of country which now constitutes the province of Buenos-Ayres, was formerly sub-

ject to the controul of the viceroy of Peru; but, in 1778, it was erected into a separate government. The country has been greatly benefited by this regulation, and particularly by an edict of the king of Spain, promulgated in the same year, by which a free trade was granted. In 1791, Spanish as well as foreign merchants moreover received permission to import negro-slaves and hardware, and to export in return the productions of the country. This encouragement has contributed greatly to the advancement of agriculture, and the increase of population; and, such is the fertility of the soil, that, if the same wise regulations should continue in force, Buenos-Ayres will probably become, in a short time, the granary of South-America, and of Spain. Another royal edict, dated April 10, 1793, allowed the exportation of salted meat, as likewise of tallow, duty free.

The most oppressive fetters on industry and commerce having been removed by these and similar royal edicts, the prosperity of the country must continue to increase every year; for, in these regions which are blessed with the most favourable climate, nature alone, if no impediments be thrown in her way, will almost spontaneously produce every thing. The province of Buenos-Ayres has a very great extent, every where abounding with the most fertile cultivated lands: these are intersected, in every direction, by brooks and rivers, which all flow in the great river *De la Plata*. The pasture-grounds support millions of beeves, horses, sheep, and swine. Such numbers of horned cattle are reared, that, in the year 1792, 825,609 ox-hides were shipped for Spain....not to reckon such as were used in the country, or were bartered for negro-slaves. There is an abundance of salt; and no want of convenient places, where boats and ships may take in a cargo of salted flesh for exportation. The Rio de la Plata, the Uraguay, Parana, and other smaller streams, afford great advantages in this respect. There are likewise some good and capacious harbours, as, for instance, those of Buenos-Ayres itself, of Montevideo, Maldonado, and the Bay of Barragan. The fishery on the coasts, especially of the whale and sea-wolf, is frequently very productive: and in the interior of the country, the chase furnishes many articles for commerce; for the skins of the tigers that are found here, are no less esteemed for their beauty, than the ostrich-feathers, of which there is great plenty. In the villages and districts of the Missions, cotton, and likewise flax and hemp are cultivated. Nor is this province entirely destitute of gold mines: some of them are worked near Maldonado and San Luis, at the distance of two hundred *leguas* from the capital.

We shall be best enabled to form a correct idea of the prosperity and commerce of this country, by taking a view of the imports and exports. In the year 1796, there arrived thirty-five loaded ships from Cadiz, twenty-two from Barcelona; Malaga, and Alfaquez; nine from Corunna; five from Santander; one from Vigo; and one from Gijon. The value of that part of the cargoes which consisted of Spanish productions, amounted to 1,705,866 American piasters. The value of the foreign manufactures, &c. which were imported in the above ships, amounted to 1,148,078; and sum total of both, to 2,853,944 piasters. On the other hand, there sailed from Buenos-Ayres, twenty-six ships for Cadiz; ten for Barcelona, Malaga, and Alicante; eleven for Corunna; and four for Santander. These carried coined and uncoined gold of the value of 1,425,701 piasters. The value of the silver exported amounted to nearly 2,556,304, and that of the other productions of province, to 1,076,877 piasters. The value of all the exports consequently amounted to 5,058,882. The goods exported, consisted of 874,593

raw ox-hides; 43,752 horse-hides; 24,436 skins of a finer sort, 46,800 arrobas of melted tallow; 771 arrobas of Vicunna wool; 2264 arrobas of common wool; and 291 arrobas of the wool of the Guanaco, or camel-sheep; 11,890 goosewings; 451,000 ox-horns; 3223 cwt. of copper; 4 cwt. of tin; 2541 tanned hides; 222 dozen of manufactured sheep-skins; 2123 cwt. of salted beef; and 185 cwt. of salted pork.

From the Havanna two ships arrived. These were freighted with 22,159 arrobas of sugar; 239 casks of brandy; 212 large vessels full of honey; 258 arrobas of cacao; 1864 arrobas of white wax: and 750 varas of acana wood; the whole value of the imports from the Havanna amounting to 123,562 piasters. In the same year fourteen ships sailed from Buenos-Ayres to the Havanna. Their cargoes consisted of 24,060 piasters in gold; 69,050 cwt. of salted flesh, 13,600 arrobas of tallow; 252 dozens of manufactured sheep-skins; 323 skins of a finer sort; 190 arrobas of wool; 280 goose-wings; the value of all these exports to the Havanna amounting to 160,110 piasters.

Two ships from Lima and Guayaquil, brought 10,975 arrobas of sugar; 200 salt-stones; 1472 arrobas of cacao; 816 arrobas of rice; 378 pounds of cinnamon; 990 pounds of indigo; the value of the whole amounting to 50,154 piasters. In return, 20,94 hoes; 238 slaves; 1680 arrobas of tallow; 620 pounds of thread; 42 dozen pairs of silk stockings; and 120 hats, were sent from Buenos-Ayres to the above named places. The value of all these exports amounted to 67,150 piasters.

In the same year, 1350 negro-slaves were imported in four Spanish, and five foreign ships. On the other hand, two foreign ships, and nine belonging to the country, sailed from Buenos-Ayres on a slave-trade voyage, carrying with them 159,820 piasters in money, and of the productions of the country and other merchandize, as much as was estimated at 24,703 piasters.

The rapid increase of trade in the province, clearly appears from a comparative state of the imports and exports of the years 1795 and 1796. In this latter year, there were imported 932,481 piasters' worth of goods from Spain; 760,361 piasters' worth from the Havanna; and 50,154 piasters' worth from Lima, more than in the year immediately preceding. The importation of negro-slaves, likewise exceeded in value that of the former year, about 11,895 piasters. The exports too were likewise much more considerable: the excess of those to Spain amounting to 274,476 piasters.

But, in the following years, through the war, and the insecurity of commerce thereby occasioned, a change for the worse had taken place. This we learn from the *Correo Mercantil* of the year 1799, No. 3, which contains a letter from Buenos-Ayres, dated October 31, 1798, relative to the stagnation of trade. According to this letter, above three millions of skins were lying in the warehouses of the capital and Montevideo, which could not be exported, on account of the danger of their falling into the hands of the enemy. Many sorts of European goods and manufactures were totally wanting, or had risen to prices excessively high. In particular, a great want was felt of European linen; in lieu of it, however, they substituted stuffs, either manufactured from cotton in the country itself, or imported from Peru. Of these stuffs, which are much esteemed, above a million of ells were, in the above-named year, imported into Buenos-Ayres. Those most in request, come from the country of the Chiquitos and Moxos. Brandy and Spanish liquors could not be procured at any price. They endeavoured, however, to supply the most pressing wants, by encouraging the manufactures of the coun-

try; so that the stagnation of trade may eventually prove beneficial to the province, by forcing them to the knowledge and exercise of their own powers and resources.

Montevideo is the most considerable, and most advantageously situated harbour of the whole province. Don Bruno de Zabala was the first, who, in the year 1731, settled here with fourteen or fifteen families from Palma, one of the Canary islands, and laid the foundations of the city. Since that time it has greatly increased, and still continues to rise in importance, in proportion as the trade of the province becomes more extensive. Provisions are here very plentiful and cheap. This abundance of the necessaries of life, encourages, in the common people, a propensity to idleness, which has given rise to an order of strollers who are called *Gauderios*. Their mode of life resembles that of the gypsies, except that they are not addicted to thieving. These vagabonds are natives of Montevideo, or the circumjacent places: they are very badly clothed, their whole dress consisting only of a coarse shirt, and a worse upper garment. These articles of dress, together with horse-furniture, serve them for bedding, and a saddle for a pillow. They stroll about with a kind of small guitars, to the sound of which they sing ballads of their own composition, or such as they have learned from others. Love is in general the subject of these songs. Thus they wander about the country, and endeavour to divert the peasants, who, in return, shew their gratitude by furnishing them with victuals during their stay with them, and even giving them other horses when they lose their own. This liberality and generosity will appear the less surprising, when it is considered, that in this country horses are of very little value. Great herds of them run about wild in the vast plains, and seem to belong to whoever will take the trouble of catching them. The Gauderios generally march about in parties consisting of four, and sometimes even of more. With respect to the means of procuring food, they give themselves so little concern, that, when setting out on an excursion, they provide themselves only with a rope, a few balls, which are fastened to the ends of the ropes, and a knife. When attacked by hunger, they contrive to get one of the young cows or bulls, which run about wild, entangled in their snares. They throw the captured animal down, tie its legs together, and then cut, even before it is dead, the flesh, together with the skin, from the bone, make a few incisions in it, and, thus prepared, put it to the fire: when half-roasted, it is devoured without any addition or condiment, except a little salt, when they happen to carry any with them. Some of them kill a cow merely for the purpose of obtaining the flesh between the ribs and the skin. Others eat nothing except the tongue, which they roast in the red-hot embers. The remainder of the carcase is all left in the field, and becomes the prey of carnivorous birds and wild beasts. Others again are still more easily satisfied, taking nothing but the marrow-bone, from which they cut off all the flesh, and then hold it over the fire till the marrow becomes soft and fluid. Sometimes they practise the following singular mode of cookery. Having killed a cow, they take out the entrails, and, collecting all the tallow and lumps of fat, put them into the hollow carcase. They then kindle some dried cow-dung, and apply it to the tallow, that it may take fire, and penetrate into the flesh and bones. For this purpose, they close up the carcase as well as possible, so that the smoke comes out at the mouth, and another aperture made in the lower part of the belly. In this manner a cow often continues roasting a whole night, or a considerable part of the day. When it is done enough, the company place themselves around, and each

cuts for himself the piece he likes best, and devours it without bread or salt. What remains, is left in the field, except any of them happens to carry a portion of this favourite food to some particular friend.

There are two ways of travelling from Montevideo to Buenos-Ayres: one of them by land as far as El Real de San Carlos. In the dry season of the year, this is the shortest; but, in the rainy season, the smallest rivulets swell to such a height, that no one can cross them without danger, sometimes not at all. At San Carlos boats are always in readiness to transport passengers across the Rio de la Plata, which is here ten *leguas* broad, and to carry back the orders of the governor, and all kinds of provisions, to San Carlos. The most usual manner of travelling from Montevideo to Buenos-Ayres, is by water. If the weather be favourable, a boat may perform this passage in twenty-four hours, though the distance be forty *leguas*; but, when the wind is contrary, it may happen, that fourteen days will scarcely be sufficient.

Buenos-Ayres is situated on the western bank of the great river De la Plata. So lately as forty years ago, this city was considered as only the fourth as to rank and importance in the viceroyalty of Peru. Lima then held the first rank, and next in importance to that capital, were Cuzco and Santiago in Chili. Since that time, circumstances have greatly altered, and at present, Lima alone can be reckoned superior to Buenos-Ayres. Since this latter city became the seat of a new government, it has greatly increased, and still daily increases, in consequence of the improved state of agriculture and commerce, and, in the course of time, will probably rise to an equal rank with Lima itself. Formerly, the citizens of Buenos-Ayres had no country-houses; and, except peaches, none of the finer sorts of fruits were produced here. At present, there are but few persons of opulence but have villas, and cultivate in their gardens all kinds of fruit, culinary plants, and flowers. The houses are in general not very high; but most of them are built in a light but beautiful manner.

At Buenos-Ayres, the men, as well as the women, dress after the Spanish mode, and all the fashions are brought thither from the mother country. The ladies in Buenos-Ayres are reckoned the most agreeable and handsome of all South-America; and, though they do not equal those of Lima in magnificence, yet their manner of dressing and decorating themselves is not less pleasing, and even evinces a greater delicacy of taste.

Until the year 1747, no regular post was established either in Buenos-Ayres, or the whole province of Tucumah, notwithstanding the great intercourse and trade with the neighbouring provinces. Merchants sent, as often as they found it necessary, a messenger with their letters; and their friends and neighbours made use of the same conveyance; or, what was more usual, they loaded travellers with letters and commissions, &c. which was however attended with great delays and inconvenience, as from Jujui to Mendoza one is obliged to travel very slowly in a kind of two-wheeled carts. But, in 1748, the viceroy Don Andonaegui instituted regular posts.

Buenos-Ayres is well supplied with provisions: of flesh-meat in particular, there is so great an abundance, that it is frequently distributed *gratis* to the poor. The river water is rather muddy: but it soon becomes clear and drinkable, by being kept in large tubs or earthen vessels. Of fish too there is a great abundance.

Neither in the district of Buenos-Ayres, nor in Tucuman, does any snow ever fall: sometimes it freezes a little, so as to cover the water with a thin coating of ice, which

is collected and preserved with great care for the purpose of cooling their liquors.

That the climate of Buenos-Ayres is very salubrious, appears from the proportion of the births to the deaths; and consequently the city has not been improperly named. In June, July, August, and September, however, fogs arise from the river, which affect the lungs and breast. The vehement winds too, which blow from the Pampas, and are therefore called *Pamperos*, prove very troublesome to the inhabitants.

Those who wish to cross the continent from Buenos-Ayres to Peru, have many things to attend to, and guard against. The greatest danger arises from Indians who inhabit the Pampas. Whole troops of these attack travellers, and cause them much loss. The Pampas Indians, as well as the other tribes of savages, send out scouts to acquire intelligence of the number and strength of travellers. These spies frequently pretend to be deserted or driven away and pursued by their countrymen. The laziness of the Pampass surpasses all description. On this account the number does not increase; and the Spaniards entertain well-founded hopes that the whole race will soon be extinguished. They are treacherous and cowardly; and, although they can manage the lance with some skill, on horseback, they do not possess valour sufficient to maintain the combat for any length of time. Their victories over the Spaniards are therefore very rare. 'Tis then only that their atttacks prove successful, when they are able to lie in ambush, and surprise their enemy, or when fifteen of them fight against one European.

SPECIMENS OF LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

(Continued from page 218.)

LETTER III.

MY DEAR P.

THE observations which I offered on two beautiful passages, the one from Gray, the other from Horace, have not exhausted the subject, on which I was then treating. Allow me to submit to your consideration another instance of similar coincidence, which has always appeared to me very remarkable, though it seems to have escaped the notice of other readers. In the Bard we have a picture, exhibiting the death of Richard II. by famine, as recorded by Archbishop Scroop and the older writers, executed by by the boldest pencil of creative Fancy:

> Fill high the sparkling bowl,
> *The rich repast prepare;*
> Reft of a crown he still may share the feast.
> Close by the regal chair
> *Fell Thirst and Famine* scowl
> A baneful smile upon their baffled guest.

Compare these fine lines with the following, equally fine, lines of Virgil:

> .....Lucent genialibus altis
> Aurea fulcra toris; *epulæq. ante ora paratæ*
> *Regifico luxu. Furiarum maxima juxta*
> *Accubat,* et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
> Exurgitque facem attollens, atq. intonat ore.
>
> Æn. B. VI. l. 603.

The two poets chanced to have the same subject in contemplation. Your attention will be caught at first view by a striking similarity of manner in the execution of their design. It will be observed also, that this manner, so admirably suited to their purpose, is out of the common way, very far beyond the reach of common minds. In order to aggravate the distress, and to render the inflicted torments more poignantly excruciating, a rich and luxurious banquet is, with exquisite refinement, previously prepared by each of these great masters, and spread in splendid array before the face of the unfortunate sufferers;

the sight of which, while they are withheld from partaking it, irritates the cravings of hunger, even to agony. Their constrained abstinence is enforced in both, by the same poetical machinery. In Gray, *Fell Thirst and Famine* exactly correspond to the *chief of the furies* in Virgil. The *baneful smile, scowled on the baffled guest*, in the former, carries with it, perhaps, more of scorn and mortifying insult, than the more direct opposition of the Fury, with her *up-lifted torch and thundering voice*, does in the latter. Still, however, the imagery ....the turn of thought....the plan and structure of the piece, and the disposition of the parts, are in both instances precisely the same.

Whence this extraordinary congruity arose, or by what means it was affected, I will not take upon me to determine. So far I will venture to say, and I assure myself of your cordial concurrence, that Gray's charming stanza, when seen by itself, has very much the air of an original.

"Common sense," we are told on high authority, "directs us for the most part to regard resemblances in great writers, not as the pilferings, or frugal acquisitions of needy art, but as the honest fruits of genius, the free and liberal bounties of unenvying nature."

The LEARNED CRITIC calls for this liberality of judgment in behalf of the *Poets*, with whom particularly he was concerned. I find myself, just at this present, very much disposed to claim the same consideration for the writers in *Prose;* having in my mind two passagss from two celebrated writers in that form, which I am strongly tempted to send you.

The late Dr. Ogden, who in my judgment, holds the very *highest rank* amongst the *most eminent* preachers, in one of those excellent sermons on the fifth commandment, addressing himself to a young man, whose behaviour he supposes less correct than it ought to be, enforces the obligations of children to their parents in a strain of irresistible eloquence, as follows:

"Now so proud! self-willed! inexorable! thou couldst then only ask by wailing, and move them by thy tears; and they were moved. Their heart was touched with thy distress: they relieved and watched thy wants, before thou *knewest thine own necessities, or their kindness.* They clothed thee; *thou knewest not that thou wast naked.* Thou *askedst not for bread;* but they fed thee."

Did you ever read? or can any young man, however proud, self-willed, inexorable, ever read this impassioned address without emotion? Nor can we easily persuade ourselves otherwise than that the respectable author was here transcribing the affections of his own heart; for, as appears from the short memoirs of his life, drawn up and prefixed to an edition of his sermons, in two volumes, by the late Dr. Hallifax, he was a truly affectionate and dutiful son, such a one as "maketh a glad father."

It may not be uninteresting to see the same thoughts worked up into an elegant form by an admired Ancient. Xenophon, you will recollect, in his Memoirs of Socrates, introduces the Philosopher discoursing in the following terms:

Η γυνη ὑποδεξαμενη το φορτιον τουτο, βαρυνομενη τε και κινδυνευουσα περι τω βιω, και μεταδιδουσα της τροφης, ἡ και αυτη τρεφεται, και συν πολλω πονω διενεγκουσα και τεκουσα τρεφει τε και επιμελειται, ουδε προπεπονθυια ουδεν αγαθον, ουδε ΓΙΓΝΩΣΚΟΝ ΤΟ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ ὙΦ ὋΤΟΥ ΕΥΠΑΣΧΕΙ, ουδε ΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΝΟΝ ὋΤΟΥ ΔΕΙΤΑΙ.

XEN. MEM. l. ii. c. 11.

The sentiments under the expressions, marked in the English text by Italics, and by capitals in the Greek, bear, you will take notice, a striking resemblance to each other; and, though evidently most just and natural, are, so far as my observa-

tion goes, no where to be found, but in these two passages. If you read the whole chapter, from which the lines above are taken, and the perusal will abundantly repay your trouble, you will find throughout a great similarity of thought between the Philosopher and the Preacher. In the short passage immediately before us, the Preacher appears to have given more of pathos to the subject, by a judicious amplification illustrating the general sentiment by specific instances, very happily chosen to affect the feelings.

Dr. Ogden was undoubtedly well versed in all the works of Xenophon. May we not therefore suppose, without any derogation from his merit, that, while he was composing this admirable sermon, his thoughts might take their colour from the tints, collected upon his mind by frequent communication with this fine writer?

Whatever may be your opinion on this point, you will not, I am persuaded, regret my having called your attention to an old acquaintance, nor think your time misemployed in comparing the works of two such authors as Xenophon and Dr. Ogden; from either of whom you cannot fail, as you read, of receiving the highest gratification.

I could amuse myself, if I thought it would be equally amusing to you, with tracing these literary resemblances still further. But I rather wish you now to consider with me another species of imitation, if it may be so called; "the management of which," Dr. Hurd says, "is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of *Invention*;" I mean, the allusions often made by the first writers to old rites and ceremonies, or to prominent circumstances in ancient or modern history.

Dr. Hurd somewhere notices a beautiful specimen of this delicate allusion in a poem, called the Spleen, by Mr. Green, of the Custom-house. The Poet is recommending exercise, as a sovereign remedy against that depression of spirits, and those hypocondriac affections, which are always produced by this morbid humour; and exemplifies his doctrine by one of the simplest and most trivial modes, which can possibly be conceived.

Fling but a stone.

You will not discover in this plain sentence any great effort of imagination, any rich colouring of expression, any thing either of novelty or beauty. But when to this so common an action is added the unexpected image, under which is conveyed the promised benefit,

The giant dies.

all the circumstances attending an interesting history, which we have been accustomed to read from our childhood, and to think important from an early reverence for the writings, in which it is contained, are at once recalled to the mind; and give to the passage a life and spirit beyond what the greatest refinement of thought, with all the embellishments of language, could ever have produced.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

Of the same class with this I have always considered that fine imagery, under which Mr. Gray represents the indications of genius, supposed to discover themselves in the infancy of our immortal Shakspeare ....the early promise of his future greatness. On the awful appearance of NATURE, who comes in a majestic form to invest her *darling* with the happily-fancied ensigns of that high office, which he was destined afterwards to fill with such astonishing powers,

.....the *dauntless child*
Strech'd forth his *little hands* and smil'd.

Did you ever contemplate the animated figure of this *dauntless* child without recurring, at the same time, in your mind, to the fabulous description of Hercules in the cradle, grasping in his infant hands

the serpents, and throwing them playfully at the feet of his father?

Ητοι αρ' ως ειδον' ΕΠΙΤΙΤΘΙΟΝ Ηραχληα
Θηρι δυω χειρεσσιν απριξ ΑΠΑΔΑΙΣΙΝ εχοντα
Συμπληγδην, ιαχησαν' ὁδ' ες πατερ' Αμφιτρυωνα
Ερπετα δεικανασχων, επαλλετο δ' υψοθι χαιρων.

Theoc. Idyl. xxiv.

In these examples every thing is plain and obvious. The propriety and aptitude of the allusions are seen at once. But it has often occurred to me, that we lose many beauties in the ancient poets from not knowing the facts, to which probably, frequent allusions are made, to us, at this distance of time totally inexplicable.

I have been led into this train of thought by an obscure passage in one of the Odes of Horace; which has created no small perplexity amongst the scholiasts and commentators, such of them I mean, as have ventured to remark upon it; for some of the first order, as Bentley, Gesner, and others, with a reserve not very unusual where real difficulties occur, have kept a wary silence.

.....Hinc *apicem rapax*
Fortuna cum *stridore acuto*
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

CARM. LIB. 1. O. 34.

It may not be unamusing to observe for a moment, how these *learned Critics* puzzle themselves in endeavouring to explain what, by their aukward attempts, they very plainly shew that they did not at all understand.

One gravely interprets the term *rapax* by *mutabilis*, *acuto* by *luctuoso*.

Another, by an exposition still more extrardinary, renders *rapax* sustulit by *clam* sustulit.

A third, with great importance, on the words cum *stridore acuto*, "his verbis puto significari Fortunæ commutationem, quæ vix intelligi potest sine magno sonitu ac fragore. Stridor enim sonitum ac strepitum significat, non clamorem."

Thus do they go blundering on, rendering "confusion worse confounded," not attempting, any of them, to describe the unusual figure which Fortune is here made to assume. Had they attended a little more to this circumstance, it would perhaps saved them much of the trouble, in which they have involved both themselves and their readers.

Bene, says a modern Editor, in general an acute and sagacious interpreter of his author, Baxter, cum *stridore acuto*, cum ante posuerit *rapax*, adinstar scilicet procellosi turbinis.

This roar of storm and thunder seems also to have rumbled in the ears of M. Dacier; though, when on second thoughts he explains *stridore acuto* by the sounds made by the wings of Fortune, he seems to have caught a glimpse of the real image, which the Poet had in his eye, that of a soaring eagle; as will appear from an extraordinary occurrence related by the historian. I will beg leave to transcribe the passage.

"Ei (Lucumoni) carpento sedenti cum uxore, AQUILA suspensis demissa leniter alis *pileum* aufert superq. carpentum cum *magno clangore* volitans rursus, velut ministerio divinitus missa, capiti apte reponit; inde sublimis abiit. Accepisse id augurium læta dicitur Tanaquil, perita, ut vulgo Etrusci, celestium prodigiorum mulier. Excelsa et alta sperare complexa virum jubet. Eam alitem ea regione cœli, et ejus Dei nunciam venisse. Circa summum culmen hominis auspicium fecisse. Levasse humano superpositum capiti *decus*, ut eidem divinitus redderet." Liv. lib. i. c. 34.

Wonders and prodigies ever attend the remoter periods of great states and kingdoms. They never fail to be recorded in their earlier

annals; are superstitiously delivered down from father to son, and received with an easy and willing credence amongst the populace. Of this description is the tale of LUCUMO and the EAGLE; which I doubt not was as familiar amongst the Romans, as well-known, and as often repeated, as with us the legends of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, Guy Earl of Warwick, St. George and the Dragon, &c.

Thus it appears, that the Poet, when he attributed so uncommon a figure to Fortune, with so singular a mode of action, alluded to a popular story in every body's mouth. The allusion, of course, was immediately acknowledged by the reader and felt in all its force.

By the light hence thrown on the subject, whatever there was of obscurity has vanished, all difficulties are done away, every expression resumes its usual and proper signification, and the sentence becomes clear and luminous.

The term *rapax* is not, you see, to be understood as epithetical to Fortuna, but to be taken, as adjectives are often used by the poets, adverbially, and joined in construction with the verb sustulit. *Rapax* sustulit, i. e. *rapaciter* sustulit, *rapuit*.

By the expression *stridore acuto*, the great stumbling-block of the commentators, are plainly signified, as intimated by a vague conjecture of the learned Frenchman, the sounds made by the eagle clapping its wings, and screaming in its flight; which the historian expresses by the words *magno clangore*.

I will not fatigue you by dragging you further through these dry and tiresome disquisitions into the niceties of grammatical arrangement, which, I suspect, are not much to your taste. You will not however think that labour in vain, which tends in any way to elucidate the sense of a favourite author, and to draw forth into more open view a latent beauty, which has so long lain buried under the accumulated rubbish thrown over it, from time to time, by professed critics and laborious annotators. Reposing securely on this assurance, for the present I will bid you

Adieu.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE MAMMOTH.

By Mr. Rembrandt Peale.

THE Mammoth is so called from the Russian name, supposed to have been derived from the Hebrew *Behemoth*, Job, chap. xl. It is properly continued, both words being expressive of a large and extraordinary animal.

For a number of years past many large and extraordinary bones and teeth have been discovered both in Siberia and America which at first were generally attributed to the elephant,* except some very large teeth of the carnivorous kind totally different from those of any animal known.

In Siberia they were attributed to the mammoth, whose fabulous existence they supposed to be under ground, and of which Isbrand Ides pretends to give a description. In North-America these large bones and carnivorous grinders have been found in great abundance on the Ohio and its tributary streams, washed from their banks, or discovered by digging in salt morasses in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati; where they are found intermixed with the bones of buffaloes and deer, which a tradition of the Indians states to have been destroyed by a

* Naturalists were led to this idea in consequence of finding, in a few instances in America, but frequently in Siberia, some large graminivorous teeth, which probably belonged to an animal of the elephant kind, though certainly of different species from any known: these teeth are remarkable for size, and in the number of lamellated veins of enamel which pervade them.

herd of these animals which came upon them from the north. This event happened, the Indians believe, as a punishment for their sins; but they say the good spirit at length interposed to save them, and, seating himself on a neighbouring rock, where they show you the print of his seat and of one foot, hurled his thunderbolts among them. All were killed except one male, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off, until, at length wounded, he sprung over the Wabash, the Illinois, and the Great Lake, where he still lives.

These bones were forwarded with great eagerness to all parts of Europe, and deposited in museums, where they attracted the curiosity of all naturalists, whose conjectures and theories on them were very various, until Dr. Hunter, by a more accurate comparison between them and the bones of other animals, determined that they must have belonged to a large nondescript animal of the carnivorous kind, somewhat resembling the hippopotamus and the elephant, yet essentially different from both.

The subject is now completely elucidated. Not long since some farmers in the state of New-York, digging marle from their morasses in the neighbourhood of New-Windsor, accidentally discovered several of these bones, which were preserved by physicians in the neighbourhood. In the autumn of 1801, my father Charles W. Peale and myself, having obtained possession of these bones, persevered for nearly three months, at the expense of much time, labour, and money, in a search for the remainder of the animal; and were fortunate enough to obtain two skeletons, found in two distinct situations, and unmixed with bones of any other individual whatever: one of these is preserved in the museum at Philadelphia, and the other is now exhibiting in the old academy-room, Pall-Mall, previously to its being taken to Paris.

The skeleton of the mammoth bears some general resemblance to that of the elephant, yet on examination even the general figure is found to be considerably different; principally in the effect of the tusks, structure of the head, prominence and pointedness of the back over the shoulders, its great descent thence to the hips, together with the comparative smallness of the body and the necessarily detached effect of the hind-legs....proofs of greater activity than in the elephant. On a closer examination, the characteristic features are greatly multiplied; and with respect to the hind-legs, the idea of activity is confirmed from the structure of the thigh-bones, which are extremely broad and flat, and well adapted for great exertions of strength, beyond that of the elephant, whose thigh-bones are not flat, but round. This effect of strength likewise prevails in the ribs, which are of a very unusual structure, being bent edgewise and having their greatest thickness at top, gradually becoming smaller towards their junction with the cartilage; whereas in the elephant they are bent flatwise, like those of the ox, and are narrow at top and broad at the lower ends. This peculiarity in the ribs of the mammoth is worthy of particular notice, not only on account of the unusual position of strength, but because, from their distance between each other, they show the animal to have had considerable flexibility in its body; to which the breadth and proximity in the ribs of the elephant as well as the ox, are a certain impediment. Besides, as I observed before, the body is comparatively smaller, in consequence of the small length of the ribs.

The spines of the back over the shoulders are of an unusual magnitude, which gives the appearance of a hump, like the bison, and are calculated to give power and motion to the head. Those in the elephant are not so large over the shoulders, but much more so all the way to the sacrum: consequently his back is more arched. The proportionate length of the processes from the

spine of the scapula differs essentially from all other animals. And, independently of any other variation in form, all the bones of the limbs in particular, are astonishingly thick and strong.

We now come to the head, where the most striking features of this animal are to be found; and since between the corresponding parts of all animals there is a general analogy, it is the province of comparative anatomy not only to trace out the points of distinction, but, since they originate from certain fixed principles, in the discrimination of variations, to confirm their propriety by an examination of the principles on which they are founded.

Although it is sufficiently evident to those who are accumstomed to this kind of investigation, from the observation of a few facts, that this animal must have been carnivorous; yet to others it is necessary to introduce every proof and conclusive evidence. Many persons, from a false impression, believe that teeth are determined to be carnivorous merely from their having a rugged surface: with this opinion they very properly ask, "May not the vegetable food be of a coarser quality?" It is true that the surface is roughest on those graminivorous teeth which are employed in the mastication of the coarsest vegetable substances, not only because such roughness is requisite, but because the teeth are rendered so from the quality of the food, the bony interstices wearing down more easily than the ridges of enamel, which operate as the roughness in a mill-stone. It is not therefore from this species of roughness that we presume on so important a determination: the roughness existing on the surface of carnivorous teeth is of another nature, much more strongly marked, and far from being rendered so by usage: the more they are used, the more even do they become. The tooth of a graminivorous animal is composed of *alternate veins* of enamel and bone, which thus pervade the whole mass ....those of carnivorous animals are covered with a shell or crust of enamel, which is merely external, and exists as well in the cavities as on the ridges; which is not the case with other teeth. This enamel is required in the cavities, because the teeth interlock with each other, the prominences striking into the cavities.

An uniform composition of tooth, as it respects the intermixture of enamel and bone, is observed to prevail in those of the elephant, horse, ox, &c. principally differing from each other in the *figure* which those veins of enamel assume, and by which alone they may be discriminated among themselves. On the other hand, carnivorous teeth, incrusted with enamel as far as the gums, yet vary in the form and number of their protuberances, so as generally to designate their species: yet among them there is a very proper distinction to be observed, which is, that those carnivorous animals, the form of whose teeth and the attachment of whose jaws allow them the side or grinding motion, are always of the mixt kind. Man, the monkey, hog, &c. are carnivorous animals, because their teeth are incrusted with enamel, and because they do eat flesh; yet they are adapted for other food, by the rotatory motion of their jaws and the form of their teeth: this rotatory motion does not exist in the jaws of those animals which live entirely upon flesh; for they are attached by an oblong head or process inserted into a transverse groove, and consequently have no other motion than up and down. In graminivorous animals the under jaw is attached by means of a considerably round head (condyloid process) to a prominence of flat surface, so that they *rotate;* and, to favour this motion, the coronoid process is generally thicker and not so long as the condyloid; whereas in carnivorous animals the coronoid process is extremely flat and long, being never acted on except lengthwise.

But it must not even be supposed that an animal may be of the mixt

kind, unless we observe a capacity for mastication; without which we must declare it exclusively carnivorous.

Some object to the carnivorous nature of the mammoth from its not having cutting or canine teeth. To this it may be replied, that if we form our rule of judgment, as to what constitutes a graminivorous animal, from the construction of an ox's jaw, the elephant would certainly be excluded, because it has not *incisores* at least in the lower jaw: the fact is, that all carnivorous as well as graminivorous animals differ among themselves with respect to the number and situation of their teeth; and hence they afforded to the sagacious and celebrated Linnæus the most infallible method of classification, which has since been adopted, either wholly or partially, by all naturalists. The proboscis of the elephant answers the purpose of *incisores:* he therefore requires no others than grinders, which entirely fill his jaws: hence he is completely graminivorous. And although the mammoth is deficient in cutting teeth, and has no other canine teeth than his enormous tusks, the deficiencies of which may have been supplied by a pair of large and powerful lips, indicated by the uncommon sinuosity on the front of the lower jaw; yet I am decidedly of opinion, since it cannot be contradicted by a single proof or fact, that the mammoth was exclusively carnivorous; by which I mean, that he made no use of vegetable food, but either lived entirely on flesh or fish; and not improbably upon shell-fish, if, as there are many reasons to suppose, he was of an amphibious nature. I therefore only require assent to these facts: 1st, The teeth are certainly of the carnivorous kind: 2dly, They are not of the mixed kind, because they have not the least rotatory motion, and so completely lock together; 3dly, Since, therefore they are not graminivorous, since they cannot be of the mixt kind, from a defect in motion, they must be exclusively and positively carnivorous.

Independently of the teeth, the under jaw of the mammoth differs most essentially from that of the elephant, which in its outline is semi-circular, from the condyle to the chin; whereas in the mammoth the outline is distinctly angular, and is much greater in the length than it is in the height, which is the reverse in the elephant; besides several other striking distinctions in both jaws.

When the skeleton was first erected, I was much at a loss how to dispose of the tusks; their sockets showed that they grew out forwards, but did not indicate whether they were curved up or down. I chose, therefore, first to turn them upwards, not because they produced the same effect as in the elephant, for it is evident they could not in any position, owing to two circumstances. In the elephant, taking the level of the teeth for a horizontal base line, the condyle of the neck is at right angles with it; and the perpendicular, one third longer than the base line: hence they are useful on every occasion, the tusks themselves being nearly straight, and pointing downwards; whereas in the mammoth, taking the level of the teeth for a base line, the condyle of the neck is situated but a few inches above it: consequently the sockets for the tusks and the condyle of the neck are in a horizontal direction: this circumstance, together with the extraordinary curve of the tusks, would raise the points in the air, directed in some degree backward over the head, twelve feet from the ground, and never could have been brought lower than six or seven feet from it. This position was evidently absurd: I therefore resolved on reversing them; in which position, in consequence of their twist or double curve, they appear infinitely more serviceable.

Six miles from the spot where this skeleton was discovered we found two entire tusks, in form exactly like those in the skeleton,

but very much worn at the extremities (the point of one I have with me), and worn in so peculiar a manner, considering their form, as could not have happened in an elevated position; unless on the absurd supposition, that the animal amused himself with wearing and rendering them blunt, by rubbing them against high and perpendicular rocks: this in a state of nature can never be supposed, whatever habits may be acquired when in a narrow confinement. There can be no doubt, then, of their having been *used* against the ground, and not improbably in tearing up shell-fish, if, as we have many reasons to suppose, he was of an amphibious nature: for this species of food his teeth seem admirably adapted. All animals of similar habits have similar teeth: this animal has teeth unlike any other with which we are acquainted: there is much reason, therefore, in supposing his food to have been different; especially when we consider the thickness of enamel which covers the teeth, the peculiar manner in which they are worn, and the small opening for the throat. But, whether amphibious or not, in the inverted position of the tusks he could have torn an animal to pieces held beneath his foot, and could have struck down an animal of common size, without having his sight obstructed, as it certainly would have been in the other position.

The tusks themselves are composed of two very distinct substances: the internal bony or ivory part, which we find in the greatest state of decay; and a thick, distinct coating, doubtless having undergone some decay, yet at present absolutely heavier and harder than the freshest ivory. No part of the skeleton is petrified, but all in their present state of preservation from having been surrounded by a calcareous soil, composed principally of decayed shells, and covered with water even in the driest seasons.

How long since these animals have existed, we shall perhaps ever remain in ignorance; as no judgment can be formed from the quantity of vegetable soil which has accumulated over their bones. Certain we are, that they existed in great abundance, from the number of their remains which are found in America: we are likewise sure that they must have been destroyed by some sudden and powerful cause: and nothing appears more probable than one of those deluges or sudden irruptions of the sea, which have left their traces in every part of the globe, and which are in amazing abundance on the very spot where these bones are found: they consist of petrifactions of sea productions, shells, corals, &c. It is extremely probable that, whenever and by whatever means the extirpation of this tremendous race of animals was effected, the same cause must have operated in the destruction of all those inhabitants from whom we might have received some satisfactory account of them.

DIMENSIONS OF THE SKELETON.

	Ft.	*In.*
Height over the shoulders	11	0
Ditto over the hips	9	0
Length from the chin to the rump	15	0
From the point of the tusks to the end of the tail, following the curve	31	0
Length in a straight line	17	0
Width of the hips and body	5	8
Length of the under-jaw	2	10
Weight of the same 63½ *lb.*		
Width of the head	3	2
Length of the thigh-bone	3	7
Smallest circumference of the same	1	6
Length of the tibia	2	0
Length of the humeras, or large bone of the fore-leg	2	10
Largest circumference of the same	3	2½
Smallest ditto ditto	1	5
Length of the radius	2	5½

Circumference round the elbow	3	8
Length of the scapula, or shoulder blade	3	1
Length of the longest vertebra, or back-bone	2	3
Longest rib, without cartilage	4	7
Length of the first rib	2	0
Ditto of the breast-bone	4	0
Length of the tusks, defences, or horns	10	7
Circumference of one tooth or grinder	1	6½
Weight of the same, four pounds ten ounces		
The whole skeleton weighs about 1000 pounds.		

ACCOUNT OF THE INHABITANTS OF ALGIERS, AND COUNTRY SUBJECT TO THE DEY, AND OF THEIR DIFFERENCE WITH RESPECT TO ORIGIN, CHARACTER AND CIVIL RELATIONS.

(Concluded from p. 124.)

AMONG the Mahometan inhabitants of the Algerine dominions, may likewise be reckoned some *Arabian tribes*, who, without mingling with the Moors, or most ancient possessors of the country, have to the present times, preserved themselves separate from all others, partly in a state of independence, and partly as tributaries to the dey. They are distinguished from the rest by their language, by their rude manners, a peculiar mode of living, and by their pride, deeming themselves better and nobler than others. Not less characteristic is their love of liberty. They live either in the desert, or in inaccessible ridges of mountains, divided into families and clans, under the patriarchical government of a *Sheic* who may be considered as at the same time judge, instructor, and leader of his tribe. Their wealth consists in their flocks and herds. With these they descend from the mountains into the plain country, whenever they think they can do it with safety. To prevent their being suddenly surprised by their enemies, they place guards in every direction around them, and on the first appearance of danger, retire again to their mountains. The number of these nomades decreases however, every year, especially in the province of Mascara, where the present dey has made many conquests. The Arab tribes subjected to the Algerines, pay a small tribute, and are treated with great lenity, for fear of irritating them to rebel and join the Cabyls and independent Arabs.

The number of *Jews* in the territory of Algiers is not great: but it is difficult exactly to determine it, as it is kept secret by themselves, for the purpose of preventing an augmentation of the tax, which is regulated according to the number of families settled in the country. Jews cannot acquire landed property in Algiers. They are likewise oppressed and despised, being obliged to distinguish themselves from the other inhabitants by their dress, especially by wearing clothes of dark colours. In this respect the women enjoy greater indulgence; even they, however, are forbid to appear in public with a veil. Nor is any Jew permitted to ride through the city gates, or in the city. A Christian slave may, in case he be attacked by Moors, defend himself; a Jew, on the contrary, would not so easily escape with sound limbs, if he should dare to put himself in a posture of defence against the mis-usage of the Turks and Moors. Rich Jews therefore, purchase the protection of powerful Turks, and of the European consuls. The Algerine Jews are, generally speaking, ignorant, superstitious, and fanatical in the highest degree: and, moreover, cowardly, base-minded, perfidious, avaricious, and addicted to cheating: on their promise in pecuniary transactions, no

one can place confidence; and the greatest cheats are found among the most wealthy. In affairs which concern only themselves, they are judged by their own tribunals and an elder, who is known by the name of a *king of the Jews*. One of the most pernicious customs prevalent among them is, that parents form marriage contracts for their yet infant children, who, in that case, are even married at the age of four or six years; and in their ninth or tenth year cohabit as man and wife.

The number of *negroes* annually imported as slaves into Algiers, amounts to from 150 to 180. Their price varies from 50 to 150 zechins. The female negro-slaves are in greater request, as attendants on the Moorish ladies, and as domestic servants, and therefore fetch a higher price than the males. Many of the negresses are likewise very frequently purchased and kept as concubines by the wealthy Turks and Moors, and not seldom preferred to the fair natives of the country. It however happens very rarely that a Turk actually marries a negress: but such intermarriages are more frequent among the Moors and Coloris. Although all the negroes came into the country as slaves, yet the greater part of them are, either gratuitously, or in consideration of a large sum of money, manumitted by their masters. Nor are they here, in general, so badly treated as in the West-Indian colonies of the Europeans: they enjoy, on the contrary, a considerable portion of liberty, are not confined, or in a cruel manner overwhelmed with excessive labour. Any over-rigid or unjust treatment of them is even punished by the government. Negro and christian slaves are, at Algiers, employed in the same offices as our domestic servants. But Jews and christians are not permitted to keep negro-slaves who profess the Mahomedan religion. As soon as a negro acquires his freedom, which is often granted on occasions of rejoicing, or on the decease of his master, he is esteemed equal to, and is entitled to the same privilege as the Moors. They may then even intermarry among themselves, and with the Moors. The negresses are generally the confidantes of the young ladies in their master's house, in which case their situation becomes very comfortable. They have likewise a great influence on the education of youth, as they are employed as attendants on the children, who, in their tender years, are with them more than with their parents. But they spoil the children by over-indulgence, as they are apt too much to give way to and flatter the desires of these their future masters.

We now come to the *christians*, but who, on account of their transitory residence, can hardly be said to constitute part of the proper inhabitants. It is almost in the cities only that we meet with christians, but very rarely in the open country. On the western coast, the Spaniards occupy Oran and Masalquivir: the citizens resident there, for the most part fugitives from their native land, derive their subsistence from the garrison, and live in indolence, misery, and poverty, being destitute of trade, agriculture, and manufactures. The christians who are met with in the other cities (a few travelling merchants and literati excepted) are all slaves: but treated with a great deal more lenity than themselves and the missionaries pretend. There are two classes of christian slaves. To the first belong all those who are captured by the Algerine corsairs: these are preferred to the others, and are truly worthy of commiseration. On their arrival at Algiers, they are separated into divisions, and conducted to the palace of the dey, that he may select whomsoever he pleases from them; the remainder are taken to the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder. The captains and chief officers of ships, and all persons of

distinction and of a better appearance, are placed in the first division of prisoners, and treated with greater mildness than the rest, because it is expected that they will purchase their liberty. In the day time they must work in the sail-magazines belonging to the navy; and at night they are shut up with the other slaves in the bagnios. The children and women are kept as servants in the palace of the dey: or purchased by other grandees, to attend on their wives. If among the female captives there happens to be a lady of high rank, she remains indeed the property of the dey, but is permitted to reside in the house of some of the free christians. The remainder of the ship's crew are publicly sold to the highest bidder, and become the property either of the state or of private individuals.

The second class of christian slaves at Algiers consits of (what will appear strange to many of our readers) persons who of their own accord enter into a state of slavery. They are, for the most part, deserters from the Spanish garrison in Oran and Masalquivir, who from fear, despair, ignorance or precipitancy, make their escape. Oran, then, is the nursery of this kind of christian slaves: and the number of such runaways is reckoned to amount annually to about one hundred. Among them are natives of almost every country of Europe. While the author, from whom this account of Algiers is extracted, resided there, the German Oranites were for the most part men, who, in their native country, had been forced or inveigled to enter into the army....had deserted....been picked up by Spanish or French recruiting parties, and at last, after various intermediate adventures, been sentenced to transportation to Oran. They were almost all addicted to drunkenness, but in other respects faithful, good-natured, well-behaved, laborious, and not so abandoned as the rest of their companions. Those who were natives of France were adventurers, or had been ruined by gaming, and thus incited to the commission of crimes, which obliged them to fly. Few of them had reformed. They were almost without exception of a volatile and daring disposition, careless, lazy, and adepts in charlatanry and knavery. The greater part of the Spanish Oranites were transported smugglers. Among those from Italy were found the most abandoned wretches, and the most atrocious criminals, and even among these the Neapolitans and Genoese distinguished themselves by their superior wickedness. Most of them had been banditti, highway robbers and murderers, and been forced to fly to Spain, where, even after their transportation to Oran, they pursued their old practices, and on that account made their escape to Algiers, to avoid the punishment due to their crimes. They related with the greatest unconcern and frankness all the deeds of horror they had formerly perpetrated: the oldest were the most hardened and shameless, probably because they had lost all hope of ever returning to Europe. The younger among them were not so communicative; but sufficiently indicated by their gestures that they were not much better than the others. They believe that they are now doing penance for their sins, diligently attend the confessional, and are scrupulously observant of the fasts enjoined by the church. Among the Oranites there were very few English, Portuguese, Swiss, Poles, and Prussians: but no Dutch, Swedes, Russians, and Danes; and only one Norwegian. All these deserters know beforehand what doom awaits them on their arrival: they, however, prefer a state of slavery to that of a Spanish soldier at Oran, as in Algiers they are better treated, and flatter themselves with the hope of being ransomed, in which expectation they very frequently find themselves deceived.

With respect to the treatment of the christian slaves, no particular distinction is made between the de-

serters from Oran, and those captured by the cruisers. They are, in general, well kept, and not overwhelmed with labour, or cruel usage; as every proprietor finds it his interest to preserve his slaves, for the sake of the ransom he expects to receive for them. Those who belong to the dey, are kept as attendants in his palace. There are a great number of them, they have little to do, and are well, and even richly, clothed. Many of them live in abundance, as they receive valuable presents from the grandees who are applying for some favour from the dey: but their situation is so far irksome that they must live quiet and retired, and seldom receive permission to leave the palace. The youngest and most beautiful among them are likewise exposed to the seduction of the corrupt courtiers. The other christian slaves who are the property of the state, are employed in the dock-yards and magazines, and are under the command of Turkish taskmasters. At sunrise, they are conducted to their labour; and receive three small loaves for breakfast: those who have money, may purchase fruit in addition to their bread. Their labour never surpasses their strength. At mid-day they are called to dinner by the sound of two French horns; their dinner consists of a kind of grits, boiled in water, and seasoned with some old butter or oil. The portions are large; but the manner of cooking the mess is nauseous and disgusting. After dinner, their labour recommences, and lasts till about sun-set; when each slave again receives three coarse loaves, and a few olives. Their clothes are furnished at the expense of the dey. After their daily labour is over, they are, for the most port, shut up in the bagnios. When the number of slaves is considerable, those of a virtuous disposition, and who have formerly been accustomed to better accommodations and company, complain more of this nightly lodging, than of the fatigues of the day; filth, corrupted air, and vermin in abundance, prevent the repose so necessary to them. To which may be added jests, and discourse offensive to chaste ears, not to mention the abominable vices so prevalent in this country: the society of abandoned Oranites, in particular, proves extremely disagreeable to many unfortunate men of worth.

The condition of the slaves of private persons is, with very few exceptions, preferable to that of those who belong to the state. In the cities, they are employed as menial servants; in the country, they cultivate the gardens and vineyards. Every thing depends upon their being able to gain the favour and confidence of their masters. The amorous intrigues, of which so many of the ransomed slaves boast, may in general be considered as fictions. Many private persons, especially Jews, and even the dey and his ministers, hire out christian slaves as servants to the free christians, on their giving good security. Many of these slaves have then an opportunity to accumulate some money for themselves, in which case, they leave their masters, take taverns in the city, where they sell wine and spirituous liquors, and often acquire considerable property.

Those who had been captured by the Algerine corsairs, frequently regain their liberty by being ransomed: but the Oranite deserters have little or no hopes of such good fortune, and generally remain in slavery to the end of their lives. Sometimes however it happens, that a government, as, for instance, the French in 1784, ransomed all their countrymen without exception. The number of christian slaves was formerly much more considerable than in 1788. In 1785, though in the preceding year all the French had been ransomed, they were computed to amount to about two thousand. In 1786-7, five hundred Spaniards and Neapolitans were liberated; and about seven

hundred died of the plague: so that not above 800 christian slaves were left at that time; and the most of these were deserters from Oran.

We shall conclude with a few observations relative to the *renegadoes*. There are few of them in this country; and these may be divided into two classes, viz. Jews and christians. With respect to the Jews, many zealous Mahometans are of opinion, that it would be better if they adopted the christian religion previously to their becoming proselytes to Mahometism. Of the Jews, more women than men renounce the faith of their ancestors. They are induced to embrace the dominant religion of the country, either for the purpose of being revenged of their relations, or of escaping some punishment, or from motives of ambition or interest. If such a renegado be endowed with superior talents, and possess knowledge, address, and courage, and have the good fortune to render his services useful to the government; he is esteemed equal to the Coloris, and may be raised to honourable and lucrative offices. Thus, for instance, the present admiral of the Algerine fleet is a renegado, who was formerly a Jew. Renegadoes who were christians, are less numerous. Formerly they were eager to gain proselytes from christianity; but at present, such conversions are very rarely encouraged, nay, in most instances, not even permitted, as the proprietors of the slaves would be losers, and be deprived of the expected ransom. On the whole, in this country too they are of opinion, that it is best for every one to adhere to the religion in which he was educated. They even despise and distrust renegadoes: and that not without reason, for the greater part of them are in their hearts attached to neither one religion nor the other.

EXTRACTS FROM WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURTS OF BERLIN, DRESDEN, WARSAW, AND VIENNA, IN THE YEARS 1777, 1778, AND 1779.

Count Konigsmark.

Among the strangers of distinction who visited the court of Hanover, was count Konigsmark, a man whose crimes, adventures, and tragical end, have rendered him too much known. He was by birth a Saxon, though his family was originally from Sweden. Handsome in his person, captivating in his manners and address, he was formed to succeed with women. He had been early known by, and peculiarly acceptable to, the princess of Hanover, before her marriage, when she resided at Zell in her father's palace. It is even pretended that she had retained a deep impression of this partiality for the count, which naturally revived on seeing him again. Konigsmark, whatever personal or external graces he possessed, was unquestionably a dissolute, unprincipled, enterprizing man of pleasure, capable of the greatest crimes in the pursuit or attainment of his views. He had travelled over Europe, had seen service in various countries, and distinguished himself by his gallantry, magnificence and courage. In Spain he had displayed his address on public occasions, and was honoured by as public testimonies of attachment on the part of the ladies of the court of Madrid. When in England, he narrowly escaped an ignominious execution for the murder of Mr. Thynne, in 1682. His accomplices, for it is impossible to doubt that he employed or suborned them, though the fact could not be judicially brought home to him, were all executed at Tyburn for that atrocious act. He himself was reserved for a destiny hardly less unfortunate, a few years later; and his name is now inseparably connected with the princess of Hanover, Sophia Dorothea.

The prince her husband, who served during more than one cam-

paign in the imperial army against the Turks, was frequently absent from her, a circumstance which naturally facilitated Konigsmark's access to the princess. It is unquestionable that she entertained for him sentiments of the most partial nature, and that she indulged them in a manner, which, if not criminal, was at least imprudent. She was accustomed, two or three times a week, to feign an indisposition, under which pretence she retired to her apartment. Konigsmark was then admitted; they supped together, and usually remained at table, or in conversation, till two or three o'clock in the morning. When he retired, he descended by a little private staircase, near the great gate of the ducal palace, which conducted him into the town.

Interviews of such a nature, at such hours, and in the princess's own apartment, imply great, and one may add, improper intimacy; particularly if Konigsmark's profligate character be recollected. It is even difficult at first sight, not to connect with them the idea of a criminal connection. But on the other hand, there is neither any proof that they were so in effect, nor was any such proof ever attempted to be made out against her, though her enemies were deeply interested to establish the fact, if it had been possible. In addition to this negative presumption in their favour, it is positively asserted that during the time when Konigsmark was with her, they never remained alone together; one or more of her ladies of honour, and those of the most unimpeached characters, being always present. The very imprudence of admitting him to such interviews, seems to prove that they were innocent, since it was impossible that they could be altogether concealed or unknown.

Unfortunately, Konigsmark's person and accomplishments had made an impression, not only on the princess, but on Madame de Platen, mistress of Ernest Augustus. Whether, as it is pretended, he had divulged the favours which she had conferred on him, or whether he had returned her partiality with indifference and contempt, as other persons assure us, it is certain that she deeply resented his behaviour. Irritated at his preference for the princess Sophia Dorothea, of which she was well apprised, and having set spies to watch his motions, she soon discovered his secret interviews with her rival, of which she gave information to the duke of Hanover. It was natural to suppose that he would not tolerate them; and the count soon afterwards received an indirect, but peremptory intimation, that his longer stay at Hanover would be displeasing. As he delayed compliance with the injunction on various pretences, it was reiterated. He therefore made public preparations for his departure, fixed the day and hour, ordered his post-horses, and having commanded his servants to expect him at three o'clock in the morning, he went privately to the ducal palace. The princess, under pretence of indisposition, admitted him as before to her apartment, where a supper was served, and they remained for some hours together, but always in company with one or more of her ladies.

No sooner was the countess of Platen apprised that Konigsmark was in the princess's chamber, than she instantly carried the intelligence to the duke, and represented to him the insolence of thus braving, if not dishonouring him in his own palace. Profiting of his indignation, she induced him to give directions for punishing the count's temerity, by an act of immediate violence. It is doubtless to be lamented that Ernest Augustus should have sanctioned or authorised an assassination; for such it must be deemed: but, it should likewise be remembered that he was a sovereign prince, and the provocation was great, if he really believed Konigsmark's visits to his

daughter-in-law to have been of a criminal nature. No appeal could be made to his son, who was absent in Hungary, and the count was on the point of leaving Hanover. How far these considerations may seem to palliate the act, I leave others to determine.

A very general idea prevails throughout Germany, that Ernest Augustus having caused four of his guards to put on masks, they, by his order, attacked Konigsmark as he came out of the princess's apartment, and killed him on the spot. I saw this very morning, the place in the electoral palace, where tradition says the count fell. It is a passage almost destitute of light, not above nine or ten paces in length, A door at one extremity opens into a large handsome apartment, the first of the range occupied by the princess of Hanover, and out of which Konigsmark passed when he quitted her on the night that he perished. At the other end is another door, near a staircase by which he was to have left the palace. That this was the scene of his seizure, there is no doubt; but the means used to put him out of life were more secret, though not less effectual, than open attack. I shall relate them from good authority.

Orders were issued on the part of the duke of Hanover, to the soldier on guard at the palace gate, to stop Konigsmark as he came down the private staircase before mentioned; to force him by menaces of immediate death to follow, and then to shut him into a subterranean vault or cellar, which was indicated. The soldier punctually executed the commission, without knowing or suspecting the consequence. It would seem that the count neither made nor attempted resistance; a fact which proves either his want of courage, or of any means of defence; unless we suppose that confiding in his innocence, he took no precaution for his security, and was unsuspicious of an intention to interrupt his passage out of the palace. The vault into which the unfortunate Konigsmark was forced could at pleasure be filled with water by means of a pipe. It was in fact a reservoir, and no sooner was he shut up, than they immediately let in the water and drowned him. His body on the ensuing morning was put into a heated oven, and the mouth of it bricked up, as the most effectual means of concealing the whole transaction.

Chevalier De Saxe.

THE chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the second, king of Poland, was only half brother to the famous marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago at his palace in this city; which his nephew prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment*.

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer† naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in it itself, but better calculated for the effect of incantations, the com-

* Of raising a deceased person.
† The pretended magician.

pany assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmness, and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, indeed, as I believe, all except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where, kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies, he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid, for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses, than any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of course, fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way, it would seem, that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache have represented Jupiter appearing to Semele. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld, was spiritual and intangible; or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it, they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself, far from manifesting coolness, or attempting reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on

his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But, Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene, protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it; at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hidious form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them, were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Shrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON DIARIES, SELF-BIOGRAPHY, AND SELF-CHARACTERS.

THE study of Biography is a recent taste in Britain. The art of writing lives has been but lately known; and it was, therefore, an usual complaint with the meagre biographers of the last century, when their subject was a man of letters, that his life could not be deemed very interesting, since he, who had only been illustrious in his closet, could not be supposed to afford any materials for the historian. The life of a prime-minister, or the memoirs of a general, as they contained the detail of political intrigues and political opposition; battles or stratagems; were considered to afford happier opportunities for a writer to display the ability of his literary powers, the subtilty of his discernment, and the colouring of his descriptions.

But as the human mind became the great object of our inquiry, and to detect and separate the shades of the passions the great aim of the biographer, reflecting men perceived, that the philosopher, like other men, had his distinct characteristics. And it has now become the labour of criticism, to compose the life of an author; no writer can now successfully accomplish his biographic attempts, unless he possesses a flexibility of taste, which, like the cameleon, takes the colour of that object on which it rests.

Every man, in whatever department he moves, has passions, which will vary even from those who are acting the same part as himself. Our souls, like our faces, bear the general resemblance of the species, but retain the particular form which is peculiar to the individual. He who studies his own mind, and has the industry to note down the fluctuations of his opinions, the fallacies of his passions, and the vacillations of his resolutions, will form a journal to himself peculiarly interesting, and, probably, not undeserving the meditations of others. Nothing which presents a faithful relation of humanity, is inconsiderable to a human being.

There once prevailed the custom of a man's journalising his own life. Many of these journals yet remain in their MS. state, and some, unfortunately for journal-writing, have been published. We are not, however, to decide on the nature of a work by the ineptitude of its performance. The writers of these diaries were not philosophers, for the age was not philosophic. Too often they were alchemists, and sometimes considered themselves as magicians. Some only registered the minutest events of domestic life. Dates of birth, and settlements of marriage, may be pardoned to the individual; but to give the importance of history to the progress of a purge, and to return divine thanks

for the cutting of a corn, (and the edited journal of Elias Ashmole contains few other facts,) is giving importance to objects which can only be observable in the history of any other animal but man. I am acquainted with a worthy gentleman, who, for this half century, is performing the same labours. He can tell where he dined fifty years past, and accompany the information with no concise critique. When he takes one of these little volumes down, he applies to himself the observation of Martial, and says, he has learnt the art of living life twice over. The pleasures of memory are delicious; its objects must, however, be proportionate to the powers of vision, and a meagre or a smart dinner, is an object sufficiently delightful, or terrible, to give play to the recordatory organs of this diarist. I have remarked, however, one thing from his contemptible narrative. He resolved to distinguish the happy cincumstances of his life in red ink. In looking over his diaries, notwithstanding the obscurity of his situation, and the humility of his desires, I cannot find that his pen was often dipt in the crimson ink of felicity.

An observation may be made on the diurnal page. He who can, without reserve or hesitation, form such a journal, may be safely pronounced an honest man. Could a Clive, or a Cromwell, have composed a diary? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness; at the scattered thoughts of casual reflection they started; what would they have done, had memory marshaled their crimes, and arranged them in the terrors of chronology? These diaries form that other self, which Shaftesbury has described every thinking being to possess; and which, to converse with, he justly accounts the highest wisdom. When Cato wishes that the breast of every man were diaphanous, it is only a metaphorical expression for such a diary.

There are two species of minor biography which may be discriminated; detailing our own life, and pourtraying our own character.... The writing our own life has been practised with various success; it is a delicate operation; a stroke too much may destroy the effect of the whole. If once we detect an author deceiving or deceived, it is a livid spot which infects the entire body. To publish one's own life has sometimes been a poor artifice to bring obscurity into notice; it is the ebriety of vanity, and the delirium of egotism. When a great man leaves some memorial of his days, his death-bed sanctions the truth, and the grave consecrates the motive. There are certain things which relate to ourselves, which no one can know so well; a great genius obliges posterity when he records them. But they must be composed with calmness, with simplicity, and with sincerity; the biographic sketch of Hume, written by himself, is a model of attic simplicity. The life of lord Herbert is a biographical curiosity. The memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham is very interesting; and those of Colley Cibber is a fine picture of the self-painter. We have some other pieces of self-biography precious to the philosopher.

Biography should not be written with eloquence; with Rousseau, perhaps, eloquence was only a natural harmony from the voice of truth; but it may also be the artificial tones of deceit. What in Rousseau was nature, may in others be artifice. Self-biographers, like Hume, who state facts with an attic simplicity, appear to speak unreservedly to the reader, and as if they proposed only to supply facts, for others to explain and embellish.

There is another species of minor biograghy, which, I am willing to believe, could only have been invented by the most refined and the vainest nation. A literary fashion formerly prevailed with French authors, to present the public with their own character, and this fashion seems to have passed over to our country; Farquhar has drawn his character in a letter to a lady, and

others of our writers I believe have given us their own miniatures. The French long cherished this darling egotism; and there is a collection of these literary portraits in two bulky volumes. The brilliant Flechier, and the refined St. Evremond, have framed and glazed their portraits. Every writer then considered his character as necessary as his preface. I confess myself much delighted with these self-descriptions of "persons whom no one knows." I have formed a considerable collection of these portraits, and have placed them in my cabinet of curiosities, under the title of strong likenesses of unknown persons. Their vanity is too prominent to doubt their accuracy.

I shall not excite the reader's curiosity, without attempting its gratification; and if he chuses to see what now passes in the minds of many obscure writers, whom he never will know, let him attend to the following character, which may not be so singular as it appears.

There was, as a book in my possession will testify, a certain verse-maker, of the name of Cantenac, who, in 1662, published in the city of Paris, the above-mentioned volume, containing some thousands of verses, which were, as his countrymen express it, *de sa facon*, after his own way. He fell so suddenly into the darkest and deepest pit of oblivion, that not a trace of his memory would have remained, had he not condescended to give ample information of every particular relative to himself. He has acquainted us with his size, and tells us "that it is rare to see a man smaller than himself. I have that in common with all dwarfs, that if my head only were seen, I should be thought a large man." This atom in creation then describes his oval and full face ....his fiery and eloquent eyes.... his vermil lips....his robust constitution, and his effervescent passions. He appears to have been a most petulent, honest, and diminutive being.

The description of his intellect, is the object of our curiosity, and I select the most striking traits in his own words. "I am as ambitious as any person can be; but I would not sacrifice my honour to my ambition. I am so sensible to contempt, that I bear a mortal and implacable hatred against those who contemn me, and I know I could never reconcile myself with them, but I spare no attentions for those I love; I would give them my fortune and my life. I sometimes lie; but generally in affairs of gallantry, where I voluntarily confirm falsehoods by oaths, without reflection, for swearing with me is a habit. I am told that my mind is brilliant, and that I have a certain manner in turning a thought, which is quite my own. I am agreeable in conversation; though I confess I am often troublesome; for I maintain paradoxes to display my genius, which savour too much of scholastic subterfuges. I speak too often and too long; and as I have some reading, and a copious memory, I am fond of shewing whatever I know. My judgment is not so solid, as my wit is lively. I am often melancholy and unhappy; and this sombrous disposition proceeds from my numerous disappointments in life. My verse is preferred to my prose; and it has been of some use to me, in pleasing the fair sex; poetry is most adapted to persuade women; but otherwise it has been of no service to me, and has, I fear, rendered me unfit for many advantageous occupations, in which I might have drudged. The esteem of the fair has, however, charmed away my complaints. This good fortune has been obtained by me, at the cost of many cares, and an unsubdued patience; for I am one of those, who, in affairs of love, will suffer an entire year, to taste the pleasures of one day."

This character of Cantenac had some local features; for an English poet would hardly console himself with so much gaiety. The Frenchman's attachment to the ladies,

seems to be equivalent to the advantageous occupations he had lost. But as the miseries of a literary man, without conspicuous talents, are always the same at Paris, as in London, there are some parts of this character of Cantenac, which appear to describe them with truth. Cantenac was a man of honour; as warm in his resentment as his gratitude; but deluded by literary vanity, he became a writer in prose and verse, and while he saw the prospects of life closing on him, probably considered that the age was unjust. A melancholy example for certain volatile, and fervent spirits, who, by becoming authors, either submit their felicity to the caprices of others, or annihilate the obscure comforts of life, and, like him, having "been told that their mind is brilliant, and that they have a certain manner in turning a thought," become writers, and complain that they are "often melancholy, owing to their numerous disappointments." Happy, however, if the obscure, yet too sensible writer, can suffer an entire year, for the enjoyment of a single day! But for this, a man must have been born in France.

HISTORY OF

PHILIP DELWYNN,

(Continued from page 219.)

THOUGH far short of my destined goal, and still further from that career of fame I had promised myself, I was contented to remain where I was. My Lord was gracious and affable, and seemed to remember with gratitude the service I had done him. I yielded, therefore, to his wishes, and consented to lead his two sons forward in the literary paths I had already trodden. I reflected that while I dedicated my time and my talents to the advancement of two human beings towards that perfection we ought all to aspire to, I was worthily and usefully, if not brilliantly employed. The boys had genius and good temper; they attached themselves to me, and I taught Greek and Latin *con amore*.

I lost not sight, however, of the more splendid route I had marked out for myself, and frequently exercised my unfledged Muse in short poetical flights, more distinguished by exuberance than by genius. The Lady Matilda, only daughter of Lord Ernolf, was, however, pleased with my attempts, and was no niggard of her applause. To applause no poet ever yet was callous:....this is not the place to prove that he who could be so, would be incapable of being a poet; but to applause from a pair of brilliant black eyes, from a pair of smiling coral lips, from the exquisitely delicate voice of the Lady Matilda, it was still less possible to be insensible.

The Lady Matilda was just at that touching age, when the vivacity of the child is softened by the delicacy of the woman. Unadulterated by art, unsophisticated by fashion, this lovely creature, with beauty enough to have ruined half the sex, had all the native innocence of an infant. Brought up wholly in the country, she thought not of subordination of rank....an idea which the children of Nature could never adopt! a refinement, which those best understand, who require the aid of extrinsic merit to entitle them to the respect they love....Neither Matilda nor I thought about the matter: she treated at first with distinction, and afterwards with kindness, the man who had saved her father; she chatted with me as with a brother, and nothing can I recollect so delightful as her unguarded conversations. She was indeed secured from any improper attachment to me by a previous engagement to Lord Villars, a cousin of hers, sanctioned by the parents on both sides, and confirmed by a mutual preference.

That I was not informed of this arrangement, reflects no blame on any one: it was, in the first place, most generally known throughout, not the family alone, but all their retainers and dependants; and, in the next place, Lord Ernolf was secured by the pledged affections of his daughter, from any danger to her, and I was supposed too sufficiently warned of the difference of our ranks, to allow me to raise the superstructure of Love on so sandy a foundation. Be that as it will, the edifice was erected, and I even believe a little lurking hope formed a corner-stone of the foundation.

When I learned of her pre-engagement, in the simplest manner imaginable, I own I felt plunged into an abyss of despair; but I continued for several months imbibing deeply the delicious poison of a first love, and it is on that intermediate portion of my life I best love to rest my mental eyes, from the fatigue of viewing the workings of tyranny, and the goadings of malice.

In one of these conversations, I once let fall the name of Goldney. Matilda seemed to recognise it as familiar, and not as bringing with it a pleasing recollection. She asked me if I had ever known any body of that name. I replied with ardour, and the exuberance of my mind displayed itself alike in my vehemence against the brother, and my tender gratitude to the sister. Matilda confessed that in my portrait of Miss Goldney she saw a strong resemblance to the character of a lady, whom she remembered her mother pitying as unfortunate and ill-used; and some strange and bewildering ideas crossed my brain in consequence of what she further said. She recollected but little, for her mother had been dead some years, but she had sometimes accompanied her in her visits to this Miss Goldney, and the impression made on her young and affectionate mind by the kindness of the lady, had never been effaced. Something too, she retained, of Miss Goldney's living in absolute retirement, of the lowness of her spirits, and the paleness of her cheeks; and to Matilda I now confided the thoughts which these recollections had given birth to.

One while I was delighted with the possibility that the woman who had treated me with so much kindness, might be my mother; at another I felt it an incongruity to suppose that a truth of such importance could, from any motives, have been, in such circumstances, concealed by a parent. Again could I suspect Miss Goldney, whose life had been a model of purity and virtue, whose sentiments had been noble and excellent, whose principles had been invariably just, and whose name even the lawless tongue of her brother had never dared to revile ....could I suspect her of having committed such an impropriety, such a crime? Yet, at times, my ingenious fancy formed a romance by which this might be reconciled. She might have been the victim of treachery and falsehood: there were men who would impose on women by pretended marriages, or who, having contracted such as proved inimical to their future views, would boldly disown the wretched woman whose hardiness in the cause of innocence was less firm than their effrontery in supporting falsehood.

In all these romances, the Lady Matilda was my confidant and assistant. We talked on the subject till we doubted not that I should make some great discovery that would reinstate the injured fame of my mother, and restore me to my rights in society. Alas! in these visions of futurity glided away all the real happiness destined ever to gild my life; and I busied myself in forming chimeras never to be realized, while I suffered the actual felicity within my grasp to slip from me unobserved and unenjoyed, in my visionary eagerness after unknown events. But man is the creature of hope and expectation! The most delightful present is overlooked in anxious graspings after

future joy; but in return, the fairy promises of hope, by detaching the eye from the passing scene, alleviate the pang of actual misery with the cheering view of bliss hereafter to be enjoyed.

It is by a wise dispensation of Providence that the human mind is ever unsatisfied with that which it possesses;....this "eager longing for futurity" is a proof that we are destined to a state of more exalted bliss than the present one, in which nothing can arrest the fancy from its flights into the ideal world of unarrived events. Were it not thus, we should see men more disposed to profit by the reasonings of philosophers, and to attend to the paths they are actually confined to.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF DELHI, THE CAPITAL OF INDIA.

Shah Jehanabad is adorned with many fine mosks, several of which are still in perfect beauty and repair. The following are most worthy of being described, and first, the *Jama Musjed*, or great cathedral. This mosk is situated about a quarter of a mile from the royal palace: the foundation of it was laid upon a rocky eminence, named *Jujula Pahar*, and has been scarped on purpose. The ascent to it is by a flight of stone steps, thirty-five in number, through a handsome gateway of red stone. The doors of this gateway are covered throughout with plates of wrought brass, which Mr. Bernier imagined to be copper. The terrace on which the mosk is situated, is a square of about fourteen hundred yards of red stone; in the centre is a fountain lined with marble, for the purpose of performing the necessary ablutions, previous to prayer. An arched colonade of red stone surrounds the whole of the terrace, which is adorned with octagon pavilions, at convenient distances, for sitting in. The mosk is of an oblong form, two hundred and sixty-one feet in length, surrounded at top by three magnificent domes of white marble, intersected with black stripes, and flanked by two minarets of black marble, and red stone alternately, rising to the height of a hundred and thirty feet. Each of these minarets has three projecting galleries of white marble, and their summits are crowned with light octagon pavilions of the same. The whole front of the Jama Musjed is faced with large slabs of beautiful white marble, and along the cornice are ten compartments, four feet long, and two and a half broad, which are inlaid with inscriptions in black marble, in the *Nuskhi* character, and are said to contain great part, if not the whole, of the Koran. The inside of the mosk is paved throughout with large flags of white marble, decorated with a black border, and is wonderfully beautiful and delicate; the flags are about three feet in length, by one and a half broad. The wall and roof are lined with plain white marble, and near the *Kibla* is a handsome taak or niche, adorned with a profusion of freeze-work. Close to this is a mimber, or pulpit of marble, having an ascent of four steps, and ballustraded. The ascent to the minarets is by a winding staircase of a hundred and thirty steps of red stone, and at the top you have a noble view of the king's palace, and the whole of the Cuttub Minar, the Currun Minar, Hummaioon's tomb, the palace of Feroze Shah, the fort of old Delhi, and the fort of Loni, on the opposite side of the Jumna. The domes are crowned with cullises, richly gilt, and present a glittering appearance from a distance. This mosk was begun by Shah Jehan, in the fourth year of his reign, and completed in the tenth: the expenses of its erection amounted to ten lacks of rupees; and it is in every respect worthy of being the grand cathedral of the empire of Hindostan.

Not far from the palace is the mosk of Roshun-a-Dowlah, rendered memorable to the Delhians

for being the place whence Nadir Shah saw the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. The cause assigned by historians for this inhuman act is, that a sedition broke out in the great market, in which two thousand Persians were slain. Nadir, on hearing of the tumult, marched out of the fort at night with a small force to the Musjed of Roshun-a-Dowlah, where he was fired upon in the morning from a neighbouring terrace, and an officer killed close by his side. He instantly ordered an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants, and his squadrons of cavalry, pouring through the streets, before the afternoon put to death one hundred thousand persons of all descriptions. "The king of Persia," says the translator of Ferishta, "sat during the dreadful scene, in the Musjed of Roshun-a-Dowlah; none but slaves durst come near him, for his countenance was dark and terrible. At length the unfortunate emperor, attended by a number of his chief Omrahs, ventured to approach him with downcast eyes. The Omrahs who preceded Mohummud, bowed down their foreheads to the ground. Nadir Shah sternly asked them what they wanted; they cried out with one voice, "Spare the city." Mohummud said not a word, but tears flowed fast from his eyes; the tyrant, for once touched with pity, sheathed his sword, and said, "For the sake of the prince Mohummud, I forgive." Since this dreadful massacre, this quarter of Delhi has been but very thinly inhabited. The mosk of Roshun-a-Dowlah, is situated at the entrance of the Chandney Choke, or market; it is built of red stone, of the common size, and surmounted by three domes richly gilt.

Zeenul-al-Mussajid, or the ornament of mosks, is on the banks of the Jumna, and was erected by a daugter of Aurungzebe, of the name of Zeenut-al Nissa'h. It is of red stone, with inlayings of marble, and has a spacious terrace in front of it, with a capacious reservoir faced with marble. The princess who built it, having declined entering into the marriage state, laid out a large sum of money in the above mosk, and, on completing it, she built a small sepulchre of white marble, surrounded by a wall of the same, in the west corner of the terrace. In this tomb she was buried in the year of the Hegira 1122, corresponding with the year of Christ 1710. There were formerly lands allotted for the support and repairs of this place, amounting to a lack of rupees per annum, but they have all been confiscated during the troubles this city has undergone. Exclusive of the mosks above described, there are in Shah Jehanabad and its environs, above forty others; but as most of them are of inferior size, and all of them of the same fashion, it is unnecessary to present any further detail.

The modern city of Shah Jehanabad is rebuilt, and contains many good houses, chiefly of brick. The streets are in general narrow, as is usual in most of the large cities in Asia; but there were formerly two very noble streets; the first leading from the palace-gate through the city to the Delhi gate, in a direction north and south. This street was broad and spacious, having handsome houses on each side of the way, and merchants shops, well furnished with the richest articles of all kinds. Shah Jehan caused an aqueduct to be made of red stone, which conveyed the water along the whole length of the street, and from thence into the royal gardens, by means of a reservoir under ground. Some remains of the aqueduct are still to be seen; but it is choaked up in most parts with rubbish. The second grand street was likewise from the palace to the Lahor gate, lying east and west: it was equal in many respects to the former, but in both of them the inhabitants have spoiled their appearance by running a line of houses down the centre, and across the streets in other places,

so that it is with difficulty a person can discover their former situation without a narrow inspection. The bazars in Delhi are but indifferently furnished at present, and the population of the city miserably reduced of late years: the Chandny Choke is the best furnished bazar in the city, though the commerce is very trifling. Cotton cloths are still manufactured, and the inhabitants export indigo: their chief imports are by means of the northern caravans, which come once a year, and bring with them, from Cabul and Cashmere, shawls, fruit, and horses, the two former articles are procurable in Delhi at a reasonable rate. There is also a manufactory at Delhi for bedree hooka bottoms. The cultivation about the city is principally on the banks of the Jumna, where it is very good; the neighbourhood produces corn and rice, millet and indigo. The limes are very large and fine. Precious stones are likewise to be had at Delhi of very good quality, particularly the large red and black cornelians, and peerozas are sold in the bazars.

The city is divided into thirty-six mohauls or quarters, each of which is named either after the particular Omrah who resided there, or from some local circumstance relative to the place. It appears that the modern city of Shah Jehanabad has been built principally upon two rocky eminences; the one where the Jama Musjid is situated, named Julula Pahar, and the other the quarter of the oil sellers, called Bejula Pahar; from both of these eminences you have a commanding view of the remainder of the city. Ancient Delhi is said by the historians to have been erected by Rajah Delu, who reigned in Hindostan prior to the invasion of Alexander the Great; others affirm it to have been built by Rajah Pettourah, who flourished in a much later period. It is called in Sanscrit, Indraput, or the abode of Indra, one of the Hindoo deities, and it is also thus distinguished in the royal diplomas of the chancery office. Whether the city be of the antiquity reported, is difficult to determine; but this much is certain, that the vast quantity of buildings which are to be found in the environs, for upwards of twenty miles in extent, as well as their grandeur and style of architecture, prove it to have once been a rich, flourishing, and populous city.

ACCOUNT OF THE VENERABLE LABRE.

In the course of the month of April, 1783, while Pius VI, was on a visit to the Pontine marshes, a report was suddenly spread in Rome, of the death of a French beggar, who was become the object of public veneration. His body, which was exposed for three days, preserved, it was said, the flexibility of its members, without shewing the least sign of putrefaction. He had lived nine years at Rome unnoticed by every one; but no sooner had he closed his eyes, than the most edifying wonders were related of him. He had led the most pious and most exemplary life. Reduced to the lowest degree of indigence, he added voluntary sufferings to his unavoidable privations; covered with rags, he remained exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by way of penance, suffered the vermin to prey upon his flesh. Many persons recollected to have seen him stand motionless in the streets, and at the doors of churches, expecting, without asking, the charity of passengers. It was said, that he was accustomed to distribute the surplus of the alms he received to other paupers, and that he had predicted the moment of his death. The greatest personage in Rome, the populace, and all, the priests, hastened in crowds to his tomb, where a great number of miracles were performed. The sick were carried thither: they returned healed; and these wonders, as al-

ways happens, were attested by numerous and creditable witnesses. The most minute particulars of his life were collected; his portrait was engraved; and in less than twenty-four hours more than four thousand impressions were sold. While waiting for canonisation, the title of *venerable* was adjudged to him. Men of observing minds were not long before they perceived that this was a competitor, set up by the Jesuistical party, in opposition to the venerable Palafox, whose speedy canonisation the court of Spain was at that moment, soliciting out of hatred to the Jesuits. It was the heads of that party who appeared to concern themselves the most about the beatified beggar. In the absence of the pope, the cardinal-vicar gravely countenanced the disgusting farce; and, at the end of three days exhibition, ordered the holy mendicant to be pompously interred in a vault constructed on purpose by the side of the principal altar of the church of *Madonna del Monte*. In his tomb was inclosed a brief notice of his life written in Latin, an Italian translation of which was profusely given away. In spite of thy style of minute exaggeration, in which this singular piece of necrology was composed, means could not be found to render it interesting. It was confined to the few following facts.

"Benedict Joseph, son of J. B. Labre and of Anne-Barbe Gransir, was born on the 26th of March, 1748, in the parish of St. Sulpice d'Anettes, in the diocese of Boulogne. After having passed his youth in the most orderly manner, under the care of an uncle, who was curate of Erin, he determined to devote himself to a life of penitence, and took the monastic habit in the convent of Sept. Fonts of the Cistercian order. The austerity of this mode of life occasioned a disease, which he suffered patiently; but the physicians obliged him to lay aside the habit, after a noviciate of eight months. He afterwards went on several pilgrimages, particularly to our lady of Loretto, and to the holy bodies of the apostles Peter and Paul. He then came and settled at Rome, which he never quitted, unless to go once a year to Loretto. He lived at Rome upon alms, of which he reserved but very little for himself, constantly giving the surplus to the poor. He led at the same time a very exemplary life, allowing himself only what was rigorously necessary for his food and raiment; holding all worldly things in sovereign contempt; and edifying mankind by the severe penance he imposed upon himself; by the continual prayers which he offered up in the churches; and by the other eminent virtues which he displayed. Although, while living thus, he appeared disgusting from the rags with which he was covered, he was, nevertheless, rendered *dear and amiable* to other men by his manners, forgetting himself and seeking only to please God. On the 16th of April, 1783, after a long prayer in the church of *Madonna del Monte*, he was seized with a fainting fit, and carried to the house of a pious man, who happened to be there. His disorder growing worse he received extreme unction, and at an hour after midnight, departed this life. The following day his body was conveyed, with decent funeral ceremonies, at the expense of some good Christians, to the said church. The report of his death diffused itself through the city; and ere long, such an immense number of persons of all ranks hastened thither to see him, that it became necessary to call in the assistance of the military, to keep off the crowd. His body was thus exposed till the evening of Easter-day (the 20th of April), when it was attested by eye-witnesses, before a notary, that it was still *flexible, palpable, and free from putridity*. It was then put into a wood coffin, which was sealed with the seal of the cardinal vicar, inclosed in another coffin also of wood, and deposited in a vault, constructed on purpose, on

the epistle side * of the principal altar of the said church."

This monument of superstition and hypocricy is worthy of preservation. It is well that posterity should know with what consummate impudence the priests imposed on the credulity of the people at the end of this enlightened century, in a city abounding with illustrious personages, with travellers from every part of Europe, and with masterpieces of art. It is well that posterity should be able to appreciate those factious knaves, who, disguising their worldly ambition under the mask of fanaticism, had the effrontery to engage heaven in a contest with earth; called upon the devout to pay homage to a vile mendicant, whose only merit, according to their own confession, was the having led a useless and disgusting life; and thus exposed to ridicule that religion of which they called themselves the supporters; and paved the way for its final overthrow.

Instead of the hand of God, the hand of the Jesuits was plainly visible in the whole of this affair. In order that the enthusiasm inspired by the new saint, might not cool, a collection was made to defray the expenses of his beatification; and this pious care was entrusted by the cardinal-vicar to several persons of distinction at Rome, notorious for their attachment to the defunct society. Care was taken to inform all the friends it had in France, of the miracles performed by the holy Labre, which wanted nothing but witnesses; and of his prophecies, which were only known to his confessor, and which threatened the Holy See with great calamities, that were about to follow the suppression of the Jesuits. The bishop of Boulogne, one of their furious partisans, already announced to his flock, that they had another countryman in heaven, and recommended him to their devotion. He collected with scrupulous attention the most minute particulars of the life of the venerable Labre, both during his abode under the paternal roof, and after he quited it. His relations, intoxicated with the unhoped-for honour, and little inclined to wait for the happiness that would thence result to them in heaven, already thought their fortune made upon earth; and solicited pensions and benefices; while the sage cardinal de Bernis, who knew not whether to laugh or weep at all these follies, saw a new article added to his diplomatic correspondence. He advised the enthusiastic admirers of the holy man to moderate their zeal; or at least to defer the expression of it, until it should be proved that their new idol was deserving of their worship. But at Rome nothing could repress the transports of devotion. To doubt the miracles of the blessed Labre was impiety. His revered images were profusely circulated; the pencil, the *burin*, and the chisel, emulated each other in producing them; and even the scraps of his ragged apparel became an object of contention. The Pope himself, at a loss how to act; dreading the reproach of favouring Jesuitical intrigues, and dreading still more the danger of opposing them openly, dared not refuse to join his pious homage to that which was lavished upon the relics of the holy mendicant; ordered the bedstead in which his disgusting limbs had been laid, to be carried to the Vatican; and resolved to make it serve for the repose of his own.

In the meantime, information continued to be collected, with regard to Benedict Labre, as well at Rome as out of Italy. The whole of it did not prove to his advantage. It was even to be feared lest one of his letters sent to that capital of the Christian world, by the bishop of Boulogne, should throw a damp upon the fervour of the devout. In that letter, Labre advised his pa-

* In Roman catholic churches, the two sides of the church are distinguished by the terms, the gospel side, and the epistle side. T.

rents to read the works of a certain father Lejeune. Now father Lejeune had been a disciple of father Quesnel. This affection for the productions of a Jansenist was a bad recommendation to the Jesuits; but they had advanced too far to retire without shame. What was of all things the most important to them was to find food for superstition: and the blessed Labre answered that purpose as well as any one else.

His credit was still more hurt by a rumour, that when solicited to receive extreme unction at the hour of death, he had made answer that *it was not necessary*. But what injured it more than all was the report made of him by the vicar of his parish, who affirmed that, notwithstanding his entreaties, Labre would never consent to come to his church to receive the sacrament at Easter, and that his abstinence did not deserve to be so highly extolled, since it was well known that he often went to eat and drink at a neighbouring public-house, where nobody had been much edified by his frugality. It was also discovered that his only confessor at Rome was the priest who declared himself the depositary of his prophecies, and who was notorious for his attachment to the Jesuits. In a short time, the latter were the only partisans he had at Rome; but that was a great deal. Their most active agent was an Ex Jesuit of the name of *Zaccaria*, whom Pius VI, honoured with a share of his confidence. It was he who was charged to compose the life of Benedict Labre, in two volumes; and to furnish a list of the pretended miracles. The pope, who never resisted with firmness the solicitations of the Jesuitical party, suffered himself to be persuaded to give a bookseller the exclusive privilege of printing the history of the *venerable's* life, and all the writings relative to his beatification. The congregation *dei Riti* was already engaged in that important task; and was anxious to abridge the customary formalities.

All these intrigues, and all these efforts, did not, however, produce the intended effect. The blessed Labre was in vogue in those countries only where the Jesuits had a party. In Spain and Portugal his sanctity and his miracles were objects of derision. In France, a few prelates alone endeavoured to bring him into fashion; but in Rome, in that centre of religious mummery, he found for some time abundance of panegyrists, and even of imitators. It was by no means uncommon to meet devotees in the streets of that city begging like him; ragged, and motionless like him; and like him expecting alms from the passengers, but soliciting none.

Great pains continued to be taken to collect, upon the spot and elsewhere, every particular relative to his life. The most singular one is that to which amateurs are indebted for his much revered portrait. A French painter, of the name of Bley, who was at Rome in 1777, and who had it in contemplation to paint a picture of the calling of St. Peter met at the corner of a street a young beggar with a little red beard. He looked at him; and thought that his head might serve as a model for that of Christ. "Will you come to my lodgings, and be painted?" said he to him in Italian. The beggar refused in a surly manner, and in an accent by which the painter knew him to be a foreigner.... "Are you a Frenchman?"...."Yes sir."...."In that case you have it in your power to render a service to one of your countrymen. I wish to introduce the head of our Saviour in a picture I am painting, and am at a loss for a model. You would answer my purpose. Pray do me the favour to follow me."....The painters entreaties, joined to the word *countryman*, overcame the beggar's reluctance...."With all my heart," said he, "but upon condition that you do not keep me long."...."A single morning will suffice." Upon this they walked on; and upon their arrival at the artist's the beggar became as mo-

tionless as a statue. This was a part which he had been long accustomed to play. When the sitting was over a reward was offered him; but he obstinately refused it, and retired. The painter heard no more of him.

As he was not dissatisfied with his sketch, he preserved it in a port folio, which he left at Lyons, in a journey that he made thither in 1782. During passion-week in 1783, a report was spread in Rome that a young French beggar, who enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity, was dead: that his body was exposed to public view, and attracted a prodigious crowd; and that miracles were ascribed to him. The painter had not curiosity enough to go and see him. He had something else to do. After the interment of the beggar, the concourse round his tomb, and the miraculous result, were the same. One day a model*, who was often employed by the artist, spoke to him of the dead man, whom he had attentively surveyed. From the description he gave of him, the painter recollected his French acquaintance, sent to Lyons for his drawing, and ere long found his apartments crowded by the curious and the devout. All of them recognised the features of the venerable Labre. To satisfy the impatience of the public, he put his sketch into the hands of an Italian engraver, by whose means the portrait of the holy man was speedily dispersed all over the country.

This violent enthusiasm was not, however, of long duration. Before the year 1783 had elapsed, the *venerable* Labre, was a little less spoken of; and the fame of his miracles was already upon the decline. All those ridiculous scenes which, in France, had been acted at the grave of Paris, the deacon, were rehearsed round his tomb..... The lame repaired thither to seek a cure: and notwithstanding their implicit faith, and the mummery of the priests, returned as lame as they went. No matter; his miracles were already numerous and incontestible; and what inference could be drawn from a few abortive cures. It was the fault of the sick, and not that of the physician. The congregation *dei Riti* was not the less busy in the beatification of the pious beggar; but it was a work of time. It was necessary to collect information in all the places which the candidate had inhabited. It was necessary to have the most authentic testimonies. It was necessary to observe a number of slow and minute formalities; such, in short, as made it impossible for fraud to procure, for one of the profane, the reward that was reserved for the elect alone. It was necessary above all to have money; for the church of Rome afforded nothing gratuitously. This was one of the most scandalous remains of those superstitious times, when she imposed a tribute upon every species of folly. On some future day, indeed, it will scarcely be believed that she dared to disfigure those brilliant apotheoses, which she borrowed from the pagans, to such a degree as to put up to auction the seats she had to dispose of in the celestial court, and to knock them down, not to men known by their splendid virtues, by some great service rendered to their country, or at least by some illustrious crime, productive of a change in the condition of mankind; but most frequently to vile and indolent wretches, who ought at least to have been condemned to that obscurity to which they had devoted themselves.

The contributions, however, of credulity increased sufficiently in a few years for the congregation *dei Riti*, to accelerate the first triumph of the venerable Labre. He was beatified in the course of the year 1792, when the country which had given him birth was already rescued from the clutches of superstition.

* Model is the name given at Rome to the males and females who hire themselves to such artists as wish to study the human form after the life.

Labre was then enrolled in the number of the blessed. There remained a still greater victory for him to obtain; that which was to procure him his insertion in the calender of saints, in other words, his cannonisation. But the ascent to this highest degree of celestial honours was difficult and tedious. There were a multitude of obstacles to be overcome. It was necessary that a century should elapse from the death of him for whom that signal favour was solicited; and it must be confessed, that in these latter times canonisations were become very unfrequent. None had been pronounced since the pontificate of Clement XIII. As to that of the blessed Labre, it is more than probable, that it is adjourned to an indefinite period.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

HUDSON, NOV. 22.

On Wednesday morning 23 waggons arrived in this city from New-Lebanon, loaded with provisions, &c. with three hundred dollars in specie, as a donation from the small company of Believers, (vulgarly called Shakers) of New-Lebanon and Hancock, to the corporation of New-York, for the relief of the poor of that city. While we record with pleasure such an instance of liberality, we forbear expressing our feelings on the occasion. The deed speaks for itself; and every person acquainted with the unostentatious character of the generous donors, must be sensible that it was not done for praise sake. But we have strong motives for mentioning such a deed. We wish to shew the proud rich man an example worthy of his imitation. Therefore, if he has ears to hear let him "go and do likewise."

The above mentioned donation, we understand, consisted of the following articles:—

300 Dollars, specie*,
953 lb. Pork,
1951 lb. Beef,
1744 lb. Mutton,
1185 lb. Rye Flour,
52 Bushels Rye,
34 do. Carrots,
2 do. Beets,
2 do. Dryed Apples,
24 do. Beans,
179 do. Potatos,

* Exclusive of 26 dollars 50 cents, intended for the payment of expense of freighting the articles from this place to New York.

Crossed the Philadelphia Middle Ferry Bridge, in one week ending 27th November, 1803.

124 Pleasure carriages,
329 Chairs,
527 Heavy loaded waggons,
91 Empty waggons,
237 Light market waggons,
517 Loaded carts,
In all 6004 horses.

Taken from the account kept by the toll gatherer.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, NOV. 28.

Some seamen, on board the British frigate that lays at the quarantine ground in York Bay, lately concerted the following stratagem to make their escape:—It was agreed, at a certain hour of the night, that the best swimmer among the number, should fall overboard, and drift down with the tide as fast as he could, crying help! help! and the others were to stand ready to man the boat to pick him up, but by the by, they took care to let him get a good distance from the ship before they reached him, and then shaped their course for Long Island, where they landed in safety, and made their escape. The gunner happening to

jump into the boat with them, and after picking up the man, discovered their intention, attempted to hail the ship, upon which they threw him down, gagged him, and when they got to the shore, pushed him and the boat adrift.

Nine hundred American vessels, from 39 to 200 tons, and having upwards of 9000 persons on board, were engaged in the Labrador fishery the present year, which proved uncommonly abundant!!!!

A Dwarf is exhibiting at Baltimore, who is stated to be twenty-four years old, and only thirty inches high. He is said to possess all the faculties of the mind, and to be conversant and well informed on most subjects; was born in Mecklenburgh county, Virginia.

On the night of the 27th of October last, a certain Mr. James Howard in conjunction with myself, were travelling down the Ohio river, with a number of negroes, bound to the Natchez; unfortunately some of the negro men meditated the sanguine intention of murdering us as we were lying asleep, and accordingly attempted to carry their object into execution; one of them with an axe and another with a loaded whip, terminated the life of the said Mr. Howard; I fortunately got overboard, receiving a stroke on my wrist, and swam ashore. The fellows were all caught and committed to jail in Kenawha county, two of whom have received sentence of death, the others have been ordered to be hired out, and will be detained until the friends of Mr. Howard come forward.

Staten Island, Woodbridge, Piscataway, September 27th, 1803. About 9 o'clock P. M. an earthquake was heard and felt in those parts. The sound seemed to proceed from the west or north-west, and to pass off to the east or south-east: It very sensibly shook the houses for the space of half a minute or more.

On Monday night of the 24th ult. the following prisoners broke out of the Portland gaol: Richard Flood, Samuel Thompson, Charles Cane, Stephen Hawkins, and George Peters.

On Monday night, a house at Beverly, occupied by Mr. A. Stone's family, and three other families, was destroyed by fire The progress of the flames was so rapid, that the people of the house had only time to escape, without clothes, from their beds.

NEW INVENTION.

Jedediah T. Turner, of Cazenovia, in the state of New York, has obtained a patent for the invention of a THRESHING MACHINE, upon entirely new, and very plain principles, calculated for the threshing all kinds of grain, from wheat to beans, peas, and corn. The machine is turned by horses, oxen, wind or water, and the operation is performed by whipping, so that smutty grain is not broken, as is the case with many other modes of threshing; it will thresh from 50 to 150 bushels per day, and clean it at the same time. The expense of building the machine, will not generally exceed 40 or 50 dollars. The Patentee intends selling the patent right on the most reasonable terms.

NEW-YORK, SEPT. 8.

On Sunday afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, as a beautiful female child of the late Mr. Samuel Levy, aged something more than four years, was standing at the corner of Broad and Friend-streets, a chair drove furiously out of Friend-street, and before the infant could get out of its way, the wheel passed over its body, and in consequence of the bruises it received, died about 9 o'clock the same evening. It may be recollected that Mr. Levy was drowned on his passage last year, from New-York to Albany, having been knocked overboard by the

boom of the vessel. These two melancholy accidents leave the surviving widow and mother in a state of distress which can be better conceived than described.

On Saturday evening, the 12th instant, Chilberry House, the elegant seat of the late James Phillips, Esq. in Hartford county, Maryland, was entirely consumed. By the bursting of a chimney then on fire, that destructive element was instantaneously communicated to every part of the roof, and in less than two hours, that extensive edifice, occupying nearly one hundred and fifty feet in front, was razed to the ground.

Mr. John Bacon, of Colchester, New-London county, Connecticut, at his decease some time ago, left property to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, to be appropriated as a fund for the erection and support of an academy. This academy has been built, and was opened on Tuesday the 1st instant, for the reception of students, under the direction of John Adams, A. M. late of Plainfield Academy, principal. The building is of brick, 75 feet by 34, and three stories high, in a pleasant and eligible situation, on the new turnpike road from New-London to Hartford, in a neighbourhood where living is cheap, and the society respectable.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

December 16. Charleston....Captain J. Stiles to Mrs. M. S. Wilkonson.

—— 22. Newtown, N. Jersey.... S. W. Fisher, Esq. to Miss S. W. Cooper.

—— 31. Baltimore.....Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother to the first consul, to Miss E. Patterson, daughter of William Patterson, Esq. merchant, of that city.

—— Philadelphia....Mr. J. Coulon to Miss H. Armstrong.

—— ——. Mr. Laban Hill to Miss A. Dawson.

—— ——. Captain S. Crosswell to Miss M. Watt.

January —, 1804. Athens, Vermont....Mr. Silas Chaplin, aged 15, to Miss Susanna Powers, aged 13.

—— 7. —— Captain P. Geyer, aged 62, to Miss Polly Sancry, aged 14.

—— —, Greenwich, Connecticut....Mr. Z. Lewis, editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, and Spectator, to Miss S. Nitchie.

—— 12. Philadelphia....Captain J. Coffin to Mrs. Adams.

—— 19. Haddam, Connecticut.... Mr. R. Keene, of Providence, to Miss H. Rowen. The parties were strangers on Saturday, and were man and wife on Sunday evening.

—— 20. Philadelphia....Mr. J. Neale, principal of the young ladies academy, to Miss C. Palmer.

—— —— Mr. J. Brown, of Baltimore, to Miss A. Smith.

—— 21. —— Mr. B. Harbeson to Miss S. Lawler, daughter of M. Lawler, Esq.

—— 23. —— Mr. C. P. Wayne to Miss M. Stokes.

—— 27. Charleston....T. Pinckney, jun. Esq. to Miss E. Izard.

DEATHS.

December 9. Charleston....After a short, but severe illness, Miss Eliza Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, Esq. deceased. She had lately arrived from the north, in the full bloom of perfect health. The death so unexpected, of a person in all respects so excellent, so amiable, fills the mind with awful and afflicting emotions....Yet such have their use....They admonish us (in this instance strikingly) that neither health, youth, virtue, beauty, nor

all the accomplishments which render human creatures lovely can afford us a moment's assurance of life. And they stimulate us to virtue, by affording us the comfortable assurance, that if we lead an amiable, well spent life, however short, we are sure, when dead, to be embalmed with the tears of the virtuous.

In the North Parish in Weymouth, on the 14th instant, Widow Mary Ripley, who had attained, (wanting a few days,) the age of one hundred and four years. Her existence was commensurate with one entire century, and a part of the preceding and following century. Till within a very short time before her death she possessed very considerable bodily strength and alertness, a sense of hearing which was remarkably good, and a distinctness of vision by which she could recognize people with whom she was acquainted, by the features of the face, without the help of glasses. She early made a public profession of religion, and through her long life, gave evidence, that its doctrines and precepts were deeply engraven on her heart. A few days before her death sensible that the time of her departure was at hand, she expressed a firm and stedfast hope in the divine mercy, and a desire to depart and be with Christ. She died without a struggle or a groan, leaving a very numerous train of descendants; the number, from their local situations cannot easily be ascertained. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*

New-York....Mrs. Mary Bancker, wife of Christopher Bancker, Esq.

January 22. New-London....Mr. John Tom was found drowned in a well pond at Hebron.

—— 24. Chambersburg, Pennsylvania....At the *dwelling* of the Franklin Repository, Mr. Benjamin January, bookbinder, late of the city of Philadelphia.

—— 24. Philadelphia....Caleb Jackson, an aged and respectable inhabitant of this city....formerly of Chester county.

—— 29. —— Mrs. Margaret Harper, relict of Mr. Thoma Harper, formerly of this city, merchant.

New-York.....Miss Catharine Clarkson Rutherford, of the city of Trenton, in the 18th year of her age.

January 14. Philadelphia....In the sixty-seventh year of his age, after a severe illness of twenty days, Mr. Zachariah Poulson, printer, father of the editor of the American Daily Advertiser. He was a native of Copenhagen, the metropolis of Denmark, and emigrated with his father from thence to this city in the year 1749, where he has since generally resided, and has always been esteemed, by those who knew him, for his integrity, for the sincerity and ardor of his friendship, and for the amiable and inoffensive deportment. He bore his affliction without a murmer, and departed with that resignation and humble confidence which is inspired by religion and a consciousness of a well spent life. On the following day his remains were born to the cemetry of the Moravian church, by respectable brethren of the typographical art, and interred in the presence of a considerable number of his friends.

—— 14. —— Of a consumption, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, Mr. Charles Bush. As he was deservedly respected while living, so he died lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

When blooming youth is snatched away,
By Death's resistless hand;
Our hearts' the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
While pity moves the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress'd
With awful pow'r, I too must die!
Sink deep in every breast.

John Tucker, a soldier in Ashford barracks. He died at 4 o'clock in the morning; before twelve, on the same day, his widow was married to another man, and in the evening the *happy couple* followed the corpse of the first husband to the grave as *chief mourners.*